





Francis Frederick Fox.

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PARTONOPE OF BLOIS.



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THE
Old English Version
OF
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BY THE
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FELLOW OF BRASENOSE COLLEGE.

PRINTED FOR THE
Roxburghe Club.

LONDON:
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MDCCCLXII.

PARTONOPE OF BLOIS.



Roxburghe Club.

925
P274
1862



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MDCCCLXII.

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Correspondence of SIR HENRY UNTON, KNT., Ambassador from Queen Elizabeth to Henry IV. King of France, in the years MDXCI. and MDXCII. From the originals and authentic copies in the State Paper Office, the British Museum, and the Bodleian Library. Edited by the REV. JOSEPH STEVENSON, M.A.

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La Vraie Cronicque d'Escoce. Pretensions des Anglois à la Couronne de France. Diplome de Jacques VI. Roi de la Grande Bretagne. Drawn from the Burgundian Library, by Major Robert Anstruther.

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Letters and Dispatches from SIR HENRY WOTTON to James the First and his Ministers, in the years MDCXVII—XX. Printed from the Originals in the Library of Eton College.

GEORGE TOMLINE, Esq. 1850.

Poema quod dicitur Vox Clamantis, necnon Chronica Tripartita, auctore JOHANNE GOWER, nunc primum edidit H. O. COXE, M.A.

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The Itineraries of WILLIAM WEY, Fellow of Eton College, to Jerusalem, A.D. 1458 and A.D. 1462 ; and to Saint James of Compostella, A.D. 1456. From the original MS. in the Bodleian Library. PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1857.

The Boke of Noblesse ; Addressed to King Edward the Fourth on his Invasion of France in 1475. With an Introduction by JOHN GOUGH NICHOLS, F.S.A. LORD DELAMERE. 1860.

Songs and Ballads, with other Short Poems, chiefly of the Reign of Philip and Mary. Edited, from a Manuscript in the Ashmolean Museum, by THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., &c. &c. ROBERT S. HOLFORD, Esq. 1860.

De Regimine Principum, a Poem by THOMAS OCCLEVE, written in the Reign of Henry IV. Edited for the first time by THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., &c. &c. PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1860.

The History of the Holy Graal ; partly in English Verse by Henry Lonelich, Skýnner, and wholly in French Prose by Sires Robiers de Borron. Edited, from MSS. in the Library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and the British Museum, by FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL, Esq., M.A., Trin. Hall, Cambridge. PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1861.

Roberd of Brunne's Handlyng Synne, written A.D. 1203 ; with the French Treatise on which it is founded, Le Manuel des Pechiez by William of Waddington. From MSS. in the British Museum and Bodleian Libraries. Edited by FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL, Esq., M.A. PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1862.

INTRODUCTION.

THE present volume contains such portions of the old English version of Partonope* of Blois as have yet been discovered, which are now first printed from the following MSS.

1. A Manuscript in the Library of University College, Oxford, which is thus described by Mr. Coxe in his Catalogue,† “CLXXXVIII. Codex Membranaeus in folio, ff. 91, see. xv. utrimque mutilus.”

The Romance of Parthenopex, or Parthenope, Count of Blois : in English Verse ; imperfect.

Begins,

“ A man to seche the worlde rounde
Swiche another myght none be
Founde as he was in alle degree.”

Ends,

“ Of trenth in stabyllnesse they beres the floure
In hym is peynted gentylnesse and honoure.”

This Manuscript was first discovered, and its subject pointed out, about thirty years ago by Sir Frederic Madden, who at that time had himself an idea of printing it. The members of the Roxburghe

* This form of the name has been preferred because it is used by Denis Piramus himself in the passage where he announces himself to be the author of the Romance. See the extract printed below at p. xv. In quotations from other authors no alteration has been made in the form adopted by each writer.

† Catalogns Codicum MSS. qui in Collegiis Aulisque Oxoniensibus hodie adservantur. Confecit H. O. Coxe, 1852. Tomi ii. 4to. vol. i. p. 51.

Club have reason to regret that this intention was not carried out, as in that case they might have possessed a volume worthy of being ranked with the "Havelok the Dane," and the "William and the Werwolf," so admirably edited by that eminent scholar.

This manuscript was then, and for some time after, thought to be *unique*.

It has supplied more than seven thousand lines, the text from p. 1 to p. 239 having been printed from it.

The age of this Manuscript is fixed by Mr. Coxe between 1430 and 1450.

2. A fragment from a large quarto Manuscript on vellum, written in double columns, which was found by the Rev. J. E. Sewell, then Fellow and now Warden of New College, Oxford, pasted in the binding of a printed book of the fifteenth century in New College Library. This fragment, which is very imperfect, furnished about 250 lines, which are printed on pp. 240—242, and again with corrections from the Bodleian MS. on pp. 291—293.

3. After the text had been printed from the University College MS., and the New College Fragment, the editor became aware of the existence of another MS. in the Bodleian Library. It is preserved among the Rawlinson MSS. and is described in the yet unprinted catalogue of that collection, as "an Old English Poem, imperfect at the beginning and end." This MS. which seems to be of a later date than the University College MS., is written on paper, and contains about 6480 lines. It was carefully collated, and from it have been printed the passages in the Appendix from p. 249 to p. 293, which supply many deficiencies in the text. The variations of reading were very numerous, but, being chiefly in the spelling, or unimportant substitutions of one word for another, it was not thought desirable to increase the size of the volume by printing them.

Beside these MSS. which have been consulted, mention should be made of the following fragment: "A single leaf of the beautiful fairy tale of Partenopex has been recovered by Mr. Douce," says Mr. Weber in the Introduction to his *Metrical Romances*;* but this leaf, which may have belonged to one of the other MSS. abovementioned, has once more been lost; at any rate it is not in the Douce Collection at Oxford.† It is perhaps in the possession of some private person, and may be forthcoming at some future day.

Altogether above 8,000 lines of the poem have been printed, making a valuable addition to the already published relics of our Middle English literature. The manuscripts have been carefully followed, in deference to the advice of the best scholars, and it will suffice to quote but one authority, the author of the *History of English Rhythms*. Dr. Guest writes as follows:—"I would take this opportunity of again pressing on the reader the importance of copying our MSS. *faithfully*—I mean not only to the letter, but so as to show their peculiarities as regards punctuation, composition, &c. It is astonishing how much light may thus be thrown upon the structure of our language."‡

Both the existing Manuscripts are very imperfect, having lost many leaves in different places, and, which is most to be deplored, those at the beginning and end. In this way those passages which would have been most likely to have contained allusions to the translator have perished. Nothing has been discovered from other sources to indicate the person to whom we are indebted for this version of Partonope; nor does the language of the work itself, as is

* *Metrical Romances*, published by Henry Weber, Esq. Edinburgh, 1810, vol. i. Introduction, p. xvii. note.

† Letter to the Editor from the Rev. H. O. Coxe, Chief Librarian of the Bodleian.

‡ *History of English Rhythms*, by Edwin Guest. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1838. Vol. ii. p. 430.

sometimes the case, present any basis for even probable conjecture as to the author or his locality.

By the time this translation was made, the English language had assumed a general character, whereas "the extant works of the period from the Conquest to the 14th century are in the dialects of the districts in which they happened to be written. But with the writers of the 14th century, and especially with Wiclif and Chaucer, our language again finds an acknowledged standard of propriety. This model language was composed from the dialect of the middle and home counties; the dialect of Oxford the nursery of Wiclif, and of London the cradle of Chaucer, tempered strongly with the French, which had been mingling with it more or less for the last three centuries."* In this language the version of Partonope is composed, and on this point the judgment of Mr. Coxe should have great weight: "With respect to the dialect I can find very little to except it from the best English of the day—I mean, very few words or phrases which mark a decided locality, either east, west, or north. Its age I should put between 1430 and 1450."†

The English version may perhaps have been made by some resident member of that University, in which all the extant MSS. have been found, during the reign of one of the Henries of the House of Lancaster, from the original French which was composed in the reign of Henry III.

To this French original there are several references in general terms, as in line

347. "Thus sayth the Booke."

391-2. "as saythe the Booke

That ys french which ys myn auctore."

* Sketch of the History of the English Language, a Lecture, by Rev. J. Earle, Rector of Swanwick, formerly Professor of Anglo-Saxon at Oxford. Bath, 1860, p. 8.

† Letter to the Editor from Rev. H. O. Coxe, Bodleian Librarian at Oxford.

405. "Thus tellyth now the french geest."
 1042. "Thus sayth myn autoure withoute fayle."
 3812. "Myn autoure in fressh gynyth now reprove."
 4677. "Wherefor myn autor seyth truly."
 4685-6. "as tellyth myn auctor me,
 ffor truly he sayth."
 4788-91. "Thus seyth the Auctor after whom I wryt,
 Blame not me I must endyte
 as nye after hym as I can or may,
 Be hyt sothe or lese I can not say."
 6238. "To ship he goth as I wryten fynde."*

The work, however, seems to have become known, as it is mentioned in a second prologue of the romance of Richard Cœur de Lion, together with many popular romances of the day. The passage is thus printed, by Wynkyn de Worde, in the Bodleian copy of this rare volume.†

Herken now how my tale goth,
 Though I swere to you no othe,
 I wyll you rede romaynes none,
 Ne of Pertonape, ne of Yponydone,
 Ne of Alysaunder, ne of Charlemayne,
 Ne of Arthur, ne of Gawayne,
 Ne of Launcelot de lake,
 Ne of Bevys, ne of Guy,[ne] of Sydrake,
 Ne of Ury, ne of Octavyan,
 Ne of Hector the stronge man,
 Ne of Jason, neyther of Hercules,
 Ne of Eneas, neyther of Achylles.

* To these may be added the following references, line 3907, 4033, 4045, 4673, 3056*, 3460*, 3472*.

† Kynge Rycharde Cuer du Lyon. Imprynted at London in the Fletestrete, at y^e Sygne of y^e Sonne, by Wynkyn de Worde, the Yere of our Lorde M.ccccc and xxviii. Quarto. There is a wood-cut of a knight and squire on horseback on the title-page, and on the last leaf Wynkyn de Worde's device, No. VI. See Dibdin, *Typograph. Antiq.* ii. 273-7, who erroneously states that the title-page is wanting in the Bodleian copy.

The romance of Richard Cœur de Lion is printed in Weber's collection, vol. ii. pp. 1-278, and the passage above quoted will be found at p. 261. Weber, however, reads *Paris* instead of *Pertonape*, on the authority of the MS. in the library of Caius College, Cambridge, from which his copy was made,* and says in a note on the passage,† “The printed copy instead of ‘*Paris*’ reads ‘*Pertonape* ;’ and Mr. Warton conjectured, with great plausibility, that ‘*Pertonape* and *Ipomydon*’ were intended for *Parthenopeus* and *Hippomedon*, two Theban heroes. *Paris*, whose name occurs in the MS., *Hector*, *Jason*, *Achilles*, and *Hercules*, were all heroes of the *Troy-book*.” The passages of Warton's *History of English Poetry* will be found in vol. i. p. 126, 142, and vol. ii. p. 224, of the edition in four volumes, 8vo., London, 1824. These were only guesses of Warton's, and were corrected by Ritson, in a note to the passage above quoted,‡ which is here transcribed.

“Warton, in a note, *perhaps* *Pertonape* to be *Parthenope*, or *Parthenopeus*, whom he elsewhere calls ‘one of Statius's heroes ;’ but, in fact, it alludes to the romance of *Pertenopex compte de Blois*, a famous *roman de féerie* in French rime, but which never made its appearance in English.”

This rash assertion was soon to be disproved, for a single leaf of the English version was recovered by Mr. Douce, (as stated by Weber, in the introduction to his *Collection of Romances*§), and it is now effectually set aside by the present publication of a great part of the poem.

There is also an interesting allusion to *Partonope* made by

* Weber, *Metrical Romances*, i. p. xlviil.

† Weber, iii. p. 359.

‡ Ritson, *Ancient English Metrical Romances*. London, 1802, 3 vols.; vol. i. p. civ.

§ Weber, *Metrical Romances*, i. p. xvii. note.

Gower in his *xlii*rd “Balade,*” a passage noticed by Warton,† and after him by Todd‡ and F. Michel § :—

De Lancelot si fuisset, remembre
Et de Tristrans com il se contenoit
Generides Florent par Tonope
Chascun de ceaux sa loialte guardoit, &c.

To which Warton adds in a note, “That is Partenope, or Parthenopeus, one of Statius’s heroes, on whom there is an old French Romance:” Warton being right in reading *Partenope* as one word, but wrong in his notion that the personage meant was a classical hero. The reference is evidently to Partenope of Blois; but, as Gower wrote his Balades when a young man, about the year 1350, according to Warton and Todd, and, owing to his blindness,|| wrote

* Balades and other Poems, by John Gower. London, 1818, presented to the Roxburghe Club by Earl Gower. Balade *xlii*. sheet 10, p. 1.

† History of English Poetry, ii. 340, ed. 1824.

‡ Illustrations of Gower and Chaucer, London, 1810, p. 106.

§ Romances of Tristan. London, 1835, i. Introd. p. xxiv. and note 49, p. xevii.

|| See the Latin Verses printed on the last leaf of his *Balades* (London, 1818), and found also in some MSS. of his *Confessio Amantis*.

Henrici quarti primus regni fuit annus
Quo michi defecit visus ad acta mea
Omnia tempus habent finem natura ministrat
Quem virtute sua frangere nemo potest
Ultra posse nichil quamvis michi velle remansit
Amplius ut scribam non michi posse manet
Dum potui scripsi set nunc quia torva senectus
Turbavit sensus scripta relinquo scolis
Scribat qui veniet post me discreciior alter
Ammodo namque manus et mea penna silent
Hoc tamen in fine verborum queso meorum
Prospera quod statuatur Regna futura Deus. Amen.

Some lines similar to these, but not specifying the time of his becoming blind, will be found in the *Vox Clamantis*, printed for the Roxburghe Club in 1850, at p. 426.

nothing after the first year of Henry IV., in 1399 or 1400, we can conclude no more from this reference than that he was acquainted with the original French.

No other reference or allusion to Partonope has been met with in any English author, except the following passage contained in the preface to the *Story of Cupid and Psyche*, by Elizabeth Strutt,* “The gifted Sir Philip Sidney has narrated it (the *Story of Cupid and Psyche*) in an episode in his romance of ‘*Parthenope*.’”

If this reference to Sir P. Sidney may be relied on, it would seem from the choice of the name *Parthenope*, that he was acquainted with the romance, and adopted this name from the similarity between the stories. But after a careful search through several editions of the *Arcadia*, the passage alluded to could not be found.

THE earliest mention of a work on the subject* of *Partonope* is contained in a poem by the Provençal poet Arnaud Daniel,†

Car lai en l'encantada ciu
Menet ad aventura 'l navei
Lo rics Partenopes de Blei.‡

(Ab plazers.)

(Car la en l'enchantee cité
Mena a aventure le navire
Le puissant Partenopex de Blois.)

* *Cupid and Psyche*, by Elizabeth Strutt, illustrated by J. Gibson, p. xxvi. Privately printed, London, 1852, folio. A copy is in the British Museum.

† Raynouard, *Choix des Poesies Originales des Troubadours*, Paris, 1817, vol. ii. p. 309, and in *Journal des Savants*, Decembre, 1834, p. 725, sq. Fauriel, *Histoire de la Poesie Provençale*, Paris, 1846, vol. iii. p. 505, where the passage is printed very incorrectly.

‡ In the Provençal version of *Floire et Blanceflor*, 2568, *Parthonopus* is referred to in conjunction with Paris and Absalon as a model of beauty. This may be taken as corroborative testimony to the existence of the Provençal Romance.

Upon this M. Raynouard and M. Fauriel remark that the allusion of Arnaud Daniel proves the existence of a Provençal Romance on the subject of Partonope in the 12th century, while it would appear certain that the French romance, of which Denis Piramus was the author, cannot be placed earlier than the first half of the thirteenth century.* The allusion in the passage just quoted cannot be mistaken, and the authority of M. Fauriel, based, as it is, upon that of M. Raynouard, is of the greatest weight, although the object of his History of Provençal Poetry, to prove in opposition to other views that the Troubadours originated many of the romances which are now only extant in other languages, might lay him open to the charge of partiality. In the present instance the force of his argument turns on the date of Arnaud Daniel. This great poet, for the united testimony of Dante† and Petrarch‡ entitles him to such a distinction, died about the year 1189,§ the date of the death of Henry II., King of England, while Denis Piramus, the author of the poem as it now exists, is said to have lived at the court of Henry III. of England, who did not ascend the throne till 1216. It may then be assumed as certain that there was a romance

* Fauriel, iii. 506.

† Purgatorio, xxvi. 117.

Fu miglior fabbro del parlar materno :
Versi d'amore e prose di romanzi
Soverchiò tutti.

‡ Trionfo d'Amore, c. iv.

Fra tutti il primo Arnaldo Daniello
Gran maestro d'amor ch' a la sua terra
Ancor fa onor col suo dir nuovo e bello.

§ Crescimbeni, *Comentari Poetici*, c. ii. p. 12, ed. Mathias, London, 1803. See his *Life* in Raynouard, *Choix des Poesies*, v. p. 30. *France Literaire*, xv. 434-441; at p. 437 he is said to have written a poem in 1189.

on the subject of Partonope, composed by some Provençal Troubadour.*

It was so much the practice of the poets and romance writers to frame their compositions on or out of materials previously existing, that there is little reason to doubt that Denis Piramus followed the general custom. He might justly think that he had as good a right to the beautiful Legend of Cupid and Psyche, as any of his predecessors, and we may fairly suppose that requests may have been addressed to him by his patrons at the English Court to reproduce, in the language with which they were familiar, so favourite a subject. The relations between England and the South of France were then so close that many may have heard and admired the original Provençal Romance in the land of its birth, and were therefore anxious to employ the talents of the courtier poet in giving it a new form, which should make it still more widely known. What goes on now took place then. A successful work soon became famous, and translations or adaptations were called for to gratify the taste of the literary world. These were more or less close to the originals, and sometimes became almost new works on the same subjects.

In some such way as this did the Provençal Romance assume its

* This was probably the original from which the old Catalan and the Castilian versions proceeded. For, according to Antonio (*Bibliotheca Nova*, ii. 338, col. 2), the edition printed in 1488 was in the old Catalan dialect—"scripsit anonymus sermone antiquo Catalonico"—and from this, perhaps, the Castilian version was made. Then, in course of time, the Castilian was retranslated into Catalan, as we learn from the title-pages of the several printed editions. The Castilian and the modern Catalan versions are in prose. Ticknor mentions a parallel instance; for, though in his interesting chapter on Catalan Literature (*History of Spanish Lit.* vol. i. ch. xvi.) he does not mention the Romance of Partonope, yet he says that "Tirante the White" was translated by its author into Valencian, and printed at Valencia in 1490. Of this two copies are known, one of which was sold for 300*l.* in 1827.

present shape in the hands of Denis Piramus. In the prologue, he tells us that all the circumstances of his life combined to inspire him with poetry. It is the time of spring, and the nightingales are singing,—

Ceste cançon aim jo et has ;
 Car anui me fait et solas :
 Solas de m'amor ramenbrer
 Anui quant pens de consirer.—56-60

It is the season of renewed verdure and youth,

Joie et jovente renovele ;
 Et je sui jouenes et engignos,
 Sains et delivres et joios.
 Si me semont joie et jovens
 Que je ne soie oiseus ne lens ;
 Por ço voel, par envoiseure,
 En escrit metre une aventure
 Et bone et bele et mervellouse,
 Quanque ce soie chose grevouse.
 Bel loisir ai et bon sejour
 La merci Den et nos segnor.—64-74.

It is the fashion to write in the language of the day, therefore he heeds not the charges of the learned, who would have had him write in Latin,

Cil clerc dient que n'est pas sens
 Qu'escrive estoire d'antif tens,
 Quant jo nes escriis en latin,
 Et que je perc mon tans enfin,
 Cil li perdent qui ne font rien.—77-81.

St. Paul teaches that whatsoever is written is written for our learning, and therefore he avails himself of this defence.

Car nus escriis n'est tant frarins,
 Nis de fables as Sarasins,
 Dont on ne puisse exemple traire
 Del mal laisser et del bien faire.—103-106.

To the happy combination of circumstances thus gracefully and gratefully recorded, we owe the composition of an *Epic Romance** worthy of the polished court of Henry III.† where the author found patrons in the King and the nobles, who were all devoted to French poetry.

The evidence on this point, it must be allowed, is neither abundant nor decisive, though all who have treated of the subject seem to acquiesce in one and the same conclusion. The investigation was commenced at the end of the last century, in 1792, by the Abbé de la Rue, in a communication to the English Society of Antiquaries;‡ the substance of which is repeated in his essays on the Norman and Anglo-Norman Poets,§ published forty years afterwards.

* See M. Robert, *Examen du Poème de Partonopeus*, pp. xxv–xxviii, where it is successfully maintained that it is “un véritable poème épique.”

† M. Amaury Duval, *Histoire Littéraire de France*, xix. p. 638, in his article on Denis Piramus: “Mais Denis Piramus ne peut être confondu avec les poètes vulgaires de cette époque; il vivoit au milieu d’une cour polie, celle de Henri III.” This simple remark provokes the national feelings of M. Paulin Paris (*Les MSS. François de la Bibliothèque du Roi*, iii. p. 81, 82), who fires up at the censure of the court of France implied in the praise of that of England: “Il est temps de remettre à sa place la littérature Anglo-Normande, dont on a fait tant de bruit. Quand les poètes normands de l’Angleterre ont rivalisé avec ceux de France, c’est quand ils ont pris des leçons à l’école des bons écrivains français, et leur mérite fut toujours en raison de la fidélité de leurs souvenirs.” He then cites a passage from the *Life of Saint Thomas of Cantorbéry*, the last line of which is,

“Mis languages est buens, car en France fui net,”

with the remark, “En presence de ces vers, que devient la réflexion de M. Amaury Duval?”

M. Duval’s remark being true, remains exactly where it was, and all must regret that so learned a man as M. Paulin Paris, who has done so much for mediæval literature, should have been betrayed into the expression of an unworthy jealousy of England in the thirteenth century. *Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?*

‡ *Archæologia*, vol. xiii. p. 248–250.

§ *Essais Historiques sur les Bardes, les Jongleurs, et les Trouveres Normands et Anglo-Normands*. 3 vols. royal 8vo, Caen, 1834, vol. iii. pp. 101–106.

Now, Denis Piramus speaks of Marie de France as a contemporary, and, as there are good grounds for placing her at the court of Henry III.* it follows that he himself must be reckoned among the writers of that period. It was a time of great literary activity. Marie, in the prologue to her *Lais*, tells us why she chose the *Lais*, in preference to any other subject,—

Pur ceo començai a penser
D'aukune bone estoire faire,
E de Latin en Romaunz traire;
Mais ne me fust guaires de pris
Tant se sunt altres entremis.

And M. Roquefort remarks :†—" C'est sous ce règne (Henry III.) qu'un grand nombre de poets Normands, et Anglo-Normands, traduisirent du latin une multitude d'ouvrages, des romans de chevalerie, et particulièrement ceux de la Table-Ronde." The language in which they wrote was the Romance or Anglo-Norman French, in which they seem to have succeeded so well that their productions have been claimed with great zeal for France, as in the case of Partonope. M. Roquefort, who gives a list of such writers, is our authority for this statement.‡

"On voit en effet un grand nombre d'écrivains anglois qui ont réussi dans la poësie françoise, et dont les productions sont recommandables. Parmi ces derniers on remarque Robert Wace, Philippe de Than, Geoffroy Gaimar, Simon Dufresne, Everard de Kirkam, Samson de Nanteuil, Denys Pyramus, Hélie de Winchester, Guillaume de Wadington, Etienne de Langton, David, et beaucoup d'autres."

* *Archæologia*, xiii. p. 36. De la Rue, *Essais*, &c., vol. iii. pp. 47-100. *Poesies de Marie de France*, par B. Roquefort, 2 vols. Paris, 1832, Notice sur Marie, prefixed to vol. i.

† Notice sur Marie, p. 12.

‡ Roquefort, Notice sur Marie, vol. i. p. 9.

Denis Piramus not only adopted the language but the way of life most prevalent at court, and dedicated himself as well as his muse to the pursuit of pleasure and the enjoyments which surrounded him. He tells us in one of his later productions that it was only when old age brought repentance that he turned his thoughts to religious subjects. He then wrote the life and martyrdom of Saint Edmond, King of England, and subsequently the miracles of the same Saint, in French verse, both of which poems are in the British Museum; the first consisting of 3,286 lines, and the second of 714. From the prologue to the former of these works most of the facts relating to his life have been derived. Now, "Denys Piramus advances nothing certain as to his origin, but fortunately in the proem to his first work a phrase has escaped him which discloses it to us; it is when he would impress the certainty of the miracles of St. Edmond he says, '*Nos Ancêtres ont été les temoins*;' and from that circumstance there is no doubt but that he was an Englishman."*

He confesses to have lived a life of pleasure,

Mult ai usé come pechere
Ma vie en trop fole manere,
Et bien trop ai usé ma vie
Et en peche et en folie.

He tells us that he was a frequenter of the Court, and that he composed for the courtiers,

Kant cour hantey et les curteis
Si fesci jeo les serventeis,
Chansonettes, rimes, salu3,
Entre les drues et les drus—

but that he would now cease from such light productions,

* M. De la Rue, *Archæologia*, xiii. p. 250.

James ne me burderay plus,
 Jeo ai noun Denis Piramus;
 Les jours jolis de ma joesnesce
 S'en vont, si crey jeo a la veilesece;
 Si est bien dreit ke me repente,
 Aillors metterai mon entent.*

We have now mentioned nearly all that is known about Denis Piramus, except the point of chief interest in the present publication, that he was the author of the Romance of Partonope de Blois. It appears that M. De la Rue misunderstood the passage in which Denis Pyramus claims it as his own work.† The honour of making the discovery was reserved for a writer who has devoted his life to early French literature, M. Francisque Michel. When preparing his edition of *Tristan*, published in 1835, he had occasion to consult the manuscript life of St. Edmond, preserved in the British Museum (Cotton Library, Domitian, A. xi.) and printed from it the extract so strangely misinterpreted by his predecessor.‡ The passage is in continuation of the extracts given above; after an interval of four lines the writer proceeds,

Cil ki *Partonope* trova
 Et ki les vers fist et ryma,
 Mult se pena de bien dire;
 Si dist il bien de cele matire
 Cum de fable e de menceonge.
 La matire ressemble suonge,

* All these extracts are taken from M. De la Rue, *Essais*, vol. iii. p. 103.

† M. De la Rue, *Essais*, vol. iii. p. 56. "Enfin Denis Pyramus, qui vivait sous le même prince, après avoir fait l'éloge de l'auteur du Roman de Parthenopex de Blois, fait celui de Marie."

‡ The Poetical Romances of *Tristan*, in French, in Anglo-Norman, and in Greek, composed in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Edited by Francisque Michel. London, William Pickering, 1835, in 3 vols. 12mo. Notes to Introduction, p. cxviii.

Kar ceo ne put unkes etre.
 Si est-il tenu pur bon mestre,
 E les vers sunt mult ame;
 E en ces riches curtes loe;
 E dame *Marie* autresi,
 Ki en ryne fist e basti
 E cōpensa les vers de lays,
 Ke ne sunt pas de tut verais :
 E si en est-ele mult loée,
 E la ryne par tut amée;
 Kar mult l'aymêt, si l'unt mult cher
 Cunt, barun e chivaler ;
 E si en ayment mult l'escrit
 E lire le funt, si unt délit
 E si les funt sovent retreire.
 Les lays soleient as dames pleire,
 De joye les oyent e de gré;
 Qu'il sunt sulum lur volenté.

Here it will be seen that Denis Piramus claims both the invention and the versification of the poem—he was not only the Trouvere, but the Rymer. Still, this need not imply that he meant to assert that no one before himself had ever treated of the same subject. In the life of St. Edmond, which was an historical composition, he says that he derived his materials from Latin and English Manuscripts : and, though he does not mention any authorities in Partonope, perhaps he implies that there were some, in that passage already cited from the Prologue, in which he meets the criticism of the learned, that he ought to have written in Latin, as it was a story of the olden time, “*estoire d'antif tens.*” We now know that there was an earlier Provençal work on the subject, and the examination of the existing romance, proves that the work of Apuleius, or some other version of the Legend of Cupid and Psyche, served as a ground-work for it.

Does Partonope belong to either of the great cycles of Romance

Poems? Two answers have been given to this question. M. Amaury Duval places it among those of the Round Table, as will be seen by the following extract from the learned notice of Denis Piramus, contributed by him to the *Histoire Littéraire de la France** :—

“Le roman de Partonopeus doit être rangé dans la classe des romans de la Table-Ronde, quoi que le sujet et les evenements soient d’une époque bien antérieure au règne d’Arthur, et aux aventures des compagnons d’armes de ce prince. Mais le sujet en est pris, sans aucun doute, dans les traditions bretonnes. Comme dans les lais de *Lanval* et de *Graëlent*, c’est une fée qui devient amoureuse du héros, qui s’en empare, se fait régulatrice de sa vie entière. Ces unions d’êtres supérieurs, surnaturels, avec de simples mortels, se retrouvent souvent dans les poèmes des xii^e et xiii^e siècles, et surtout dans ceux des poètes Anglo-Normands. Comme dans les romans de la Table-Ronde, il y a dans le Partonopeus moins de combats, moins de faits d’armes ; mais des aventures plus simples, plus ordinaires, un intérêt plus doux, plus attachant, que dans les romans du cycle Carlovingien. En les comparant les uns aux autres, sous le rapport du genre seulement, ceux-ci rappelleraient l’Iliade, les autres l’Odyssée.”

On the other hand, M. Robert † contests this opinion, and would range it (if with either of the two) among those of the Carlovingian, ‡ or, as we ought to write, Carolingian, period :—

* *Histoire Littéraire de la France*, xix. 632.

† M. Robert, *Examen du Poème*, ed. Crapelet, p. lxi.

‡ Upon this word it may be well to quote the remarks of A. W. de Schlegel, in his *Essai de l’Origine des Romans de Chevalerie* ; Bonn, 1842, p. 360 : “ *Carlovingiens*. L’auteur écrit ainsi, mais cette forme est incorrecte, et n’a été occasionnée que par la trompeuse analogie des Mérovingiens. Dans les anciens idiomes germaniques on formait des noms patronymiques avec les syllabes *ing* et *ung*, en les attachant au nom du chef de leur famille. Ainsi de *Carol-us* on faisait CAROLINGI (voyez le Glossaire de Du Cange

“ Quoi qu’il en soit, nous serions embarrassé si nous voulions trouver la place de notre poëme dans l’une ou l’autre des deux grandes sections que l’on prétend introduire dans l’ordre de nos vieilles épopées. Les vers de huit syllabes, l’adoration continuelle pour les dames, quelque exagérée qu’elle soit, ne peuvent suffire à le faire comprendre dans les romans de la Table-Ronde. L’action, qui commence lors des dernières années de Clovis, ne devrait pas le faire ranger non plus parmi les romans Carlovingiens : cependant cette invasion des Musulmans du Nord, cet arrangement entre le roi de France et les étrangers, le lieu où se fait cet accommodement, le Vexin, dont chaque armée occupait une capitale ; l’une, celle du Vexin françois, et l’autre, celle du Vexin normand, nous prouvent, ce me semble, d’une manière assez évidente, qu’il devrait appartenir aux romans de cette seconde section.”

It seems more reasonable to adopt the doubt expressed at the commencement, than the judgment contained in the concluding words of this extract, and to leave Partonope an independent position, unconnected with either of the great cycles.*

sous l'article KAROLINGI); de Lothar-ius, LOTHARINGI. Ensuite on désigna de la même façon le pays où ils régnaient ; Carolingia, Lotharingia. Le premier nom, la France proprement dite, se trouve chez nos vieux chroniqueurs sous la forme contractée de *Kerlingen*. Le second s'est maintenu en usage jusqu'à nos jours, quoique fort altéré dans les lettres : LOTHARINGIA, *Lorraine*." And again, at p. 371 : "*Carolingie*, c'est ainsi qu'on désignait la France proprement dite, en opposition avec la *Lotharingie*, ou *Lorraine*." To these passages may be added two from the old German version of Partonope p. 48, 29, "*und der Kerlingere vogt*," and 51, 25, "*der kunec von kerlingen was*." Ed. Massmann, Berlin, 1847. The form *Carlovingian*, however, is now too deeply rooted in general usage to be driven out by etymological reasons.

* M. Fauriel, *Histoire de la Poésie Provençale*, vol. iii. Appendice ii. pp. 453—515, distributes the Provençal romances into six classes, and places "*Parthenopex de Blois*" (p. 505) in the sixth, or those which he styles "*Sujets d'invention inconnus ou incertains*" (p. 497). The others are: 1. *Sujets karlovingiens*; 2. *Romans de la Table Ronde*; 3. *Mythologie grecque*; 4. *Personnages grecs et romains*; 5. *Bible et Histoire Sainte*. This arrangement corroborates the opinion expressed in the text. And again, M. de

The interest of the story centres in the love between Melior and Partonope, the former of whom is represented as a Fay,* that is, a being of mortal race, but skilled in magic, and so possessing all the powers which a knowledge of that science was supposed to impart. Such attachments have at all times been favourite subjects for poetry. They afford that mixture of the supernatural which is a powerful element in works of fiction, and, being in accordance with popular belief, and enshrining superstitions, the relics in most cases of earlier mythological traditions, are certain of acceptance in the ruder ages of all nations. As might have been expected, therefore, the French and Anglo-Norman poets of the earlier period frequently have recourse to such incidents; as, for example, Marie de France, in the Lays of *Lanval* and *Graelant*, and the author of the Romance of *Melusine*. Among the Germans, *Frederick of Suabia* and *Peter of Staufenberg* both marry fays, as also does *Thomas the Rymer* in our own fictions. In the legends a certain Count is connected with Saint Catherine; in Roman history, Numa with Egeria; and in Oriental traditions the hero Ruzvanihad with the fay Cheteris-

Martonne in a Rapport on Crapelet's edition in the *Mémoires de la Soc. Roy. des Antiquaires de France*, tom. xi, Paris, 1835, 8vo. p. 421, says that, as no ancestors or kin of Charlemagne appear in it, it should be ranked in a third section, "Il s'ensuit qu'il doit appartenir a une troisieme section, a une classe mixte, qui comprend tous les romans sans parenté, sans affinité entre leur heros."

* Fay (French *fée*, Ital. *fata*, Sp. *fada*, Middle Age Lat. *fada*, from Lat. *fatum* or *fatua*; conf. *fatus* in Petronius) is an appellation either of a race of supernatural beings, or of women skilled in magic. Melior belongs to the latter class; see the account she gives of her education, v. 3194—3281, of this poem. "Skill in fayery so often assigned to ladies of distinction in the old romances may be attributed to their superior education. In the *Morte d'Arthur* we find that Morgue the fay was 'put to scole in a nonnery where she learned so much that shee became a great clarke in nygromancy.'"—W. S. Rose, note to Partonopex, p. 50. See the Chapter on Middle Age Romance in Keightley's *Fairy Mythology*, Lond. 1833, vol. i., and for the etymology of the word, vol. i. p. 11, 12.

tang. Sometimes there is a change of sex, and the superior being is represented to be a male, as in the story of *Helie du Graal*, of *le Chevalier au Cygne*, and *Lleogrin*. Lastly, we have the Greek legend of *Eros and Psyche*, the parent perhaps of all the rest. In all there is a similar prohibition against approaching too near, or seeing the object of attachment, on pain of losing it for ever—a prohibition in which M. de Roquefort,* from whom the previous instances are taken, recognises “le sublime mystère de l’arbre défendu,” of which he gives a peculiar physical interpretation.

What then is the common origin of these fictions so widely spread? and, secondly, what were the sources from which Denis Piramus, or his Provençal predecessor, derived the story of Partonope and Melior? As to the general question, it seems now to be the all but universal opinion that we must trace them from the East, and from the very earliest period of history—a period of which we have no authentic records, but on which these very stories would seem to throw some light. There are many cycles of stories in which similar incidents appear, which we can neither suppose to have been directly borrowed or translated by one people from another, nor to have sprung up spontaneously in nations so widely separated. The alternative, then, is to believe that they are part of a common inheritance brought by the several tribes that spread over Western Asia and Europe, from their aboriginal home in the East, and developed, according to local and other circumstances, with suitable incidents, characters, and other accessories. Upon this point we have the judgment of a most competent authority, Dr. Dasent, who, speaking of the Norse Tales, so ably edited by him, writes:—

“There can be no doubt, then, with regard to the question of the

* Roquefort, Notice du Partenopex, Paris, 1811, pp. 6, 7.

origin of these tales, that they were common in germ, at least, to the Aryan tribes before their migration. We find traces of them in the traditions of the Eastern Aryans, and we find them developed in a hundred forms and shapes in every one of the nations into which the Western Aryans have shaped themselves in the course of ages. We are led, therefore, irresistibly to the conclusion that these traditions are as much a portion of the common inheritance of our ancestors, as their language unquestionably is; and that they form, along with that language, a double chain of evidence which proves their Eastern origin.”*

What is here asserted of these Norse Tales is applicable to the ultimate origin of our romance, and we have a similar testimony in reference to the Celtic tales of the West Highlands, which bears more directly upon it. The indefatigable collector of these tales, Mr. Campbell, says:—

“It is at least certain, that the groundworks of several popular tales now current amongst the peasantry of the West Highlands, were written by Apuleius in the second century; and it is probable that these were current about Carthage some seventeen hundred years ago. Nearly the whole of the story of Cupid and Psyche, as told by Apuleius, will be found in these volumes, though in a very rough dress, in Nos. ii., iii., xii., xxxiii, xxxix. (ii. The Battle of the Birds. iii. The Tale of the Hoodie. xii. The Daughter of the Skies. xxxiii. The Queen who sought a certain Drink from a certain Well. xxxix. The Three Widows), and the story abstracted above (pp. 291—296). It is all over Europe in all sorts of shapes, and it was in India as a tale of the love of the Sun for an earthly maiden, who was also the Dawn. It was part of classical

* Popular Tales from the Norse, by G. W. Dasent, Edinburgh, 1859, 8vo., Introduction, p. xxxi.

mythology, though Venus had surely begun to lose her power when Apuleius made her a scolding mother-in-law. It seems hopeless to speculate on the origin of the story anywhere short of the dawn of time; but if there be any truth in the 'Eastern origin of Celtic nations,' it is reasonable to look eastwards for the germ of Celtic mythology." *

This passage brings us to our second question, and to that which has been almost universally regarded as the source from which the romance of Partonope and Melior was immediately derived — namely, the legend of Cupid and Psyche. There are not many points of criticism on which there has been a more general consent among those who have paid attention to the subject; and, while fully admitting that all these stories which involve the main incident of this legend may have sprung independently of each other, and at different periods, from a common original, it is still quite reasonable to suppose that Denis Piramus, or his predecessor, writing in the twelfth or thirteenth century, may have been familiar with the story, both as current in a popular shape, and as conveyed in the writings of Apuleius, or perhaps in some Greek form which has now perished.

The striking resemblance between the romance and the legend of which we are speaking was first noticed by M. Legrand d'Aussy, who says, "*Mes lecteurs reconnoîtront ici la fable de Psyché. Elle est si connue qu'on me dispensera de faire remarquer en quoi notre auteur s'est éloigné de son original;*" and afterwards, "*Notre romancier a pu la connoître (une ode d'Anacréon) par quelques traductions du temps, comme il a connu la fable de Psyché employée par lui précédemment.*" † We have already shown that this was

* Popular Tales of the West Highlands, by J. F. Campbell. Edinburgh, 1862, vol. iv. pp. 327, 328. See also the same volume, pp. 260, 296, 299, 300, 314, 322.

† *Fabliaux ou Contes, &c.*, par Legrand d'Aussy. Paris, 1829, 8vo. vol. v. pp. 243, and 277.

also the opinion of M. de Roquefort, and may add to his that of M. Le Roux de Lincy, who adopts the same view in the main:—“Quant à Partenopex de Blois, bien qu’antérieur aux deux ouvrages précédents, il est encore le fruit des expéditions d’Orient, des souvenirs qui s’y rattachaient, des idées qu’elles avaient fait naître. La fille du roi infidèle et sa sœur, toutes les deux fées puissantes, mais bonnes et généreuses, rappellent bien plus les *Péri* que les déesses scandinaves. Quant au nœud du récit, il est facile d’y retrouver le souvenir de la mythologie antique : c’est la fable de *L’Amour et Psyché*, sous une autre forme, avec des costumes et des usages différents.”* M. Amaury Duval also acquiesces in this view, and indicates several points in the story which are traceable to classical literature.†

But this has not been the opinion of French scholars only. Mr. Dunlop‡ says “that the story of Partenopex de Blois is obviously derived from the fable of Cupid and Psyche so beautifully told by Apuleius;” and Mr. W. S. Rose,§ in the notes to his poem on the subject, alleges even verbal similarities as well as incidents. Among the Germans also, Gervinus|| takes it as an accepted fact; and Grasse¶ says that it is, “obwohl einige widersprochen haben, offenbar eine bearbeitung der alten sage von Amor und Psyche.”

But the resemblance is most clearly made out by M. Dulaure** in the Rapport presented by him to the Society of Antiquaries of

* M. le Roux de Lincy, *Le Livre des Légends*, Introduction, Paris, 1836, 8vo. pp. 186, 187.

† *Histoire Littéraire de la France*, tom. xix. p. 647.

‡ Dunlop, *History of Fiction*, chap. v. vol. ii. p. 96, ed. 1814. London, small 8vo.

§ Partonopex de Blois, by W. Stewart Rose. London, 1807, quarto, p. 107. foll.—a note which deserves a careful perusal.

|| Gervinus, *History of German Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 109.

¶ Grasse, *History of Literature*, vol. ii. part 3, sect. i. p. 380.

** *Mémoires de la Société Royale des Antiquaires de France*, vol. i. p. 398, foll.

France on the Notice of Partonopex, published by M. de Roquefort. That he might be more qualified to form a judgment, he reperused with this object in view the legend as narrated by Apuleius, and then proceeds as follows :—

“ Cette lecture m’a convaincu que le roman gaulois était une imitation, et presque une copie de la fable grecque ; que, dans l’une et l’autre production, se trouvent amours, merveilles, situation, aventures, indiscretion, malheurs, et succès, absolument semblables et co-ordonnés de même ; enfin, que le *Parthonopex* est une fable grecque, un *conte milésien*,* qui, malgré les distances de temps et de lieux, s’est, comme bien d’autres, naturalisé dans la Gaule, et y a reçu le costume du siècle et du pays.

“ Il faut maintenant prouver que ce roman gaulois est d’origine grecque.

“ Je remarque que le mot *Parthonopex*, titre du roman et nom du principal personnage, est évidemment le même que le mot grec *Parthenopos* (παρθενωπός),† qui signifie un adolescent, encore vierge,

* This species of tale having been first written and brought to perfection at Miletus, the name of Milesian became appropriated to similar productions elsewhere. Ovid (Trist. ii. 413, 414) contrasts his own banishment with the impunity of Aristides, the author of some *Milesian* fables. Apuleius calls his *Metamorphoses* a *Milesian* work ; and the scene of the story of Psyche is laid in the environs of the city of *Miletus*, to which her father goes to consult the oracle.

† Παρθενωπός, of maidenly aspect, equivalent to the expression of Anacreon ὦ παῖ παρθένιον βλέπων (Od. 63), occurs only in the *Electra* of Euripides, 949,

ἀλλ’ ἔμοιγ’ εἶη πόσις
μὴ παρθενωπός, ἀλλὰ τάνδρείου τρόπου.

and in Dionysius of Halicarnassus, de Compositione Verborum, 23, ἐμφωνά τε βούλεται εἶναι πάντα ὀνόματα καὶ λεῖα καὶ μαλακὰ καὶ παρθενωπά, i.e., virgineo quasi venustoque vultu.

M. Édélestandt du Meril also derives it from the Greek in another way :—“ Non seulement *Parthonopeus* est composé d’éléments grecs, mais c’est un nom parlant qui exprime la nature du prince qui le porte : παρθένος et ὀπείω, celui que les vierges regardent amoureusement. Les noms des deux sœurs *Melior* et *Uraque* ont des racines grecques

et conservant les traits d'une jeune fille; on peut le rendre en français par le vieux mot *jouvenceau*. Cette dénomination convient bien au héros du roman, qui, lors de ses premières aventures, n'était âgé que de treize à quatorze ans.*

qui établissent une véritable parenté entre elles (*μέλι*, miel, et *ῥαυον*, rayon de miel), et le nom de la plus sage, de cel qui donne de bons conseils, finit par *ἄκος*, remède."—Introduction to Floire et Blanceflor, Paris, 1856, p. clxxiv.

The description given of Floire would justify the former derivation,

"Floires en face n'en menton
N'avoit ne barbe ne grenon,
N'en la tor n'avoit damoisele
Qui de visage fust plus bele."

Floire et Blanceflor, Provençal Version, 2229—2332.

And again,

"En son vis nul samblant n'avoit
Qu'il fust hom; car a son menton
N'avoit ne barbe ne grenon:
Fors Blanceflor n'avoit tant bele
En la tor nule damoisele."

Ibid. 2378—2382.

Floire was so exactly a *παρθενωπός* that the Amiral

"Au chambrelenc dist: 'les poitrines
Me descoevrez des deus meschines:
Lor mameles primes verrons
Et puis si les esveillerons.'
Cil les descoevre; s'aparut
Que cil est hom qui illuec jut."

Ibid. 2387—2392.

See also Ellis's Specimens, vol. iii. p. 137.

* Partonope is said to have been only "*treize ans*" in the French text, v. 543; but in the Catalan version, p. 10, he is "*xv.*" Floire is also said to be "*xv.*," v. 2575, Provençal vers.; 657, French; and in Brut, Arthur is spoken of as "*xv.*" This would seem a more suitable age for a hero even of romance; and M. Robert (Examen du Poème in Crapelet's edition, p. xxxiii) proposes to read "*xvi.*"

“Si le titre du roman vient du grec, sa fable en vient aussi ; on peut s'en convaincre en la comparant avec celle du Psyché.

“La plus grande différence qui se trouve entre ces deux ouvrages, c'est que le personnage principal de l'un est une jeune fille, Psyché, tandis que celui de l'autre est un jeune garçon, Parthonopex ; malgré cette différence, les événemens qu'ils éprouvent sont à peu près les mêmes.

“Psyché est fille d'un roi, et Parthonopex neveu du roi de France. La première, abandonnée sur un désert, pleure, est saisie d'effroi, lorsqu' un Zéphir vient à elle la transporter doucement près d'un palais magnifique dans un lieu enchanté où elle s'endort.

“Parthonopex, égaré à la chasse, arrive sur une montagne élevée ; après avoir pleuré, souffert la faim et le froid, il aperçoit la mer, et sur le rivage un vaisseau ; il s'y rend, est effrayé de n'y trouver personne, et s'y endort. Pendant son sommeil, un vent enfle les voiles, le vaisseau s'éloigne avec rapidité et aborde près d'une ville resplendissante de lumières et d'un château de la plus grande magnificence ; c'est en se réveillant qu'il aperçoit et admire ce lieu.

“C'est aussi en se réveillant que Psyché voit le palais de l'Amour ; que, frappée d'étonnement à la vue de tant de beautés et de richesses, elle entreprend d'y pénétrer et de la parcourir ; ce qui donne occasion à l'auteur de la fable grecque d'en faire une description très-détaillée. Parthonopex entre aussi dans un palais si magnifique, que l'auteur du roman avoue n'avoir pas assez de talent pour le décrire. Le palais que parcourt Psyché, celui où se trouve Parthonopex, sont des palais enchantés. Nulle personne ne les habite. Des êtres aussi invisibles servent à Parthonopex un repas magnifique et vont au-devant de ses besoins.

“Psyché, après avoir pris un bain et un repas, va sur un lit chercher le sommeil ; la nuit l'y invitait.

“Parthonopex, après avoir amplement satisfait à sa faim, désire se

coucher. Deux flambeaux se dirigent alors vers une chambre ; il les suit, trouve un lit superbe et s'y couche.

“Psyché se trouvait dans le palais d'un dieu, et Parthonopex dans celui d'une fée très-puissante.

“La nuit était avancée, lorsque le dieu *Amour* s'introduisit dans la couche de Psyché ; il était nuit, et toutes les lumières étaient éteintes, lorsque la fée *Mélior* s'avança doucement et vint se coucher aux côtés de Parthonopex.

“Ici le roman gaulois diffère, à quelques égards, du récit d'Apulée. Celui-ci passe très-rapidement, indique et ne décrit pas la rencontre et l'union de Psyché et de l'Amour. ‘Il se couche auprès d'elle et en fait sa femme,’ sont les seules paroles qu'il emploie. L'auteur de Parthonopex, au contraire, développe cette scène de volupté avec des détails qui peuvent blesser nos convenances, mais qui doivent plaire par le naturel et par une grâce étrangère à la manière particulière de l'auteur, ce qui me porte à croire que ce n'est pas le récit d'Apulée qu'il a imité, mais une autre relation des mêmes aventures. Au surplus, on trouve dans Parthonopex, comme dans Psyché, que l'intrigue commence par où finissent les autres productions de ce genre.

“Avant le jour, l'Amour quitte Psyché. Au point du jour, pendant que Parthonopex dormait encore, la fée Mélior s'échappe à regret des bras de son amant. La fée, ainsi que le dieu, ne veut pas être aperçue.

“Après quelque temps de bonheur, Psyché veut voir ses sœurs et en demande la permission à son divin époux. Parthonopex a le même désir, et demande la permission d'aller voir sa famille.

“Psyché, après avoir instruit ses sœurs du bonheur dont elle jouit, s'en sépare et revient dans les bras de l'Amour. Parthonopex, après quelques exploits militaires, et après avoir fait part à sa mère de sa félicité, et résisté assez faiblement aux séductions d'une jeune prin-

cesse qu'on veut lui donner en mariage, revient auprès de la fée Mélior. Je dois ajouter un autre trait de conformité : Psyché avait, dans cette occasion, comblé ses sœurs de riches présents ; Parthonopex avait de même enrichi sa famille d'objets très-précieux, dus aux bienfaits de la fée Mélior.

“ Psyché témoigne encore le désir de revoir ses sœurs, l'Amour y consent, mais il la prévient des périls dont elle est menacée si elle cède à leurs séductions. Parthonopex veut voir une seconde fois sa famille. Mélior, en le lui permettant, l'avertit que des malheurs l'attendent s'il n'a pas la force de résister aux insinuations de sa mère.

“ Les sœurs disent à Psyché que son époux est un monstre, un dragon. La mère de Parthonopex, qui avait accusé la fée Mélior d'être une négromancienne, dit à son fils que, s'il la voyait toute nue, il en serait épouvanté.

“ Les sœurs de Psyché l'engagent à se munir d'une petite lampe bien allumée, et de la cacher sous un vase, afin de s'en servir à temps pour voir son époux endormi. La mère de Parthonopex lui donne une lanterne qu'il doit tenir cachée pour qu'elle lui serve à considérer la fée pendant son sommeil.

“ Parthonopex suit les conseils de sa mère, comme Psyché ceux de ses sœurs. Tous les deux admirent dans l'objet de leur curiosité des beautés inespérées et dont la vue leur était interdite. Tous les deux, lorsque leur indiscretion est connue, s'en repentent et en sont punis.

“ Dans l'un et l'autre ouvrage on annonce qu'alors le charme fut détruit ; aux brillantes illusions, aux magnifiques productions de l'enchantement, succédèrent, dans le palais de l'Amour comme dans celui de la fée Mélior, une triste réalité ; le Dieu et la fée perdirent le pouvoir qu'ils avaient sur les destinées des deux mortels, objets de leur passion.”

“L'Amour indigné accable Psyché de justes reproches, s'envole et l'abandonne à son désespoir et aux malheurs qu'il lui avait prédits.

“La fée s'évanouit plusieurs fois, pleure et reproche amèrement à Parthonopex sa fatale curiosité; elle a perdu son pouvoir magique, sa réputation, son bonheur. Ses amours sont devenus publics. Le coupable, forcé de fuir, échappe à la mort dont le menaçaient plusieurs chevaliers, qui alors apparurent dans le palais désenchanté.

“Psyché est longtemps en proie aux persécutions, à la colère divine de Venus. Pour Parthonopex, le remords qui le déchire le porte au désespoir, et le désespoir au besoin de terminer sa vie. Il faut avouer que les peines qu'il endure ne ressemblent nullement à celles qu'éprouve Psyché. Sans doute que la diversité du sexe a nécessité la diversité des peines; quoi qu'il en soit, l'auteur du Parthonopex paraît ici, comme dans quelques autres parties, avoir puisé dans son propre fond, et l'on voit que, lorsqu'il s'écarte de son guide, sa démarche est lourde et mal assurée. Lorsqu'il perd de vue son modèle antique, il ne présente que des conceptions mesquines, des événemens sans intérêt, sans vraisemblance.

“Voici le dernier trait de conformité que j'ai remarqué entre la fable grecque et le roman gaulois: les deux coupables, Parthonopex comme Psyché, après avoir longuement expié leurs fautes, sont absous et unis chacun à l'objet de leur amour.

“Il n'y a plus de doute, et j'ai peut être employé trop de temps à le prouver; le roman de Parthonopex est copié de la fable grecque de Psyché, heureusement encadré dans les Métamorphoses d'Apulée, ou bien copié dans des nombreuses imitations du prototype de la même fable, imitations altérées ou appropriées au goût, au pays, au temps des imitateurs.”

It would seem almost impossible to resist the cumulative weight

of the evidence here adduced ; yet, on the other hand, M. Robert, whose *Examen du Poème de Partonopeus*, printed in M. Crapelet's edition, deserves the highest praise, is inclined to make as light of the resemblance as possible.*

“ Je ne sais pas non plus jusqu'à quel point est fondée l'imputation de plagiat faite à notre poète relativement à Apulée : je vois en effet, dans la fable de Psyché et dans *Partonopeus*, ici une amante, là un amant, défendre à la personne aimée la vue de l'autre ; mais ôtez à Apulée le sens allégorique qui fait tout le charme de son épisode, il ne restera plus qu'un véritable conte de fée. Otez à *Partonopeus* le mystère et la prohibition qui fait le nœud du poème, il restera encore un roman de chevalerie avec des descriptions pleines de charmes, des parties dramatiques très animées, et des tableaux de mœurs précieux pour la finesse de l'observation.

“ Les derniers écrivains latins sont restés, il est vrai, le plus anciennement dans la mémoire des peuples qui remplacèrent l'empire romain ; mais je n'ai encore rencontré aucune mention d'Apulée dans les anciens auteurs qui pût justifier l'imputation d'un plagiat, qui se borneroit d'ailleurs à l'emprunt du mode de mystère, tandis que les deux fables sont entièrement différentes.”

M. de Marbonne,† the reviewer of M. Crapelet's edition, considers that M. Robert has not succeeded in overthrowing the opinion that the romance bears a strong resemblance to the legend of Cupid and Psyche ; and, indeed, his main objection, that he has not found any mention of Apuleius in ancient French authors, has not much weight, and does not meet M. Dulaure's statements. There were other writings in which the story might have been preserved. It might have been taken from the collection of Milesian

* *Examen du Poème de Partonopeus*, p. liii. in the edition of *Partonopeus* by M. Crapelet. Paris, 1834.

† *Mémoires de la Société Royale des Antiquaires de France*, tom. xi. p. 420. Paris, 1835, 8vo.

Tales attributed to Clodius Albinus, whose connection with Gaul as commander of the forces, and a competitor for the empire, would have caused them to be more widely known in that country. Julius Capitolinus* says of them, "Milesias nonnulli ejusdem esse dicunt quarum fama non ignobilis habetur quamvis mediocriter scriptæ sint." Or it might have been derived immediately from some Greek original; for, as the "Amour of Cupid and Psyche" was a subject which lay in common among the Platonic writers," as Warburton† observes, it was doubtless familiar to the Greek population of Marseilles,‡ the seat of a flourishing university in the earlier days of the Roman Empire, and a centre from which a knowledge of the Greek language and literature was disseminated through Southern Gaul. And, as during this period Lyons,§ Vienne,|| and Bordeaux¶ were all eminently literary cities, and the

* *Historiæ Augustæ Scriptores*, vol. i. 700, ed. varior. Ludg. Bat. 1671, in the Life of Clodius Albinus, chap. ii.

† *Divine Legation of Moses*, book ii. sect. 4, vol. ii. p. 200, ed. 1811, London, 8vo.

‡ On this point we have the testimony of Strabo, book iv. who informs us that the Gauls were fond of rhetoric and philosophy, that they had teachers of these branches of learning in their houses, and that the towns also hired teachers for their youth, as they did physicians; for a kind of inspector of health was part of the economy of a Greek town. Greek was in such common use, that contracts were drawn up in it. Tacitus also, in his life of Agricola, ch. iv., briefly describes the University of Marseilles, where his father-in-law was educated, as "*Græcâ comitate et provinciali parcimoniâ mistum ac bene compositum.*"

§ See Pliny's Letters, ix. ii., who expresses some astonishment at there being book-sellers at Lyons, by whom his own works were sold. Irenæus, Bishop of Lyons, wrote in Greek, and Eusebius has preserved the Greek Epistle from the churches of Lyons and Vienne to those of Asia and Phrygia, describing their persecution.

|| Martial, *Epigrammat.* vii. 88—

Fertur habere meos si vera est fama libellos
Inter delicias pulchra Vienna suas.

¶ Ausonius has devoted a whole book to the "*Commemoratio Professorum Burdigalensium*," in the last epigram of which he speaks of the study of Plato with marked

latter especially noted for its devotion to the Platonic philosophy, there is every reason to believe that so beautiful a legend would become widely known. Upon this subject it may be as well to add the opinion of another writer, whose studies have been directed to early romance literature, and who says,

“In short, the old legends of the bank of the Tiber, ‘cælo gratissimus amnis,’ retained their power, and assumed a new vitality amongst strange races and under foreign conquerors. We cannot doubt that the general romance of Northern Europe, especially in its earlier forms, was greatly influenced by them, just as that of Provence and the Troubadours, which in its turn affected that of the Langue d’Oïl, exhibits traces of yet more remarkable traditions, resulting from the long lingering Greek colony of Marseilles. Greek words and Greek choral dances may to this day be heard and seen in the neighbourhood of the old Phocæan city; and as late as the eleventh century there still remained in the Rouergue and the Toulousain recollections of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, which had been taught in the schools of Southern Gaul up to the end of the fifth century.”*

But, even if all this be true, and Platonic writings containing the legend of Cupid and Psyche were current during the earlier centuries of the Roman empire, were they not all destroyed by the subsequent irruption of the Barbarians? No doubt many may have perished; but the Visigoths and the Burgundians who settled in Southern Gaul were among the more civilized of the Northern emphasis, as being, equally with history, poetry, oratory, and medicine, a ground for praise.

Si quos—dogma vel Platonieum

Dedit perenni gloriæ.

* Oxford Essays for 1856, p. 276. The writer (R. J. King) of the Essay on Carolingian Romance quotes as his authority for these statements Ampère, *Litt. de la France avant le 12me Siècle*, t. i. p. 125.

races. "Orosius (viii. 32, p. 550, ed. Havercamp) commends the mildness and modesty of these Burgundians, who treated their subjects of Gaul as their Christian brethren," to use the words of Gibbon,* who also contrasts the legionaries of Augustus with the Barbarians who invaded Gaul under Honorius, very much to the advantage of the latter, for "they, and especially the Goths, repeatedly declared that they were bound by the ties of hospitality to the people, and to the Emperor by the duty of allegiance and military service." A century later Agathias celebrates the Franks for "their urbanity and politeness, their regular government and orthodox religion," and boldly asserts that "they could be distinguished only by their dress and language from the subjects of Rome."† Anything, therefore, like a total destruction of all literary monuments by the Barbarians of the Northern races is very improbable, nor can we suppose that the invasion of the Saracens in the eighth century, though "they stripped churches and monasteries of their ornaments, and then delivered them to the flames,"‡ caused more than a partial ruin, limited to their line of march. So that after all it is most likely that many writings may have survived down to the twelfth century, even though they may have now disappeared, as we know to be the case with Cicero's Treatise De Gloria, of which Petrarch possessed a MS. which afterwards passed into the hands of Bernardo Giustiniani, a Venetian, and from that time disappeared.

But, if it must be supposed that all traces of Roman civilization had been effaced, there is yet another source from which it is not improbable that the legend may have been conveyed to Provence, and again made known to the earliest revivers of literature in that part of Europe. This source is Constantinople. With this

* Gibbon, Decline and Fall, chap. xxxi.

† Gibbon, chap. xxxviii. ‡ Gibbon, chap. lii.

capital of the East there was a constant communication kept up by the Venetians and other Italian merchants; there was a perpetual thronging of pilgrims through it to the Holy Land; and the emperors of the West, from the time of Charlemagne, encouraged the study of Greek learning among their people, and were often sending embassies to the successors of Constantine. Many other stories of Greek origin thus became current in Western Europe; and, from the Greek names and other resemblances to the Greek legend, as preserved by Apuleius, it might fairly be presumed that the groundwork of this romance was thus once more made accessible to the Troubadours. Upon this subject the latter part of the introduction to *Floire and Blanceflor*, by M. Édélestandt du Meril,* deserves to be carefully considered, from p. clxxxii. to ccv., where several romances of Greek origin are enumerated; and the edition of *Tristan* by M. F. Michel, in which is printed a Greek version of part of that romance.†

There is yet another point to be noticed. Some writers, instead of looking to the Greek for an explanation of the name of the hero, would derive it from a locality nearer the spot where the romance was composed, the city of Parthenay in Poitou. The story of *Melusine*‡, with which that of *Partonope and Melior* has many affinities, and in which the name *Melior* occurs as one of the daughters of the fay *Pressine*, consecrates the origin of *Lusignan* and other cities in that province; and, as the family of *Lusignan* was related to that of *Parthenay*, it has been inferred that both romances, that of *Melusine* and *Partonope*, were written in honour of the lords of those

* *Floire et Blanceflor*. Paris, 1856. 12mo.

† *Tristan*, &c. London, 1835. 12mo. 3 vols.

‡ On the relation of *Melusine* to this romance, see W. S. Rose, *Notes to Partenopex*, pp. 103—105.

cities, and that the name Partonope or Parthenopex is derived from Parthenay. This explanation is given by Mone* and Grasset†, and may have influenced the original writer in the choice of a name for the hero. It certainly tends to confirm the Provençal origin of the romance.

We may then make the following summary as the result of our investigation :—

The Romance of Partonope and Melior, as we now have it, is a reconstruction of some previous work, produced by some Provençal Troubadour.

The materials on which it is based are partly local, partly traditional from the earliest period, partly due to the legend of Cupid and Psyche, as moulded into form by Greek taste, and made known through the Latin of Apuleius, or Fulgentius, who explains the legend, or the Milesian stories of Clodius Albinus. Or, to adopt another view, it was derived directly from some Greek source, now lost, from which, too, Apuleius himself probably took it, and this existing either in Southern Gaul, or brought from Constantinople.

SPAIN is entitled to the honour of having been the first to make known, by means of the press, the Romance of Partonope ; for, if reliance may be placed on the statement of Antonio (*Bibliotheca Nova*, ii. 338, col. 2), the *Editio Princeps*, being a prose version in

* Mone, *Uebersicht der Niederländischen Volks-Literatur alterer Zeit*, Tübingen, 1838, s. 74, quoted by Massmann, *Partonopeus und Melior*, p. 126.

† Grasse, *History of Literature*, vol. ii. part 3, sect. 2, p. 381.

the old Catalanian language, was printed at Tarragona, in the year 1488. This was followed by a Castilian version, printed at Alcalá in 1513 and 1547, at Toledo in 1526, at Burgos in 1547, at Seville in 1548 and 1643, at Valladolid in 1623, at Madrid in 1756, and lastly at Barcelona in 1842. In the meantime, divers editions of a modern Catalanian version, made professedly afresh from the Castilian, were published at Barcelona and Gerona. In the seventeenth century, the story was dramatised by Donna Anna Caró (the tenth Muse), and brought on the stage under the title of "Le Comte Partinuples." The first period, then, of the literary history of the work is the *Spanish*; and yet, in the Peninsula, they seem to have had only a prose version, derived most probably, through the Catalanian, from the Provençal Poem, which would seem to have been the original, also, of the French Romance.

In this period, however, must be included the publication of the Danish version, printed in 1560 and 1572; and of the fragments of the German version, printed by Bodmer in 1743, and by Muller and Koch in 1784.

The story was also circulated as a "Volksbuch" in the Netherlands, during the seventeenth century, having always been a popular work of fiction among the Flemings, if we may judge from the allusions made to it in other poems. Perhaps, also, the constant communication with Spain, while the Netherlands were attached to the Spanish crown, may have contributed to an interchange of literary productions.

"In den Niederlanden wurde diese *jeeste* im siebenzehnten Jahrhundert als Volksbuch gelesen. Im Censuredikte des Bischofs von Antwerpen vom 16 April, 1621, wird es unter den *boecken, die neet alleen voor de scholen, maer ook verboden zijn generalijk onder*

* Massmann, p. 123, 4.

de ghemeynte, neben *Robrecht den duyvel*, *Richard sans peurs*, *Malegys* u. s. w. verboten.

“ In mehreren niederländischen Gedichten wird der Erzählung erwähnt : im Spruche des 15 Jhd. *Van der Veesten*, v. 193. *Paerthonopelis ende Amadiis*, in derselben Zusammenstellung wie im 14 Jhd., in der gereimten Vorrede zu *Sedrac en Bottus* :

*Also sijn jeesten van heren.
Van Partonopeuse, van Amidase.*

Und JONCKBLOET glaubt selbst in den Worten des von ihm herausgegebenen Lancelot, 34, 595 :

. . . *met gokelien*
Binnen gemaeck ende met astronomien ;

(von einem Castelle gebraucht) Anspielung auf unser Gedicht (s. 21, 22) zu erkennen.”*

Here, also, mention should be made of its adaptation to the stage in France, in the form of a *canavas*, by the Italian Company of the Petit Bourbon, in the reign of Louis XIV.†

The work, however, was almost unknown until the attention of the literary world was attracted to it in the latter part of the 18th century, when it became the subject of research and criticism in France.

The Bibliothèque Universelle des Romans for December, 1779, contains an analysis of the Romance of Partonope by M. Couchu,‡ taken from the Spanish version in prose, published at Alcala de

* Massmann, H. F., *Partonopeus und Melior*. Berlin, 1847, p. 124.

† Robert, A. C. M., *Examen du Poème de Partonopeus*, pp. l., li., in Crapelet's ed., Paris, 1834.

‡ Notice Historique et Critique du Roman de Partonopex de Blois, par J. J. B. de Roquefort, Paris, 1811, p. 4.

Henarès, in 1513. This analysis is styled by M. Roquefort, “un très foible extrait,” while he says of these Spanish versions,* “Le recit de ces versions Espagnoles est plus long et bien plus agréable que la version de Le Grand d’Aussy, qui n’a pas suivi exactement notre manuscrit. Je remarquerai encore que cette traduction espagnole présente beaucoup de différences dans les détails de notre roman.” Upon this same analysis, M. Crapelet† remarks, “Elle est précédée d’une Notice sur la Poésie Castellane, et n’est que la traduction d’une traduction en prose, dans laquelle l’ouvrage original a pris la forme et l’allure complète du roman modern, et perdu tout-à-fait son caractère épique.”

About the same period a translation of the Romance was also published by Le Grand d’Aussy, in his *Fabliaux* (tom. iv. 261, ed. 1779-81, tom. v. 195-313, ed. 1829), upon which, also, M. Roquefort ‡ says: “Le Grand d’Aussy a donné une traduction du roman de *Partenopeus de Blois*; mais, fidèle au système qu’il avoit embrassé, cet auteur a retranché une infinité de détails qui méritent d’être connus, et souvent il en ajoute d’autres qui ne se trouvent point dans l’original.”

In this judgment M. Crapelet concurs, who, after the remarks above quoted, goes on to say§: “L’Extrait de Le Grand d’Aussy offre plus d’intérêt et d’agrément, mais il a suivi, pour le Poème de *Partenopeus*, le système de traduction qu’il s’étoit prescrit, et dont il a tiré si habilement parti pour les *Fabliaux*; et ce même caractère épique, et les traits de sentiment, et les ornemens de détails si gracieux, et les réflexions ingénieuses du poète, ont également disparu sous sa plume.”

* Notice Historique et Critique du Roman de *Partenopeus de Blois*, Paris, 1811, p. 5.

† Preface to *Partenopeus de Blois*, p. 13; Paris, 1834.

‡ Notice Historique, &c., p. 4.

§ Preface to *Partenopeus*, p. 13.

Whatever the defects of these writers may have been, they are entitled to our thanks for having made the poem generally known ; and with reference to the judgment passed by M. Roquefort upon the analysis of M. Couchu, it is but fair to add that M. Paulin Paris calls it “un extrait fort agréable,”* and that M. Le Grand says of it, “Cette analyse ait été fait par une main plus habile que la mienne.”†

M. Couchu, however, having translated from the Castilian version, very naturally supposed that the work was of Spanish origin, and attributed it to some unknown Catalonian author, and thus laid himself open to the castigation of his brother critic, whose zeal for the honour of his country was strong even for a Frenchman. In his *Observations sur les Troubadours*,‡ M. Le Grand says, “Mais d’un autre côté à travers eette longue route d’épines, j’entrevois un but bien consolant pour moi, la gloire de ma patric. Oui, j’aime mon pays avec transport, il est vrai ; je me glorifie d’être François, et ne vois sur la terre aucune nation chez laquelle je desirerois de préférence que la nature eût placé mon bereeau.” It is not surprising, then, that he should more than once express his opinion of the injury that France had sustained, and that too from the hand of her own sons, by such an ascription of her literary productions to foreign nations. In the *Avertissement Préliminaire* to *Parthenopex*, he writes :§ “Ainsi délaissés, les bon ouvrages dont je parle tombèrent dans un tel oubli, que bientôt on ignora s’ils avoient existé. Pendant ce temps les nations voisines, qui avoient mieux su les apprécier, les traduisoient dans leur langue. Ils y acquéroient la réputation qu’ils auroient dû

* Les Manuscrits François de la Bibliothèque du Roi, iii. 74 ; Paris, 1840.

† Fabliaux, tom. v. 197 ; ed. 1829.

‡ Ibid. tom. ii. p. 7 ; ed. 1829.

§ Ibid. tom. v. pp. 198, 9 ; ed. 1829.

obtenir chez nous ; et même avec le temps cette réputation devint telle, qu'il se trouva des François qui de bonne foi les croyaient étrangers, les retraduisirent de ces langues étrangères dans la nôtre. J'ai déjà* parlé de ce fait, et il y a peu d'années qu'il est arrivé encore. * * *

"Depuis, un autre homme de lettres (M. Couchu) a publié dans le même ouvrage périodique (*Bibliothèque des Romans*) un autre roman, intitulé *Parthenuple de Blois*, qu'il dit avoir traduit lui-même de l'ancien Castillan, et qui originairement n'est plus espagnol què Florès et Blanche-Fleur.

"Quel que soit cet ouvrage, je le réclame au nom de ma patrie : il est à elle, il lui appartient, et c'est pour en convaincre mes lecteurs que de préférence j'ai choisi de le traduire. Je citerai le titre original qui nous l'assure. Que ceux qui se l'arrogent produisent dans leur langue un manuscrit plus ancien, et alors je me rétracte."

Subsequent authors have not been ungrateful to M. Le Grand for his vindication of French rights, as the following extracts will show.

M. Daunou,† in a *Discours sur l'Etat des Lettres*, published in 1824, says :—

"Parthenopex de Blois est un ouvrage plus original. C'est l'histoire des amours d'un simple et faible mortel avec une beauté a demi-divine, la fée Melior. On n'en connaît pas l'auteur. * * * L'interêt de ce roman fut vivement senti. * * * A tous égards ce poème mérite que nous le revendiquions pour notre littérature."

M. Robert says,‡ "M. Le Grand fit connaître l'original, et revendiqua pour la France ce précieux poème."

M. Crapelet himself, in similar words, writes:§ "Le Poème de

* See Preface to *Fabliaux*, tom. i. p. 22 ; ed. 1829.

† Quoted in *France Littéraire*, tom. xvi. p. 233.

‡ *Examen du Poème*, p. li., in Crapelet's ed. ; Paris, 1834.

§ Preface, p. 12 ; ed. Paris, 1834.

Partonopeus est un de ces plus anciens monumens dont l'intérêt et le mérite n'avoient pas échappé aux savans étrangers, qui se l'étoient approprié, et dont Le Grand d'Aussy a revendiqué la possession au nom de notre Patrie."

And again,* " Ces deux volumes contiennent un Poème national.

* * * Un ouvrage de cette importance, dont les littératures espagnole, angloise, allemande, danoise, se sont enrichies; qui a fourni le sujet de plusieurs pièces de théâtre; qui a été traduit de la langue castillane par un François, comme composition originale dans cette langue, méritoit bien d'être imprimé en entier, et présenté, sous sa forme primitive, au pays qui la produit. Cet acte de reconnaissance nationale s'exécute un peu tardivement, mais il devoit s'accomplir."

To cite one more passage: M. Crapelet, having quoted the following note, written on the MS. belonging to the Library of the Arsenal at Paris,† " Si c'est Partenope ou Partenuple, c'est la traduction d'un roman en vieil langage Catalan, dont la 1ère édition est 8vo. Tarragona, 1488," proceeds to remark,‡ " Ce qu'il y a de plus étrange, c'est que l'écrivain de la note se soit hasardé à déposer, d'un trait de plume, notre littérature d'un poème original, qu'il a transformé en traduction, sans rien reconnaître de l'ouvrage qu'il avoit sous les yeux. C'est ainsi que s'érigent et se propagent nombre d'erreurs, peu dangereuses au fond, mais assez graves dans les questions des rivalités littéraires entre les nations. * * * *

Le Grand d'Aussy a protesté, comme il convenoit, contre une pareille dépossession. 'Je réclame cet ouvrage au nom de ma patrie,' a-t-il écrit; 'il est à elle; il lui appartient.' Il n'a pas discuté; il a produit un titre, le MS. de Saint Germain des Prés.

* * * * Nous faisons plus aujourd'hui; nous publions le

* Preface, p. 1; ed. Paris, 1834.

† Description des Manuscrits, p. 23; ed. Paris, 1834.

‡ Ibid. p. 24; ed. Paris, 1834.

texte même du poëme, d'après un MS. antérieur d'un siècle à celui dont Le Grand d'Aussy a pu disposer. Les preuves d'origine nationale sont complètes."

The case indeed seemed abundantly proved, and Mr. W. Stewart Rose, an impartial authority so far as France and Spain were concerned, has recorded his conviction that "M. le Grand has successfully established the French origin of the work."*

Now on what basis does this proof rest? Simply on the production of a manuscript in French verse. M. Legrand puts this forward as his only title-deed, and acknowledges his readiness to withdraw his pretensions when an older manuscript, in any other language, shall be produced. This, perhaps, is not likely to happen. Still there remains another question to be asked, viz., Who was the author of the French manuscript version? For the point under discussion is, not as to the age of manuscripts, but as to original invention and poetic creation. It might, indeed, be objected, that if the work be in French, the question of authorship is of no consequence, for, whoever may have been the writer, the merit of the origination will still be due to France. This would be true, perhaps, of a modern poem. But there are three rival schools of what may in general terms be called French romance, that of the Troubadours, that of the Trouvères of Northern France, and that of the Anglo-Norman Trouvères; and in claiming this poem as a French production M. Le Grand and his followers must be understood to assert that it was due to the genius of the Trouvères of Northern France alone.

A century ago no other supposition was tenable. But, as geology has its fossils, so literature has its fragments; and, as the most diminutive bone is evidence of the existence of an extinct animal,

* Parthenopex de Blois, London, 1807. Preface, p. v.

so even the most passing allusion must be admitted to prove that a work now no longer extant was once in circulation. The passage from Arnaud Daniel, cited by Raynouard, testifies that there was a Provençal romance in the twelfth century, which was well enough known to be quoted or alluded to, and so establishes the claim of the Troubadours to the original invention of the poem. The researches of French critics have also ascertained the fact that the poem now in existence was the work of Denis Piramus, and that Denis Piramus was an Anglo-Norman, living at the Court of Henry III. of England. While therefore the merit of invention must be conceded to the Troubadours of the South of France, that of skilful reconstruction must be awarded to the Anglo-Norman writer, whose work has descended to the present day.

There is, however, another charge brought against England based on the fact of the poem having been composed in this country, which is thus stated by Amaury Duval. After mentioning the success which attended it at the time of its publication, and the numerous versions of it which were made into the chief languages of Europe, he goes on to say, “*Mais comment se fait-il que dans le pays même où il avait été composé (en Angleterre) il ait été parfaitement inconnu, et le serait peut-être encore, si l’on n’en eût donné de nos jours en anglais une traduction d’après l’abrégé qu’en avait publié trente ans auparavant un auteur français.*”*

To this charge no answer could be made till the discovery of the manuscript version at Oxford by Sir F. Madden supplied the only effectual reply. A chance allusion to the Romance proved only that it was known to the writer who referred to it, but the existence of a translation of the whole poem shows that there must have been a

* *Histoire Littéraire de la France*, xix., p. 631. This learned scholar does not, however, exempt his own countrymen from a like censure, “*il n’était pas mieux connu en France même au xviii^{me} siècle.*”

fair appreciation of its beauties, and perhaps a demand for it. There are still remaining, though in a fragmentary form, portions of three if not four manuscripts, almost as many as there are of the original, and it is but just to our ancestors to infer from this, that they estimated at its proper value a work of which they took such pains to multiply copies. The publication of the remains of this version completes the vindication of England, and testifies that the English-speaking people of the reign of Henry VI. had not degenerated in literary cultivation from their Norman-French speaking ancestors under Henry III., whose encouragement led Denis Piramus to devote himself to the composition of his great work.

The Editor has now to express his thanks to the Master and Fellows of University College, Oxford, for their permission to print their MS.; to the Rev. H. O. Coxe, M.A., now Chief Librarian of the Bodleian, for the care with which he made the transcript and compared the proof sheets with the original. To Sir Frederic Madden, K.H.; Edwin Guest, Esq., LL.D., Master of Caius College, Cambridge; and the Rev. P. G. Medd, M.A., Fellow and Librarian of University College, Oxford, his acknowledgments are also due for their courtesy in replying to his inquiries.

W. E. BUCKLEY.

LIST OF EDITIONS.

Historia del Conde Partenoples. *Tarracone*, 1488. 8vo.

This edition is given on the authority of Antonio, *Bibliotheca Nova*, ii. 338, 2nd. col., who says, "Scripsit anonymus sermone antiquo Catalonico." M. Brunet regards its existence as very doubtful, since Mendez does not speak of it in his *Typographia Española*, Madrid, 1796. Panzer, iii. 30, 31, Ebert, and the several editors and critics of the Poem, quote it, but apparently they only follow Antonio. M. Couchu says it is "de la plus grande rareté, pour ne pas dire tout-a-fait inconnue."

Historia del esforçado Cauallero Conde Partinuples que fue Emperador de Constantinopla.

Fue imprimida la presente istoria en la muy noble villa de Alcala de Henares por maestre Arneo Guillen de Brocar, e acabose a xvj. dias del mes de noviembre del año de mil et quinientos y treze años. Pet. in 4 goth.

Libro del muy noble y esforçado Cauallero el Conde Partinuples. E de las grandes auēturas que passo: por alcançar el Ymperio de Constantinopla.

Acabose el presente libro en Toledo, por Miguel d'Eguia impressor, a quinze dias del mes Junio. Año d' mil y qñientos y xxvi. años. In 4 goth. de 48 ff. sign a—f.

Edition rare qui se trouve à la Bibl. Mazarine.—BRUNET.

Libro del esforçado Cauallero Cõde Partinuples que fue Emperador de Constantinopla.

Fue impresso en Burgos en casa de Juã de Jũta. Acabose a xvi. dias d'l mes d'Março. Año de mil y quinientos y xlvij. años. In 4 goth. de 42 ff. sign a—f ij.

"With woodcut title-page; a curious specimen of Spanish xylography:" note in M. Libri's Catalogue for 1859, No. 1948, when a copy sold for 15*l.* 10*s.* 0*d.*

M. Robert, *Examen du Poème*, p. xlix., says that this was the only edition which he had been able to procure.

A copy is in the Mazarine Library according to Brunet.

Historia del esforçado Cauallero Conde Partinuples. *Alcala*, 1547. 4.

A reprint of the edition of 1513.

La Hystoria del buen Cauallero Partinuples Conde Castillo de Bles que despues fue Emperador de Constantinopla. *Sevilla*, en casa de Domenico de Robertis, 1548, pet. in 4, goth.

The same, reprinted at Valladolid in 1623. Quarto.

The same, reprinted at Seville in 1643. Quarto.

Historia del muy noble y esforzado Cavallero el Conde Partinuples Emperador de Constantinopla. *Madrid*, 1756, fol.

Placé sous le nom de Gaspar Aldana, dans le Catal. Payne et Foss pour 1830. No. 1215.

Historia del esforçado Cavallero Partinobles Conde de Bles, y despues fué Emperador de Constantinopla. Nuevamente traducida de la lengua Catalana. *Barcelona*, 1842. 8vo.

In the British Museum.

Laurel de Comedias. *Madrid*, 1653. 4to.

This contains (Part iv.) a comedy entitled *Le Comte Partinuples*, by Doña Ana Caro, an Andalusian, surnamed "The Tenth Muse." In this play the name of *Rosaura* is substituted for *Melior*.

See M. Robert, *Examen du Poème de Partonopeus* (pp. l. li. in Crapelet's edition), who says that the Italian company of the Petit Bourbon represented a "*canevas*" on this subject before Louis XIV., in which *Rosaura* chooses the Count *Parti-Napoli*. This seems to have been taken from the Spanish play. M. Robert refers to Desboulmiers, *Histoire Anecdotique et Raisonnée du Théâtre Italienne*.

This play is reprinted in Aribau, *Bibliotheca de Autores Espanoles*, tom. 49, Madrid, 1859, 8vo., pp. 125-138, with the title "*Comedia Caballeresca, titulada El Conde de Partinuples, de Doña Ana Caro.*"

A copy is in the British Museum.

Assi commensa la general historia del esforsat Cavaller Partinobles, compte de Bles : y apres fonch Emperador de Constantinopla. Novament traduhida de llengua Castellana, en la nostra Catalana. *Barcelona*, Rafel Figueró. No date. Sm. 8vo.

Partinobles Compte de Bles, &c. as above, in the Catalan dialect. *Gerona*, per Jaume Bro. No date. 4to.

Libri Catalogue, 1859, No. 1949. Sold for 2l.

Partinobles Compte de Bles, &c. as above. Novament traduhida de llengua Castellana, en la nostra Catalana, y al ultim va anyadida una Decima burlesca. [*Woodcut on title of a knight on horseback.*] *Gerona*, per Joseph Brò, Estamper, y llibretér en lo carrer de las Ballesterias. No date. Sm. 8vo.

A copy in the Imperial Library at Vienna.

Partinobles Compte de Bles, &c. as above. En esta ultima Impressio se ha anyadit la obligació, que tenen : los marits de provehir de lo necessari á llurs casas ; y aixi mateix la obligació de las Mullers. [*Same woodcut as the preceding edition.*] *Gerona*. Per Joseph Brò, als quatre cantons. No date. Sm. 8vo.

A copy in the possession of the Editor.

Bibliothèque Universelle de Romans, de Lenglet du Fresnoy.
No. de Décembre, 1779.

This contains an analysis of the romance contributed by M. Couchu, occupying 95 pages, from 84-178, preceded by a notice on Castilian poetry, from 51-84.

This Analysis was made from the edition published at Alcala in 1513.

M. Roquefort, in his Notice, p. 4, calls it "un très foible extrait;" but M. Paulin Paris, in his *Manuscripts François de la Bibliothèque du Roi*, vol. iii. p. 74, speaks of it as "un extrait fort agréable."

Fabliaux; ou Contes, Fables, et Romans du xii^e et du xiii^e, Siècle.
Traduits ou extraits par Legrand d'Aussy. 4 tom. 8vo. *Paris*, 1779—1781; and 5 tom. 12mo. *Paris*, 1781.

This contains Legrand's translation, vol. iv. p. 262-399.

Fabliaux &c. troisieme edition, par A. A. Renouard. *Paris*, 1829. 5 tom. 8vo. tom. v. pp. 195—318.

This edition contains also an extract of the French text, pp. 25-30, of the *Choix et Extraits d'anciens Fabliaux*, printed at the end of the volume.

Notices et Extraits des Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque Impériale.
Tome ix. *Paris*, 1811.

Contains a Notice of the Romance by J. J. B. de Roquefort.

"L'extrait de Parthénopex, par le Comte de Caylus, en prose, mêlé d'anciens vers, comme celui de Blanchardin, et qui, dans le volume d'extraits, le précède immédiatement de même que dans le manuscrit original de Saint-Germain, a été imprimé en 1811, avec une notice et des notes de M. Roquefort, dans le neuvième volume des *Notices ou Extraits des Manuscrits*, pages 1-84, seconde partie."—Note by M. Renouard in his edition of Legrand's *Fabliaux*, vol. v., p. 201. *Paris*, 1829.

Two hundred copies of the Notice were printed separately, as appears from a MS. note by M. Roquefort in the copy belonging to the Editor.

Mémoires de la Société Royale des Antiquaires de France, *Paris*, 1817, vol. i. p. 398 (erroneously printed 898), 8vo. contains "Un Rapport sur la Notice publiée par M. Roquefort sur le Roman intitulé Parthénopex du Blois," written by M. Dulaure.

Partonopeus de Blois. Publié pour la première fois, d'après le Manuscrit de la Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal. Par G. A. Crapelet. *Paris*, 2 tom. 1834. Royal 8vo.

Number 12 of the Collection des Anciens Monumens de l'Histoire et de la Langue française.

Journal des Savans, Decembre, 1834, contains a Notice of M. Crapelet's edition, written by M. Raynouard.

Mémoires de la Société Royale des Antiquaires de France, tom. xi. pp. 410-442, Paris 1835, 8vo. contains a Rapport by M. de Marbonne of Crapelet's edition.

Les Manuscrits François de la Bibliothèque du Roi, par M. Paulin Paris, 7 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1840, vol. iii. pp. 73-87, contains a notice of Partenopex de Blois.

En lystig og Skiön historie paa rim og konning Persenober oc Drolning Constantianobis lystig at höre og läse, na nyligen overseet og corrigeeret rettere en hun vaar för prentel i Kiöbenhavn af Laurents Benedicht, 1572, in 8vo.

Second edition of this translation in Danish verse, made in the 15th century after a German version.

The first edition was printed in 1560.

See the Danish journal *Iris og Hebe*, October, 1796, p. 31-34, where M. Nyerup gives some extracts from this version. Also Nyerup, Bidrag til den Danske Digtekunsts Historie, vol. i. pp. 271-276, Kiöbenhavn, 1800, 8vo. And, Almindelig Morskabslæsning i Danmark og Norge igjennem Aarhundreder. Af Rasmus Nyerup, Kiöbenhavn, 1810, pp. 145-148.

Bodmer. Sammlung kritischer, poetischer und anderer geistvoller Schriften. *Zurich*, 1743.

Vol. vii. pp. 36-46, contains part of German version.

Muller und Koch. Sammlung Deutscher Gedichte aus dem 12, 13, und 14 Jahrhundert. *Berlin*, 1784-5. 2 vols. in 4.

Il existe de ce recueil un troisième volume non terminé, et dont les exemplaires sont rares.—BRUNET.

Vol. iii. p. xii.-xiv., contains part of German version.

Massmann, H. F. *Partonopeus und Melior. Berlin, 1847, 8vo.*

This edition contains all the fragments of the German and Flemish versions, with glossaries, an analysis of the Poem, and a portion of the French text which was not printed in Crapelet's edition. It is a valuable work.

Bilderdijk, W. *Taal en Dichtkundige Verscheidenheden. Rotterdam, 1822. 8vo. 3 vols.*

The third vol. contains fragments of the Flemish version with some annotations, pp. 130-159.

Fragment van den Roman van Parthonopeus en Meliore, met eene inleiding en aantekeningen van J. van Hardewijck. *Maatschappij der Nederlandsche Letterkunde te Leyden. Nieuwe Werken. Dordrecht, 1824. 8vo. Deel v. stuk 2.*

In the British Museum (P. P. 4,549 d.)

Partenopex de Blois, a Romance in four cantos. Freely translated from the French of M. Le Grand, with notes, by William Stewart Rose. *London, 1807. Quarto.*

There is a review of this Poem in the *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xiii. p. 413.

MANUSCRIPTS.

The English manuscripts are described above, pp. i.—iii.;

The French, with facsimiles, by Crapelet, in his edition, pp. 21—47;

The German and Flemish, by Massmann, pp. 127—129.

In addition to the French MSS. described by Crapelet, there is the following notice in a Catalogue of Books and MSS. belonging to M. Libri, sold by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson in 1849, Feb. 19—23, page 93, No. 1,004.

“Parthenopex de Blois (Li Romant de) en vers, fine MS. on vellum of the XIIIth century.

“The entire poem is composed of 10,969 verses; and at the end of the present version are four sheets filled with Italian and Limousin verses in a handwriting of the fourteenth century. This invaluable MS. is in perfect preservation throughout, and is remarkable also for its peculiar form so rare in MSS.; a form distinguished by the French under the term ‘*format agenda*.’ This MS. supplies the deficiency of 1,110 verses in the MS. in the Library of the Arsenal at Paris.”

This lacuna occurs after line 8,936, and is of 1,040 verses, being eight leaves, according to M. Crapelet. See his note, vol. ii. p. 133.

The above MS. was sold for £40, and is said to be in the collection of the Earl of Ashburnham.

CONTENTS OF THE LOST PORTION OF THE ENGLISH POEM.

The commencement of the English version corresponds with v. 1365 of the original French text in Crapelet's edition, and a brief outline of the lost portion is here presented for the convenience of the reader, with references to the French text. In the prologue the author thanks God for all the blessings which he enjoys (1—12), describes the spring (13—60), declares his own intention of writing some pleasant and marvellous story, having leisure for this purpose (61—74), and then replies to objections (74—134). He divides the world into Europe, Africa, Asia (135—142); in the last is Troy, whose king, Priamus, had five sons, Hector, Paris, Troilus, Helain, and Marcomiris* (143—152). Anchises having betrayed the city to the Greeks, fled with Eneas, Helain, and Marcomiris (153—308) to Romenie, where they acquire the sovereignty, Marcomiris passing for the son of Eneas till he came of age, when he escaped into France (309—344). This country, then named Gaul, being in a wild state, he civilized the people, and became

* Marcomiris is here called a son of Priam, and becomes the first *souverain* of France. In a manuscript of *Chronologie Universelle* preserved in the library at Paris, the father of Pharamond, the first *roi*, is called Marcomir, with whose *avènement* the French chronology begins.

See M. Paulin Paris, MSS. François, tom. v. p. 367.

For an explanation of the claims of the Western nations to Trojan descent, see Panizzi, Essay prefixed to his edition of Ariosto, vol. i. pp. 140—152.

their first ruler, *souverain* (344—387). His descendant was Far-
mond, the first king, *roi* (399), who was succeeded by Clodion (413),
Mérovée (433), Childeric (441), and Clovis I. (445). His empire
was extensive, containing the Ardennes (499), which then reached
to the sea, and in which he went to hunt, accompanied by his
nephew, the son of his sister Lucrece, named Partonope, Count of
Blois (536), whose beauty is described (544—582). In the excite-
ment of the chase Partonope follows a wild boar till he arrives at
the sea, when he embarks in an enchanted ship, and is conveyed to
a city (583—770), where he enters a magnificent palace, and after
supper retires to bed (771—1120). Here he is visited by Melior,
who admits him to be her lover, makes herself known, tells him
that all has been done by her contrivance, for, as her lords wished
her to marry, she had sent envoys to several countries, especially
to France, and heard such a description of him, that she deter-
mined to go there and judge for herself (1121—1370). At this
point the English version begins with the latter part of Melior's
speech to Partonope, which concludes at line 109 with the words

“ Hyt was me shape rather than my shert.”* (*Sic* in MS.)

* These words are added by the translator himself, there being nothing in the original
to give a clue to their meaning. Perhaps the line should be read,

“ Hyt was meshape rather than myshert,”

that is, mischance rather than evil purpose or disposition in me.

One other passage in this speech of Melior should be noticed, as it serves to indicate
that this part of the poem at least was composed in England. When she tells Partonope
of her own journey into France in order to see him, she says that she went over the sea
into Normandy, where she landed at a haven called Treport, and thence proceeded into
France (v. 35, 36 English version, 1370 French). This is natural on the supposition
that the author was then writing in England, but is inexplicable otherwise. When
Partonope returns to France, he sails into the Loire (v. 735, English), and also sails
from thence (v. 3144*, p. 261, English version). In v. 3456 and v. 3475 Nauntes is
the port of arrival, whence they row to Bloys, v. 3479.

The narrative proceeds without interruption to p. 58, when there occurs a lacuna, which, however, like those at pp. 61, 62, 66, 100, 103, is made good by the Bodleian MS., the several passages being printed in the Appendix. From the same MS. the lacunæ at pp. 105, 116, 181, have been almost, but not quite completely supplied, and it has likewise furnished the continuation of the story comprised in pp. 278—293. After this but little remains to be told. Partonope having been proclaimed victor in the tournament, is accepted by Melior as her husband; the Soudan hereupon defies him to a mortal combat, in which, of course, Partonope is again the conqueror, the Soudan being slain. The three marriages of Melior with Partonope, Urake with the King of France, and Persewyse with Gaudyn, form an appropriate and natural termination to the story. This is the ending adopted in the Catalan version, and is, as M. Robert argues, the most suitable. In the other recension the Soudan is not killed, there is a fresh series of adventures, and also a continuation of the story of Anselot, which, indeed, is promised at p. 139, l. 4118, English version.

Alle that mayster [read matter] now late I go,
Ffor hereafter I shall yow leere
Of hys aventures and ye lust here.

The Catalan version contains no such promise, and, though it is found in the French text of Crapelet's edition, yet this portion is printed, not from the MS. in the library of the Arsenal, which he has made the basis of his text, but from the MS. Bibl. du Roi. Roquefort, in his Notice, pp. 77, *sqq.*, and Massmann, in his edition, pp. 185, *sqq.*, give the continuation of the story from this and other MSS., and M. Paulin Paris thinks it part of the original work. See *Manuscripts François de la Bibl. du Roi*, iii. in the Notice of *Partenopex*, pp. 73—87.

* * * *

* * * *

A man to seche the worlde rounde
 Swiche a nother myght none be
 Founde as he was in alle degree
 Semely he was and also ying
 And cosyn nygh vnto the kyng 5
 Brought forth and brone of hygh degree
 Hys name they sayde ys Partanope
 Of yow tolde so grete goodenesse
 So hygh beaute so mochell nobylnesse
 Of curtasy so grete habundaunce 10
 That thurgh oute alle the Rewme of Fraunce
 Of gentylnesse ye beryth the pryse
 And as of yong age also ryghtwyse
 Thus was proclaimed the hygh renown
 Of youre manhode thurgh every thown 15
 Of youre hye worship when I hit herde
 Trewly my joye myn herte ferde

As thogh hit hadde fully be
 For euer ravesshed away for me
 And god of love therwith a none 20
 So sharply shotte hys fyry flome
 Thurgh oute myn ere into my hert
 That in no wyse I myght astert
 But onely for to obey me
 To love yow best in alle degree 25
 And than I purposid me anone
 That I wolde into Fraunce gone
 To haue knowlech of youre persone
 And thus myself alle alone
 Shope me for to passe the see 30
 Wyth me were but mayndens there *
 And streyght into Normandye
 Ouer the see not for to lye
 I sayled and ryved at a Porte
 Which haven ys named Tresporte 35
 From thennys streight into Fraunce
 I yede to see the ordynaunce
 Of the kyng and of his meyne
 And there I sawe my love how ye
 [fol. 1.b.] Were moost plesyng with the kyng 40
 Hyt semed he loved yow aboue alle thyng
 Alle that ye dyd was his aorde
 Ye were be lovyd of alle the worlde
 There see I yow first myn owne Joye
 Hevy I was to departe fro yow away 45
 Fyftene dayes I soiourned there
 And in this tyme myn hert did bere

* (sic, three ?)

Aboue alle other to love yow best
 And streyght from thens to the forest
 Of Ardern the kyng shope hym to come 50
 To chaace the Boore as he was wonne
 Alle this dyd I thurgh my crafte
 Tylle I had yow from hym rafte
 The Boore I made so fast flee
 For wele I wyst my love that yee 55
 Wyth cruell hert wolde hym chaace
 And so ye dyd tylle in swche place
 He yow brought tyl ye ne wyst
 Where that ye were in that forest
 This boore alle day thus chased ye 60
 Tylle nyght fylle on ye myght not see
 And in the morow whan hit was day
 I made yow see a Shipp full gay
 By Ankyr rydyng in the See
 Alle this was made thorow crafte of me 65
 Thys crafte dyd I yet more I canne
 Of alle thys tyme say me no man
 Ne not ne shalle in to that day
 That I be weddyd thys ys no nay
 Wherefore my love I yow pray 70
 That never here after ye thynk ne say
 That I shulde euer to hasty be
 To love lyghtly in ony degree
 To parfourme now alle my desyre
 Therefore I suffer alle youre plesyre 75
 For when ye entred in to this Citee
 I had ordeyned my love that yee

[fol. 2.] Shulde haue ben herbowred at youre ease
 For alle thyng that myght yow please
 As ferforth as euer God sent me wytte 80
 I hadde fully ordeyned hite
 In a paleys full delectable
 Lenyth well this ys no fable
 That I had ordeynyd ye shulde haue be
 Servyd worshipfully for youre degree 85
 Tylle I had holde my parlament
 And alle my lordys by one assent
 Hadde fully therto acorded be
 That ye shulde haue weddyd me
 And thus I though by her accorde 90
 Ye shulde haue ben my souerayn lorde
 Into a paleys that ys large and wyde
 I say yow entre and theryn abyde
 Wolde ye not but in the paleys
 That principall was there uppon the days 95
 Homely ye seeten myn owne swete
 There say I yow both drynk and ete
 And afterward when ye lyst
 To chambyr ye went to haue youre rest
 Ye spared not in to my bedde 100
 Homely to gone alle vnbeede
 Vnware of me I fynde yow here
 Ryght welcome ye be myn hert dere
 Myn hertys Joye myn erthly make
 In euyll I pray yow that ye ne take 105
 Though I suffre alle youre plesaunce
 Sythen I see hyt ys the ordynaunce

Of God of love how sore I smert
 Hyt was me shape rather than my shert.

My dere lady sayde Partanope 110

By youre wordes I see that yee
 Haue besyed yow bothe ferre and nere
 Of myn astate besyly to enquire
 For by youre wordes I fele ryght wele
 That ye know my gouernaune euery dele 115
 Whether hyt hath be wysdom or ellys foly
 There fore wyth alle myn hert now I

[fol. 2.b.]

Thank yow myn owne herte dere
 Of this plesaunce that I haue now here
 Where fore thogh that euer ye 120

Wylle thynk that I shall euer be
 Trew to yow wythouten varyaunce
 And euer more gladde to do yow plesaunce
 A boue any erthly creature
 Thus am I redy yow to ensure 125

By othe or bonde in what wyse
 Youre gentyle hert best canne devyse
 And welle I wote I am youre dere
 Syth ye haue chose me to youre feere
 Ne trewly I canne not thynk that ye 130
 Wolde euer in ony wyse be

Wonne lyghtly in me in ony wyse
 Swych thought fro me shall neuer a ryse
 Ne in youre hert let no foly
 Bryng to youre mynde that Jelowsy 135
 Shall euer so ouer maystry me
 That I shulde thynk my lady that ye

In youre hert couth be vntrew
 Or lyghtly chonge me for ony new
 For wele I wote here be fore 140
 I haue dredde Jelowsy but neuer more
 After this day haue hym in mynde
 That fals traytoure that ofte ys vnkynde
 Hath lovers made and vnstedfast
 To her loves tylle at the last 145
 There grete love was hath brought in hate
 And afterwarde euermore a debate
 And alle hys crafte ys but fals Imaginacioun
 Of thyng that neuer was putt in execucioun
 As ofte tyme a man shall dreame of thyng 150
 That is vnpossyble and yett in slepyng
 He shall wene hyt myght be ryght wele
 And that hit were as sothe as gospell
 And ther fore pratyth Jelowsy oute of mynde
 For in that caas ye shull me neuer fynde 155
 That euer mystrusty shall I to yow be
 [fol. 3.] And do the same whyle ye lyve to me
 And than shulde bothe oure hertys stonde in rest
 For eche of vs shall other welle trest
 But I yow loued for sothe I were vnkynde 160
 To my plesaunce euyr redy I yow fynde
 Therto so softe so fayre shapte be ye
 That and hit lykyd yow I myght yow onys see
 Ye shulde do me therwith so hye plesaunce
 Hyt shulde neuer passe oute of my remembraunce 165
 My swete loue sayde this lady free
 A nyghtys ye shulle redy have me

To parforme alle youre hertys desyre
 In kyssing in feelyng at alle youre plesyre
 To yow my hert I wylle euer redy be 170
 Saue onely syght desyre ye not of me
 Tylle tyme come which ys nother ferre ne nere
 But two yere henne and one half a yere
 This shulde to yow be none hevy a bydyng
 Of me ye shulle haue speche play and felyng 175
 Howndys and hawkys ye shulle haue y now
 Mulys and stedys redy to bere yow
 Bothe in to forest and in to Ryuere
 Where euer ye lust ferre or ellys nere
 Clothys of Sylk ye shall haue goode and fyne 180
 Fysshe and flesshe goode Brede and ryght goode wyne
 Fayre townes and Castellys to hylle in youre hede
 And euery nyght a fayre and softe bedde
 And me ther in redy yow to comforte
 Wyth alle my herte to make yow dysporte 185
 Other company gete ye none but me
 Of man ne woman tylle these yeres be
 Passyd and gone and fully brought to ende
 And by that tyme thyng that now ys blynde
 Shall be thenne to yow ryght opyn y nowe 190
 Ye shulle see alle folke and they shall see yow
 Be counsaile of alle my kyngys ye shall than see
 I shall be weddyd to yow Partanope
 In this meane while hit shall so ordeynyd be
 This love betwen vs shall be kept pryvee 195
 Be than shall alle my londe by one a corde
 Assent that ye shall be my Souerayne lorde

Thynkyth not this tyme shall be to longe
 This ys the agrement of my londe *
 That say all this tyme I shall not be 200
 Weddyd tylle I haue chose suche as lyketh me
 Now haue I chosen one as me lyketh to haue
 Alle this I dyd for yow so God me saue
 The ordre of knyght in this tyme shall ye take
 The peple than may not yow for sake 205
 Of yow than shall be so semely a syght
 That in the worlde they cowde not chese a knyght
 A more able to be her governoure
 Though they wolde haue to her lorde an Emperoure
 Of Ectors blode ye be that worthi knyght 210
 Where euer he were in batayle or fyght
 Of knyghthode he bare the pryse a wey
 A boue alle thyngys he loved cheualry
 Ye knowe this hit may not be sayde nay
 This was oo cause myn hert that I 215
 Chese yow to my lorde and eke my love
 This ys trouth by god that sytteth a boue
 And syth ye be come of gentyle bloode
 Of Ector that sette no pryse by goode
 But sette his lust in high knyghthode 220
 Loke yow sew forth that manhode
 And sette youre hert euer in cheualry
 And in youre persone lat fayle no curtasy
 And lowlynesse bothe to smalle and grete
 That they may say as ye passe by strete 225
 Loo yonder gothe the welle of gentylnesse
 Thus shall ye bere the name of nobylnesse

* (*sic*, *songe* ?)

Thorow the lande of yow shall ryse a fame
 And enhaunced shal be youre name
 Which shall so hye joye to me be 230
 That I myght thank god that day to see
 Ye to haue goodely so moche grace
 Therto god send yow bothe tyme and space
 And swete hert be now of myn a corde
 [fol. 4.] As I haue yow chosen for my lorde 235
 And be not hevy thogh ye may not see
 My persone yet truly hit shall be
 Here after for oure bothes best
 Let no such thoughtes reve youre rest
 And hereafter ye neuer desyrous be 240
 By ony crafte to haue the syght of me
 Into the tyme that day be come and goo
 That we may opiny shew vs bothe two
 And yf ye do otherwyse ye shall be dede
 Ye mow not scape, thogh ye wolde lay other wed 245
 And I shulde leese my name for euer moo
 My dere hert loke ye do neuer soo
 Alle suche fantasyes now lat be
 Above alle thyng save my worship and me
 Mx fayre love my swete hert dere 250
 Of me feere ye not in no manere
 Ne demyth that I shulde be an evyll thing
 That shulde youre soule to myschief bryng
 Hyt to departe fully fro hevyn blysse
 And with that worde She gan hym fast kysse 255
 With wepyng She sayde for sothe I am
 Borne a trew Crystyn woman

And my beleve ys fully Crystes lore
 And euer hath ben syth I was bore
 My love trusteth wele I welle not lye 260

I be leve on cryste that was borne of mary
 That bought vs wyth hys precious bloode
 I aske of yow neuer no more goode
 But for his love that ye love me best
 Than may I think that I am on rest 265

For to me ye shall do that thyng
 That to Jhesu Cryst shulde be dysplesyng
 This ys and euer shall be myn entent
 Fully to kepe his comaundement
 I pray yow love that ye wylle do the same 270

A boue alle thing I loue Jhesu ys name
 Of alle the worlde he is lorde and Syre
 He made erthe, water, Eyre and fyre

[fol. 4.b.]

He ys maker of euery creature
 And made man after his fugure 275

WHAN She had saide Thus answerid Partanope
 I am ryght gladde that know and see
 That ye trust and leewe on god almyght
 But sory I am that I may not haue the syght
 Of yow that be my lady souerayn dere 280

I shall long thinke on this two yere
 And other half how that I thus endure
 Let me yow seen and I yow ensure
 Spekyth of no sewerte lat alle this be
 I pray yow fully to haue mercy on me 285
 And besy yow myn honoure for to save
 And youre selfe that ye none ham haue

Partanope ys now softe falle on sleepe
 This fayre lady of hym takyth keepe
 And kyssith hym swte and thinkyth that She 290
 In other hevyn kepith neuer to be
 Oft she was in purpose hym to awake
 To haue more plesaunce of hym hir make
 With hym to play was hir moost delyte
 Yet alle hir lust she put in respyte 295
 She thought grete trauaile that nyght had he
 Hym to wake had She grete pyte
 Style She lyeth tyll hit was vpon day
 That Beemys of the sonne than She say
 This Partanope of his sleepe to awoke 300
 As he cast up his eye sodenly gan he loke
 Aboute the chamber he sawe grete lyght
 In his lyffe sawe he neuer suche a syght
 As he had of the Chambre as myght wele
 Yet oo thyng lyked hym neuer a dele 335
 He loked after his lady that he louyd soo
 Hit servyd of nought for than She was goo
 Than sayde this wooful Partanope
 Allas what may this be
 My joye ys goo whider I ne note 310
 And I shall do I note wele wote
 He saw the chamber so ryche a rayed
 That of the beaute he was dysmayed
 He mervayled gretely of the bryghtnesse
 And there withall he gan hym dresse - 315
 Oute of his bedde this ys no doute
 And as he loked thus now aboute

[fol. 5.]

Vppon the bedde he saw where lay
 A Gown alle new this ys no nay
 He thought that this noble garment 320
 Was layde there to that intent
 That he shulde hit vpon hym doo
 And short tale and make he dyd soo
 And whan he had hit do vpon his bakke
 In that gowne fonde he no lakke 325
 Hosyn and shone than fonde he there
 Arayed for hym in the best manere
 Whan he was redy and full araied
 Of his new clothes he was well payed
 Oute of the chamber he thought to goo 330
 Than sodenly was brought hym tho
 An ewer wyth watyr and a basyn
 Bothe they were of golde full fyne
 A towell therwyth of Parys werke
 This servyce was to hym full derke 335
 For man ne childe cowde he none see
 He washith his handes and oute yede he
 Oute of this chamber that was so gay
 In to the halle and there he say
 The Bordes couered with clothis fyne 340
 Hit was made redy for he shulde dyne
 Than thought this yonge Partanope
 Alle this aray ys made for me
 Amyddes the benche he down hym sett
 There was [no] ? wight hym to lett 345
 Of mete and drynke had he plente
 Thus sayth the Booke he lacked no deynthe

Of oo thyng was he hevy and sadde
 There sayde to hym no man be gladde
 Ne bad hym ete merily ne blyve 350
 He saw no thing that euer bare lyffe
 [fol. 5.b.] Whan he had dyned he thought tho
 Alle this day what may I doo
 And streyght vp he rose fro the dees
 Thorow the halle and down by the grees 355
 In to the court streyght yede he
 He loked aboute he cowde not see
 Of his leene and wery hakney
 That he now left there but yesterday
 He lokyd aboute and fast beheelde 360
 This castyll how hit was byelde
 And as he cast his eye well a boutte
 He sawe where stode alle withoute
 A Courser that was fayre and able
 For ony kyng that streyght oute of stable 365
 Was brought that he shulde on hym ryde
 He was a ferde hym to be stryde
 Som evyll he wenyth hit had be
 For blak hit was styll stode Partanope
 And of this Courser toke grete kepe 370
 Yet atte last on hym he leepe
 And thourou the courte vn to the yate
 Rydeth he and thought algate
 That fayre Towre he wolde see
 From horsbak lyghtly lepeth he 375
 Vp thorow the towre he gothe withalle
 He leveth not tylle he was on the walle

There as he myght see rounde a boutte
 The castell wythin the citee withoute
 Toward the Synne that loked he 380
 Alle that Cooste was nought but see
 Thurgh which he sayled by reson
 Be Shipp come merchandyse to the town
 On the tother syde then loked he
 A thousand herbers there myght he see 385
 That longyd to citezenis of the town
 There myght hem see walk vp and down
 Ther to he saw so many gardynes
 And by the See syde no thing but vynes
 On the thirde quarter gan he loke 390
 Of the Castell as saythe the Booke
 That ys french which ys myn auctoure
 There as he loked than ouer the Toure
 As ferre as he euer myght see
 Hyt was Corne all that Contree 395
 And medowe with grasse so well by growe
 And evyn redy for to mowe
 On the fourth quarter of this Castell
 He loked oute and a vyled hym well
 Many fayre syghtys say he there 400
 Hem shall I telle yf ye wylle here
 There saw he the hauen large and wyde
 A thousand Shippys theryn myght ryde
 Saffe ynogh for any tempest
 Thus tellyth now the french geest 405
 Ouer this haven then sawe he
 A brygge of Stone and not of tree

[fol. 6.]

Wyth Towres and cornellis so well y made
 On hit to loke his hert was glade
 Atte ende of the brygge into the Contree 410
 A castell alle new there myght he see
 Well towred and so large a boutte
 Theryn myght be herbowred withoute doute
 Many a knyght and many a Squier
 And a lorde of full grete power 415
 He myght see then myle on breede
 But alle Corne and grene meede
 Of lenght hit was many a myle
 He by helde than agrete whyle
 Beyonde alle this was huge forest 420
 No thyng theryn but wilde best
 Thus the vynes and gardynes large
 The havyn full of Shippes and barge
 Of Corn of mede so grete plente
 He be heelde wele alle the contree 425
 So delectable vn to his syght
 That welny comyth vn to nyght
 Downe of the Toure now thenketh he goo
 The fayre Courser he fonde redy tho
 [fol. 6.b.] That he there lefte and vpon he leepe 430
 And so rydeth here and there and toke goode kepe
 Of that fayre paleys and atte last before the halle
 There he lyght and went in att dore with all
 Where he fonde a fyre before the deys
 In the halle of that fayre Paleys 435
 In a chayre homely he hym sette
 With no man he there mette

And thus he warmyth hym by the fyre
 Till tyme was to goo vn to Sopere
 Than he sytteth a myddys the dees 440
 And Soopeth meryly and ys in pees
 Welle ys he servid in alle manere degree
 Yett neyther man ne woman sawe he
 Whan he hath Sooped at his leysyr
 He rose vp and went to the fyre 445
 Lyght of Torches he saw in that stede
 And whan tyme was to go to bedde
 In to the Chambyr went the Torchis
 He foloweth after and thydyr approchis
 He made hym redy to go to bedde 450
 Hit was redy and fayre spreadde
 And whan he was in bedde layde
 The lyght was voyded at a brayde
 To hym come his lady fayre and free
 Hir in his armes than taketh he 455
 And hir clyppith swetely and kyst
 And dothe with hyr what hym lyst
 THANNE sayde this lady in hyr manere
 Telle me my love my swete and dere
 How this day ye haue be rewlid in dysporte 460
 Trewly sayde he I had grete comforte
 For on the grete Toure atte yate a ferre
 I haue be this day at my layser
 Where I myght see the town aboute
 The Castell and the Contre withoute doute 465
 So plenteuous of grasse vyne and Corne
 I sawe neuer such a syght beforne

Love She sayde for oure bothe profyte
 [fol. 7.] I made this place Plesaunt in delyte
 Whan I of yow had fryst tydyng 470
 For hit shulde be to youre plesyng
 Thinkyng that ye and I alle oure dysporte
 And to vs no man haue resorte
 And therefore now myn hert full dere
 Syth ye haue ensured me here 475
 That ye shall neuer by crafte me see
 Tylle that we shall weddyd be
 Your suraunce kepith vnto that day
 And than freely ye me see may.
 Ellys myght there falle grete dystaunce 480
 And of youre myrth shrewde dyspleasaunce
 Which God forbede that ye shulde be so nyce
 And there fore dothe fully by myn a vyce
 For yf ye do contrary hit shall turne to shame
 Of vs bothe and lesyng of my name 485
 For euer and yow to shenshipp also
 Therfore lat it be neuer so do
 And yf ye wylle wete of this Castell
 And of this See I wylle yow tell
 And of thir names how they be called 490
 This Castell that ys welle walled
 Men calle hit Chief doire
 And the See is named Doyre
 In the Castell Dyche forsothe I haue
 In harde Roche full many a kave 495
 Hewyn and made by goode engyne
 Of whiche oone is called Marbryne

Where dwellyd oone that hight Hernelous
 Sumtyme and he had a spouse
 One beastryce that bare him Sones fyve 500
 That after were knyghtys in her lyve
 And whan the Galyothys vpon the See
 Had robbed Merchauntz of the Contre
 Than wolde they oute and fyght with hem
 And thus they toke many men 505
 And fro hem had grete robbery
 And in presoun wolde make hym dye
 [fol. 7.b.] And trustith wele there ys no thyng
 That ys or may be in my kepyng
 Redy hit shall euer to yow be 510
 Yf ye ordeyn no crafte to see
 My persone before this assygned day
 Partanope answeyrd and saide nay
 In me shall ther be founde suche foly
 For soth lady me had leuer to dye 515
 Speke we no more of this matere
 Seid this lady but telle me where
 To morow ye wylle dysporte yow
 With houndes or hawkes telle me now
 Wylle ye to the Ryver or to the woode go 520
 Ye mowe now chese of bothe two
 If ye wole to the woode gone
 After youre dyner to yow a none
 An horne shall be brought in youre syght
 Take hit and go forthe full ryght 525
 And when ye be the medowes past
 Sett hit to youre mouth and blowe hit fast

Before yow ye shall see a none
 Rennyng houndes full many one
 Fayre Grehoundes and grete lymours 530
 And yf ye lust to see the Revours
 In a Chamber here behynde
 I shall yow teche were ye shall fynde
 Sacres lauers Tercelles many
 Gerfawcon ffawcon thet fle so hye 535
 In to the Skye that Joye ys to see
 Of alle these dysportys now chese ye
 Madame he sayde me lyketh best
 To morow to hunt in the forest
 Now Syr she sayde do as yow lest 540
 And so therwith She hym kyst
 And sone after they fell on sleepe
 Of other Joye toke they no kepe
 And Thus in play and sleepe thay lay
 Tylle on the morow that hit was day 545
 Than his lady was forth past
 He cowde no better but rose at last
 And whan he had dyned he toke the horne
 That on the walle heng hym be forne
 Lepeth vpon hors and forth he rydeth 550
 Tylle he was past the medowes sydes *
 He blew his horn this ys no doute
 Hyt was wele herd two myle a bout
 Mutes of hounds of alle degree
 Came toward hym as he myght see 555
 Compeld with Sylk and not wyth heere
 Lemours aboute her nekkes bere

[fol. 8.]

Her lees were as softe as sylk
 And therto whyte as ony mylk
 In to the fforest he rydeth a paas 560
 Anone he fonde alle fressh the traas
 Of a passyng sterne wylde Boore
 This Partanope withouten more
 Vncompleth his houndes into the forest
 For to fynde now this wylde Beest 565
 When this Boore was y ffounde
 They rvnne to hym hoole and sounde
 Bothe the moost and eke the leest
 The crye to here hit ys a feest
 For an emperoure or for a lorde 570
 So cloos they ranne by one a corde
 So fresshly they rvnne alle that day
 Tylle he wer wery of hys way
 They brought hym so thykke a boutte
 That he was fayne of alle that route 575
 And atte last this wylde greete beest
 fforsaketh the thykke forest
 And to the launde than draweth he
 There as ys stondyng Partanope
 Than with the lymours in hys lees 580
 He lettith hem slyppe and forth thay prees
 Toward that Boore and that sawe he
 Wyth alle hys myght he gynneth to fle
 But hys flyght servith him of nought
 For in suche plyte they haue hym brought 585
 He myght not Cover to hys denne
 Therto he was so wery of renne

He myght no further this ys no nay
 Style he stont and bydeth a bay
 Therto come a none full rounde 590
 The Racches and down to the grounde
 They haue hym drawe with grete stryfe
 And thus the Boore hath lost hys lyfe
 What doth than this Partanope
 Hys swerde a none oute draweth he 595
 And alle to bryttenyth this wylde best
 And with hit makith hys houndes feest
 Be than alle thys thyng was done
 Hyt was tyme to drawe home
 There as he thought to haue his rest 600
 He bare not wyth hym of this beest
 Hys hors he toke and on hym leepe
 More of these houndes toke he no kepe
 Save two lymers thys ys no nay
 With hym he toke and rode his way 605
 That on day lyght myght hym dysporte
 For tulle nyght he had no more comforte
 Now rydeth he streyght to the Castell
 Where he fonde alle thyng ryght well
 Hys Soper redy and well y made 610
 He soopeth fresshly and maketh hym glade
 From Soper ryseth than Partanope
 And in to Chamber so gooth he
 Whider as the Torches streyght hym ledde
 He maketh hym redy and goth to bedde 615
 Where as he fyndeth fayre Melyoure
 That ys chief lady of that Toure

Which maketh hym grete plesaunce
 She hym loveth withoute varyaunce
 They lye bothe in Joye and blysse 620
 Alle nyght they clyppe and kysse
 And She hym telleth noble storyes
 Of loue and knyghode olde storyes

[fol. 9.] PARTANOPE stont in Blessid plyht
 For of here ladyshyppe he hath full delyte 625
 He lakkith no thyng of her grace
 But hath hys tyme and space
 To speke to play alle in the derke
 He may be Joyfull in his werke
 Thus in hertys Joye full playuere 630
 O day to hunt another in the Ryvere
 And so hath he brought the yere to ende
 Than he gan to put in his mynde
 In what plyte he ys brought ynne
 He hath forgeten alle hys kynne 635
 He thynketh on no thyng ferre ne nere
 But on hundes and hawkes for the Ryvere
 And on his lady fayre and bryght
 Tylle hyt befell onys on a nyght
 In the moneth that was of Septembr 640
 Than he ganne hym to remembr
 Of Cleobelys the goode kyng of Fraunce
 And of hys modyr that in grete dystaunce
 And in werousres stooode of hys lyffe
 Hys deth wyth euery maner was ryffe 645
 For no man of hys Contre cowth telle
 Whether he fared evyll or welle

Therefore he wote welle in grete care
 Stont hys moder of hys welfare
 Now in his hert thynketh he 650
 I wole take leve to go and see
 My moder the king myn eme also
 And whan he had leyser therto
 Than to speke begynneth Partanope
 To hys lady Madame sayde he 655
 I pray yow that ye in no wyse greve
 Of my wordes that I shall meve
 I must pray yow of leve this ys no nay
 For hit gone ys full mony a day
 Of my frendes that I ne herde 660
 I wolde fayne wytte how they ferde
 Myn owne love then sayde She
 Ye shall haue goode leve of me
 [fol. 9.b.] And loke Alwey That ye be Trew
 To me and change not for a new 665
 For fraunce stont in suche plyte now
 Hyt hath ryght grete nede of yow
 For kyng Cleouelys hath lost hys lyffe
 In fraunce ys but werre and stryffe
 The power of fraunce is dycomfyte 670
 And I shall telle yow in what plyte
 Youre fadyr stont for he ys dede
 Youre modyr lyvyth and can no rede
 And Bloys stont thus withouten doute
 Hyt ys seeged rounde a boutte 675
 Drawe yow to armes and to knyghode
 And loke ye lakke no manhode

Looke ye be large and gevyth fast
 Where to haue goode be not a gast
 Ye shall haue ynough of me 680
 Any yf ye can espye that ther be
 And worthy knyghtys thurgh the londe
 In alle the haast loke ye stonde
 Ther as they been in armes bolde
 Wyth goode ynough hem to with holde 685
 Looke ye be gentyll lowly and meeke
 And gyffe to hem clothis eke
 Also of speche both free and lowlych
 As wele to poore as to Rych
 After my counsell looke ye wyrche 690
 And love wele God and holy Chirche
 Ye may not fayle of hye Chevalry
 If ye love God and worship oure lady
 And oo thyng love I pray yow
 That in no thyng ye be besy now 695
 By crafte of Nygromansy me to see
 For hit wolle for youre worst be
 Whan ye haue brought this werre to ende
 Therto god yow grace sende
 In fraunce longe after dwelle not ye 700
 But fast hye yow ayen to me
 Tylle ye be at Doyre loke ye not cees
 For youre Worship and myn ease
 Madame sayde he this goode lesson
 Shall I kepe for my sermon 705
 And for no thyng that I can here speke
 My covenant wole I not breke

[fol. 10.]

Now haue they bothe left talkyng
 And falle in to grete thenkyng
 Thus lyeth Partanope tylle hit was day 710
 That the lyght verryly he say
 In bedde he wole no longer rest
 To ryse vp hem semyth best
 And toke hys Courser that was blak
 And lyghtly lepith vpon hys bak 715
 And taketh wyth hym his lymers twoo
 Of meyny takyth wyth hym no moo
 Hit nedyd not to take more leve
 For hit was do prevely over eve
 Of other thyng toke he no kepe 720
 But streyght he rydeth to the Shippe
 Whych fyrst hym brought to that Cytee
 Wythoute more theryn gothe he
 And taketh hys hors with hym on honde
 Whan he was yn there he fonde 725
 A bedde redy alle clennely made
 Whereof he was ryght Inly glade
 He made hym redy and yn dyd crepe
 He had grete nede for to slepe
 Vp was the ankyr drawe in haste 730
 And the Sayle ys crosse the maste
 Who hyt takeled he cowde not see
 But in pees so styлле lyeth he
 This Shyppe saylleth and passith the See
 And in to the water of Lyer they comen be 735
 Where as he must nedes a byde
 He myght no further for the tyde

The Shippe was grete he myght not passe
 For the water so shalow was
 Therefore the cable they gan oute folde 740
 By which the anker was y folde
 [fol. 10.b.] The anker They leete oute slyde
 To make the Shippe to ryde
 Anone a boote was sette in to leyre
 And a bedde theryn goode and fayre 745
 On thys bedde Partanope slepyng
 Was leyde therof not wetyng
 This was now a wondyr reys
 Whan he woke then fast by Bloys
 Aryved this yong Partanope 750
 Which he knew wele for his Contree
 Whan he was landed than gan he blyve
 Hym loke aboute but thyng on lyve
 Save hors and grehoundes couthe he none see
 Which he brought wyth hym to the See 755
 The Boote no lenger wolde sogeourn
 But to his Shippe fast gan retourne
 But who was gyde couth he not se
 Of this Boote and styлле stont he
 And thenketh on Melior his hert swete 760
 For pyte of hir hys teres down crepe
 Oute of his eyen down by his cheeke
 His hert tendred and gan to wepe
 And thenkith soone to turne ayen
 To see hys lady and his Queen 765
 Here to he prayeth and send hym grace
 And on his Journey forthe he gan passe

Of the Contree he taketh grete garde
 He seeth where Bloys stont and thyderwarde
 The way full pryvely taketh he 770
 He wole not blely aspyed be
 And as he come then Bloys nere
 In the wey he sawe how and where
 Agayn hym come vij. Somers
 Charged wyth golde and ryche Averages 775
 The hors were blake euerychone
 Ryght fayre Coursers and with hem come
 Twelve yong men that dyd hem lede
 Wele cladde in Sylke withouten drede
 Alle behynde there come a knyght 780
 [fol. 11.] That was her mayster and that was ryght
 For he had charge of the message
 He was alle white for verray age
 He was full semely of stature longe
 In youth hit semyd he had be stronge 785
 Whan he had syght of Partanope
 His message in this wyse sayde he
 Sir he sayde I say yow gretynge
 Fro suche one that a bove alle thyng
 That erthly ys to yow hath yove 790
 Hir body hyr hert and hir love
 And as ye byn hir hert swete
 She prayeth yow that ye wol not hyr foryete
 Alle this tresoure She hath yow sent
 As to hyr love for this entent 795
 To mayntene youre werres and that in armes
 Ye shulde be worthy and of charmes

Be well ware that ye ne be
 With hem begyled then sayde he
 To this knyght God me defende 800
 Euer in suche wyse her to offende
 Wele sayth this knyght yet haue I to say
 To yow more She dothe yow pray
 In armes in turnements ye lusty be
 And in Justes loke that be ye 805
 Be ware that yow knyght no man make
 That dede wole She vpon hir take
 That day that ye shulle weddyd be
 With youre Swerde anone wylle She
 Yow gyrd in alle the peples syght 810
 She shalle yow gyffe the ordre of knyght
 And kepe yow well for Goddys sake
 Be no crafte no man yow make
 To see youre lady or tyme be
 And with that worde alle wepyng he 815
 Turned hym and gothe his way
 These yonge men in sylke so gay
 Were clothid to hym they come a none
 To take theire leve for they muste gone
 [fol. 11.b.] With hyr maister home a yen 820
 And they sayde syr looke ye ben
 Euer to youre lady full treu
 And that ye not longe sogeourne
 But to youre lady sone returne
 And with that worde sodenly they be 825
 Vanesshid a way that trewly he

Wote neuer where they be become
 To Bloys hath he the way nome
 Aforne hym gone these vij. Somers
 Streight to the yate whe as the porters 830
 Stode to gyder and sawe this syght
 And thanked hyghly God Almyght
 They sawe the Somers charged with rychesse
 The Castell stode in grete distresse
 They thought hit come by goddys grace 835
 And in they lete these Somers passe
 Sone after come this Partanope
 And whan they aspyed hit was he
 And they myght redyly hym know
 Down on knees they gan falle low 840
 And welcomed hym with alle her hert
 And in all hast one in ded stert
 And to the lady his moder saide he
 Youre Son ys come Partanope
 She gan affray of this sodeyn caas 845
 And ryseth vp in a grete raas
 And gothe hir Son for to mete
 Whan Sye She gynneth to wepe
 For verray Joye and therwith all
 Her armes that were longe and small 850
 Aboute his nekke She dyd lay
 She myght no worde for Joye say
 And kessed hym with a dedely chere
 She ferd as thogh She wist not where
 She had be and therwith down 855
 To grounde She fallith in swoune

And whan after She was a wake
 Oute of hir swownyng and gynneth take
 [fol. 12.] Hir hert fully to hir a yen
 And then She sayde where haue ye ben 860
 My dere Son myn herthly Joye
 That neuer letter ne worde sent with oye
 That myn hert gretly myght ease
 This hath be to me a grete dyssease
 King Cleouelys now ys dede 865
 And youre fader also thus in drede
 I stonde and am in grete doute
 Myn neyghbours here a boutte
 Haue rebellid and disherited me
 Of ffayre Castellis no lesse than thre 870
 That stonde here in this Marreys
 Rounde a boutte this Castell of Bloys
 MADAME sayde this Partanope
 Beth of goode comforte I hope that ye
 In short tyme shall stonde in ease 875
 I know ryght wele youre dyssease
 But dothe discharge alle these Somers
 And sendyth a boutte for knyghtis and Squyeris
 I shall not spare now for no yefte
 Hem to with holde now by my thrifte 880
 To saue yow and myn heritage
 And hundreth thousand I wol wage
 In alle the hast than dothe She
 Hir letters send alle the Contree
 For knyght yomen and goode Squyer 885
 A certeyn day to come to dyner

Tydyng ranne thorow the Contree
 That home was come Partanope
 These tydyngis to his frendys were glade
 His enemyes herof no Joye made 890
 Whan the Cheualry of that Contree
 Herde say how that Partanope
 In verray trouth was come home
 Fast to hym ward they gan gone
 He hem resseyvid with goodely chere 895
 They be right glade to fynde hym here
 Two thousand knyghtes there with helde
 [fol. 12.b.] That redy were to go to Feelde
 Whan that euer hym lyst to ryde
 Partanope wole no lenger byde 900
 But to these stronge Castellis thre
 The streyght way a none wylle he
 Short tale to make this ys no lees
 The Castellys the Contree he sett in pees
 Wythoute more lette than Partanope 905
 Streight to the kyng the way taketh he
 To a stronge Castelle men calle Pounytyfe
 There lyeth the kyng that of his lyfe
 Is full wery this ys no drede
 For he ne hath counsayle ne rede 910
 Of kynne nor frendis ne of his leeges
 Therfore in grete drede he now is
 For there ys a kyng that highteth Agysore
 Come into fraunce lyke as a Boore
 Or a wolf that ys ravenous 915
 He sleeth robbeth and leveth none hous

Vn brent but Castellis and wallid towrs
 He hath with hym dyuers Chyvalours
 Of Norway Glytlond and Denmark nacioun
 That the Marches put in confusioun 920
 He hopith fully to conquerre fraunce
 Ayen him ys no resistaunce
 Another ther ys a grete werrioure
 A king named Sir Sornogoure
 Yong hardy and full ffeers in syght 925
 And therto a passyng semely knyght
 The kyng of fraunce ys now in Pountyfe
 Tydyngis he heryth of werre and stryfe
 Thorow all ffraunce in euery Contre
 In this Castell with hym ther be 930
 Of ffrench of flemmyngis as I wene
 But ten thowsand and there ayenst bene
 An hundred thowsand with kyng Sornogoure
 That of Chevalry ys named the floure
 Alle this herith yonge Partanope 935
 Anone to the kyng fast hyeth he
 And wyth hym bryngith a fayre meyne
 Feve hundred knyghtis whiche that he
 In armes fressh and well a rayde
 They be of her wages well payde 940
 Now tydyngis of this Partanope
 Are come to the kyng and gladde ys he
 And gothe ayenst him oute of his toure
 And hym resseyvith with grete honoure
 And his dyssease he tellith in hast 945
 To Partanope and how sore a gast

[fol. 13.]

He ys of this kyng Sornogoure
 For he ys so feers a werrioure
 Partanope answerith the kyng
 Me merveylith gretly of oo thing 950
 Why sende ye not ffor alle men
 That to youre Crown lyege been
 So haue I do then sayde the kyng
 They welle a bey me no thyng
 Ne know me for her souereyn lorde 955
 Partanope answerith at that worde
 What yf yt wolle no better be
 Prayeth God of helpe and he wole see
 To his Seruantis at euery nede
 I canne no more but thus I rede 960
 The kyng leveth alle this matere
 And comyth in to the halle
 And ryght a none therwith alle
 And streyght gothe in to his dynere
 And with hym taketh Partanope 965
 Ryght gladde of hym forsothe ys he
 This Pountyfe ys a Castell ryall
 Wele closyd with water and walle
 The hethen men had in Custom
 Armed fresshly euery day to come 970
 To profer Skyrmyssh to this Castell
 They spare hit not neuer a dele
 And thise were knyghtis of Sornogoure
 Whiche of Cheualry bare the floure
 Where of he had left at Castell Chaynard 975
 Ten thowsand knyghtis to kepe the warde

And twenty thowsand he lefte be hynde
 [fol. 13.b.] With kyng Gysore sogeournyng
 No wondyr ys thoght the kyng be
 Of fraunce aferde for few folke had he 980
 Wherefore he comaundeth that none shulde be nyse
 To passe the yates but hit be at his avyse
 The hethen with grete booste and crying
 To the Castell gate for skermysshing
 Euer they come with grete pryde 985
 And take grete pray on euery syde
 At Charse lyeth kyng Sornogoure
 As feers in batayle as any Boore
 He sendith to his rewarde tho
 That they shull make hem redy and come hym to 990
 This was vpon the Whitsonday
 That Sornogoure made this aray
 His Renners dyscouered alle the Contree
 And there they herde first of Partanope
 The Sarazyns than they gonne feere 995
 And a Counsaile then makyn there
 Anone ten thowsand redy were
 On horsbak armed with Sheelde and Spere
 Fyve hundred of these as I rede
 Helde hole togyther withouten drede 1000
 The tother oute of aray than
 Alle day the Countree pryked and ranne
 They refte many a man of his lyfe
 They sees not tylle they come to Pountyfe
 Thus they made a sudeyn affray 1005
 They in the Castell gan dysmay

Anone as euer this Partanope
 This noyse herith what dothe he
 Armed hym in alle that hast
 And with alle his soudiours as fast 1010
 He thenketh no lenger for to a byde
 But to hym ys redy for to ryde
 He bade the porters vndo the yate
 But they wolde not late none oute therate
 Tylle the kyng were redy to ryde 1015
 Than after hym he dothe a byde
 [fol. 14.] He spake to the kyng in this wyse
 Sir I pray yow lat me devyse
 How that ye shall governed be
 Kepeth hole togydyr youre meyne 1020
 And I shall goo a fore and meete
 With these hethen but looke ye leete
 None of youre Oost from yow goo
 But yf ye wyle see het stant soo
 That I of helpe haue grete nede 1025
 Me to rescow than fast ye spede
 Now of the kyng this Partanope
 His leve takith and forthe rydeth he
 Over the Brygge in to the feelde
 Where he sawe and beheelde 1030
 How that an hethen knyght
 Began hym to assayle with his myght
 Partanope pulleth oute his Swerde
 And of hym is no thyng a ferde
 He gaff that knyght suche a dynt 1035
 That thurgh his hede hit glynt

He fylle doune dede alle in her syght
 Heldenes was the name of this knyght
 He was a man of grete reputacioun
 Amonge the hethen for he her ganfanoun * 1040
 Bare euermore in any Batayle
 Thus sayth myn autoure withoute fayle
 Now Partanope wole not sees
 To gyff grete strokes in that prees
 For he was bothe hardy and boolde 1045
 And suche a stroke he gaffe Bornolde †
 That a hethen knyght was he
 The quarter with the arme he made flee
 Fro the body in to the feelde
 Suhe strookes men haue sey seelde 1050
 Partanope cryed O ye Cristen men
 Lay on fast vpon the hethen
 That they se not vs withdrawe
 Kelle these people of fals lawe
 The hethen hertes gan fast coolde 1055
 [fol. 14.b.] Because of Hildenenes and Bornolde †
 Were dede so for bothe they two
 Were worthey knyghtes but now ys so
 That Partanope feersly hym a boutte
 Sleeth folke of the hethen rowte 1060
 Amonge the hethen he so presed
 And of fyghtyng he neuer sesed
 But overledde the hethen soo
 The may not chese away they goo
 Alle blody and bethyn oute of syght 1065
 Thus be they this day dyscomfyte

* gaufanoun ?

† Boruolde ?

Awey they flee an huge paas
 Partanope feersly pursueth the Chaas
 With alle his power be his syde
 There hit was seen who cowde ryde 1070
 The hethyn for feere they gan quake
 Partanope hath hem now overtake
 Now entermedlid a yen they be
 The Crysten fyghten Joye hit ys to see
 And the hethen drust not a byde 1075
 For Partanope made hym sparble wyde
 And many an helme there men myght see
 Alle to clateryd and broken be
 The hethen her grounde gan for sake
 Her flyght away they dyd make 1080
 There Partanope in that fyght
 Slow many a doughty knyght
 He slow the lorde Mores
 And a knyght that hyght Fores
 Amonge hem was oon Bele Soret 1085
 A lusty Sarazyn wythoute lette
 Strong he was and wele lykyng
 Nevew to Sornogoure the kyng
 Wele horsed and armed was he
 Of hym toke heede this Partanope 1090
 In grete hast with hym he mette
 And suche a stroke on hym he sette
 That he myght in no wyse chese
 But his lyfe dyd tho leese
 [fol. 15.] And therwith this goode Partanope 1095
 Loketh a boutte for his meyne

And to hem draweth a softe paas
 The hethen Cryed allas allas
 Of his deth they had grete pytee
 What man ys this Partanope 1100
 They sayde in alle Crystyante
 Was not suche a nother as he
 Partanope ys now with his meyne
 For they now to gyder be
 He dothe of his helme for to a brethe 1105
 He loked behynde and vnnethe
 The kyng of fraunce he saw comyng
 With alle his Oste that was goode tydyng
 To alle the power of Partanope
 For no thyng lenger abyde wolde he 1110
 On gothe the helme forthe renneth the Stede
 Amonge the bodyes that there lye dede
 Tylle he was withouten lees
 Amydde the Sarazyns in alle the prees
 He laythe aboute hym with his brond 1115
 Many an hethen there lost his hond
 The Armes fro the body clene
 He made flyng vnto the Grene
 Whan the Sarazyns this dyd se
 Alle at onys they gan to flee 1120
 Amonge these hethen was a man
 A worthy knyght that hyght Lugan
 With hym mette this Partanope
 His heede anone he made flee
 From the body in to the feelde 1125
 Many a Sarazyn hit byhelde

Of this stroke they were a ferde
 They cursid hym sore and eke his swerde
 Partanope lyeth on vpon euery syde
 Now gynne they faste on hym ryde 1130
 And with feerse hert hym assayle
 Now at eerst begynneth the batayle
 [fol. 15.b.] Therwithall now comyth the kyng
 Of fraunce and with hym fast prekyng
 Two thowsand of his lyegemen 1135
 That fresly the prees of the hethen
 With sturdy Speres and Swerdes breke
 To grounde of the hethen fylle many a freeke
 The yong kyng hym selfe dothe fyght
 The hethen in hast are put to flyght 1140
 There bydeth not one but fast gan flee
 To charse her Castell and Partanope
 Chaseth hem fast to the Castell
 Where was many an hethen fell
 That to the yate fast the rvnne 1145
 Anone oute gothe the grete gvnne
 Therwith they made an huge slyeke
 Partanope hurlyth hem into the dyke
 The bowes of brake are bent in hast
 They bend her Arow blastes and stōnes cast 1150
 Partanope that day vndyr his Sheelde
 Twenty hethen hat slayn in the feelde
 With that he had of many moo
 Broken the legges and armes in two
 The french that were left in Pountyfe 1155
 Fylle sodenly in a grete stryfe

And alle was for her a bydyng
 To longe be hynde after her kyng
 They armed hem in grete haste
 And after the kyng they highed faste 1160
 Eche man shapeth hym for to gone
 And thus ys Pountyfe left allone
 Whan Sornogoure the hethen kyng
 Herde this noyse and this Crying
 Of his meyne he armed hem fast 1165
 And to the yate he hyed in hast
 And whan he to the Barres come
 His steede feersly there he nome
 He wende to haue and Issue free
 But of his purpose lette was he 1170
 The kyng of fraunce al that reys
 And Partanope the Erle of Bloys
 And therwithall the kyngis Ooste
 Partanope had there at his coste
 Five thowsand men armed wele 1175
 In armoure bryght made of steele
 That shette the barres a none ryght
 That the hethen had no myght
 Oute of the Castell further to goo
 There yede strokes many tho 1180
 The french with the hethen there dyd fyght
 Tylle vpon hem fylle derke nyght
 That none of hem myght other see
 The kyng comaundeth his men let be
 Alle this skyrmysh and alle this stryfe 1185
 And taken the way to Pountyfe

[fol. 16.]

The hethen taketh Sornogoure
 Her kyng and streyght to the Toure
 For hit was nyght they him ledde
 And alle they counsayle and redde 1190
 To kepe that Castell in safe garde
 Tylle he had alle his reward

To Pountyfe ys now rydde the kyng
 And Partanope bothe lusty and yeng
 In this Jurney hath a grete name 1195

That thourgh alle fraunce they gan proclame
 His grete manhode and his worthinesse
 Therof they speke bothe more and lesse
 For he helde suche opyn householde
 That welcome was that come wolde 1200

Grete gyftes gaff he had that was ofte
 Of clothes of golde and welwettis softe
 And therto lowly eke was he
 Not onely to lordys but to all degree
 That euery man of hym had Joye 1205

They lyked hym to Ector of Troye
 Thus ys he spoken of thorow alle fraunce
 That of hys witte and of his gouernaunce
 Come neuer suche in that Contree
 The people desyreth hym gretly to see 1210

[fol. 16.b.] And drawe to hym from euery syde
 Knyght nor Squyer wylle not abyde
 And alle that comen he dothe with holde
 He gyffe hem plente of his golde
 To please hem alle he dothe his myght 1215
 Hys worship to save and the ryght

Of fraunce and of his lyege lorde
 Fro many partyes of the worlde
 Moche people come to hym warde
 Bothe by thousandes and hundred 1220
 To fraunce was he a stronge poste
 Day by day encreasith the Ooste
 Or than a moneth was alle past
 Chevalry to hym drow wel fast
 That there were nomberd in the feelde 1225
 And hundred thousand with Spere and Sheelde
 THE rereward of kyng Sornogoure
 Ys now comyn wherin the floure
 Is herbowred of his Cheualrye
 Wherefore a none he made do crye 1230
 That they shulde alle armed be
 The next day that he myght see
 What people he had in the feelde
 Whiche were nombred of Spere and Sheelde
 An hundred thousand withouten arblastars 1235
 Withoute gyldenes and archers
 Where of the nombre they cowde not tell
 Sornogoure the kyng that was ryght fell
 Whan alle these peple he dyd see
 The kyng of fraunce then manased he 1240
 And sayde proudly I wole not fayle
 To holde the and gyff hym batayle
 Partanope by spyas herith alle this
 And to hym sodenly comen ys
 Moche people of Loreyege and ffryse londe 1245
 Withoute letter or any sonde

The Pyetes the Aungys * the Gascouns
 The French the Almayns the Bretouns
 Moche people there come of Pavy
 [fol. 17.] And also in Lombardy 1250
 Bytwene these kynges saing fayle
 Is sette the day of her batayle
 With ordynaunce withouten nay
 Shulde beholde on the Tuesday
 Whiche in olde tyme not for to lye 1255
 The day of batayle to signifye
 THE kyng of ffraunce commaundeth by wrytte
 And Bysshops and Clergy hem hyly bytte
 To go on precessioun for alle his chevalrye
 To do his comaundement fast they hye 1260
 At Charse shall now this batayle be
 He than hath the wros must nedys flee
 These hethen kynges Sornogour
 With the worthy Syr Agysour
 Vndyr shadow of Appyll trees 1265
 Her counsayle holde with alle degrees
 Of her lordys and of her knyghthode
 And hundred knyghtes that of manhode
 Were highly accounted they had there
 That cowde dele well with Shelde and Spere 1270
 Kyng Sornogoure hem fast by helde
 Lordinges he sayde to morow the feelde
 We must holde and gyffe batayle
 To the ffrench this may not fayle
 Ye be alle bothe ware and wyse 1275
 Lat eche man say now his advyse

* Anngys? (Anjou?)

To sette oure batayle in ordynaunce
 And se who shall haue the gouernaunce
 Of oure wynges and of oure Archery
 First spake kyng Loemers wordes hye 1280
 Of Norway he was lord and kyng
 The Norweys are at his ledyng
 Sir he sayde hit may not fayle
 To morow we shhall haue batayle
 And with goddys grace the victory 1285
 Of the french but her Chevalry
 Encresith fast and also I say
 Moche people to hem gynneth to obey
 [fol. 17.b.] The ffrench arne in her owne Contree
 And with hem ys one Partanope 1290
 That to seke the worlde nye and ferre
 A worthier ys not preved in werre
 Of alle the french dare I vndertake
 He ys best and also he dothe make
 Alle these people ayenst vs to come 1295
 They be more strenger then they were wonne
 They haue now more folke than we
 And know the Contree better in eche degree
 Afore this the kyng hath made grete profre
 Two hundred to fylle of oure Cofre 1300
 With golde and Seluer and grete rychesse
 Of mules of Spayne to thousand no lesse
 A thousand hors and twenty lyons
 And a thousand Goshaukes and faucons
 And other that be of oure Counsayle 1305
 Shulde also be reward ryght wele

With Cuppis of syvir * and eke of golde
 Vpon this condycioun that we wolde
 In to oure Contre fast retourne
 And in ffraunce no lenger sogeourne 1310
 And yet this yf ye haue mowe
 I counsell this for his Crown now
 Ye stryve no more lat hym hit haue
 This ys my rede so God me saue
 Whan he had sayde alle styлле they sette 1315
 Aryght grete while or any his wette
 Oute wolde shew or more declare
 Than kyng Faburnys wolde not spare
 To telle his witte and his a vyce
 He was ryght semely and also wyse 1320
 And kyng he was of Glytlonde
 Many a Jurney toke he on honde
 Sir he sayde my brother Loemers
 In Armes ys bothe myghty and feers
 And well hath sayde towchyng youre werre 1325
 But we ye wote are comen fro ferre
 The Coroun of this lond for to haue
 [fol. 18.] My rede therfore so god me save
 Your Ooste to morow now redy be
 In the feelde and there may ye se 1330
 That be sette in ordenaunce
 Whateuer falle after of happe or chaunce
 For we are ferre oute of oure Contree
 Amonge oure enemys this know ye
 Better were vs manly to dye 1335
 Than in trefte trust her Curtesy

* Sic.

His witte hath sayde kyng Faburnys
 There answerith kyng Marukenes
 Kyng he ys and lorde of Orkeney
 I wole not spare quod he to say 1340
 My full resoun and myne avyce
 Kyng Loemers ys bothe manly and wyse
 His counsaile may vs moche a vaile
 Ye know wele that we haue grete trauayle
 And ferre are oute of oure Contree 1345
 The french in a Castell restid be
 And beter are lerned of the werre
 Thanne we that come so ferre
 And euery day they wex more stronge
 They haue the ryght and we the wronge 1350
 To eschew fighting or swiche dystresse
 I consayle we take of her Rychesse
 And leue hem her Contre and no more werre
 Sith we not mow hem conquerre
 Now hath this kyng sayde his a vyce 1355
 Hym answerid a kyng holden ryght wyse
 He hight Sursyn kyng of Syre londe
 Many a vyage hathe he take on honde
 Seyng kyng Marukyns hath wele sayde
 Saue of oo thyng I holde not me a payde 1360
 For thoght myn heers be woxen white
 I wole truly yet me acquyte
 In this matere for ye saide oo thing
 That wysely hath Loemers thy kyng
 Of that wysedouun canne I no skylle 1365
 Yonge men a dayes now echone wylle

[fol. 18.b.]

Take vpon hem to be hye Counsellers
 And say that men with white herys
 Dote and wote neuer what they mene
 But in the ende hit wole be seene 1370
 And so to yonge men the olde are loothe
 I wote nevyr how this Counsayle gothe
 But whan the kyng was at home in his contye
 In peas and wele at ease was he
 Ye cowde not suffre hym to abyde there 1375
 He must gone oute algate and conquere
 And now ye counsayle hym to goone
 And say he shall haue with hym grete woone
 Of horse of golde and of Rychesse
 Of lyons fawkons Goshawkes and mules 1380
 The kyng of fraunce myght none other do thenne
 For be cawse he had no power of men
 Now his alleaunce and alle his kynne
 With grete power to hym come ben
 They be now strengier of knyghode then we 1385
 For alle his Joye and Comforte ys Partanope
 And now he wole not make suche profers
 I trowe he wole not one of his Cofers
 Opyn to gyffe vs of his Rychesse or goode
 Me thinketh he were than worse then woode 1390
 Of my resoun I wole make fyne
 But wysdam ys goode sayde kyng Sabryne
 He sayde we were in the wronge
 Therfore be resoun lesse stronge
 Shulde we be sith they haue ryght 1395
 For trewly me had lever to fyght

In ryght and for to haue the lesse
 Than in wronge and to haue ences
 Kyng Sursyn had sayde and helde hys pees
 An Erle than speketh whose name ys Marres 1400
 He was Cheyf Justyse of his Contree
 Moche lawe in his hede had he
 To his counsayle a boue alle thing
 Trusted moost Sornogoure the kyng
 Syr he saide here now my worde 1405
 [fol. 19.] A norreis tolde yow that withouten lorde
 And goode governaunce ffraunce stode
 There was none left of the reyll bloode
 But a childe was tendred of age
 He counsayled yow men for to wage 1410
 To sette alle ffraunce in grete werre tho
 But hit had be better to be vndoo
 For yow he made a grete lesyng
 Ye know wele now the ffrench kyng
 Full manly gouerneth hym in werre 1415
 And also there ys one come fro ferre
 That oute of ffraunce was somtyme lost
 Whiche ys to hym a grete post
 His name ys clepid Partanope
 So manly in Amers gouerned ys he 1420
 That alle the worlde to hym gynne drawe
 By youre power he sett not an hawe
 Neuer the latter I counsell that ye
 In the feelde euer redy to be
 Wele arayed to gyff hym batayle 1425
 Paraventure hit may yow awayle

For yf they see yow redy to fyght
 He wole paraventure anone ryght
 Profer yow gretly of his tresoure
 Thus mow ye with worship and grete honoure 1430

Eshew the harme of this batayle
 Thogh his profres may lytyll awayle
 And gyff hym lust no thyng to profre
 Yett shall I make hym opyn his Cofre
 Better ys to wirke the charme 1435

Than to leve and haue more harme
 Thus playnly Marres dothe counsele
 Her to the hethen acorde ryght wele
 Saue kyng ffaburs and kyng Cursyne
 Thought his counsell was fals engyne 1440

WHAN Sornogoure herde this consayle
 Of Marres his Justyce hit was not wele
 Plesyng to hym ne to his entent
 Yett for the tyme he did consent

[fol. 19.b.] To Marres counsayle for his corage 1445

To lorde knyght yoman ne page
 He wolde discover withouten lees
 He sayde certeyn he wolde haue pees
 Will alle ffraunce and make a fyne
 Of his werre and then the wyne 1450

He asked and drinketh with hem anone
 He comaundeth his lordes echone
 On the morow that they not fayle
 Hem to aray to gyf Batayle
 Vnto the ffrench right on ther playn 1455
 Afore Charse what euer we now sayn

And that oure batayles in goode aray
 Be sette in ordynaunce I yow pray
 Than be redy we with hem to fyght
 Yf nede be and then goode nyght 1460
 He had his counsaile euerychone
 For he wolde to his rest goone
 He yode to bedde to haue his rest
 But yett to slepe lytill hym lyst
 For when he was to bedde allone 1465
 Allas sayde he what may I done
 I am shamed this ys no lees
 And alle thorow counsell of Marres
 And of his fals Cowardy
 He hath made alle my meyny 1470
 Withdraw her hert and lothe to fyght
 Thus leith the kyng alle that nyght
 Waylyng and makyng moche woo
 My worship for euer ys now goo
 He sayde and now I wote ryght wele 1475
 I haue had harme thorow his counsell
 Therafter to wirke I haue be gladde
 Of a ryght poore man I hym made
 My chef Justyce and eke an erle
 And he of birth but a cherle 1480
 But sight * of a Cherle I turned the name
 In to an Erle no wonder thogh shame
 In the ende be my rewarde
 Syth he ys suche a flas Cowarde
 Provid and also a Traytour fell 1485
 Fro this day forth of Counsell

[fol. 20.]

* *Sic.*

Shall he neuer be ne of that estate
 No wonder ys thogh my men me hate
 For what that euer he wolde haue do
 Though hit were wronge hit shulde be so 1490
 I suffred hym my men to prysoun
 And of a trew man to make a feloun
 And that he dyd me thought was lawe
 Therfore men saith an olde sawe
 He to whom a man do trest 1495
 Euermore may dysceyve hym best
 The bonde kynred I made free
 And sette hem alle in her degree
 Gaffe hem castellis and eke cytees
 And made hem chyef of my privetees 1500
 With no gentylman an toke he none heede
 But alle to make his owne kynrede
 And hem enhaunce to grete estate
 This hath made my gentyles so mate
 And so wery they be of her lyfe 1505
 That they bene euer in care and stryfe
 And first they lovid me as her kyng
 Now they hate me a bove alle thing
 I may see wele by her chere
 Thogh they kepe hit in prive manere 1510
 For be they payde well of thayre wage
 For to fyght haue they no corage
 They love more to sette and haue pees
 Than myn honoure that hath Marres
 Made with hyghnes and with pryde 1515
 God gyfe me grace to day to a byde

To save my worshippe in this vyage
 I shall quyte hym alle his wage
 Thet alle my knyghthode therwithalle shall please
 And alle her hertis sette in ease 1520
 [fol. 20.b.] But in hym self moorned sore
 Now lyeth he styлле and sayth nomore
 He syghed and sorowed full tendyrly
 Alas he sayde how may I
 Best in this caas myn honoure save 1525
 With me ys ther knyght ne knave
 That in my quarell lust to fyght
 They say playnly I haue no ryght
 These wordes to me be hevy and harde
 For and I fyght not a verry cowarde 1530
 The french for euer wole we holde
 I had lever a thousand folde
 For to dye then to be ashamed
 For though I say hit I haue be named
 The wortyest that ys now alyve 1535
 And he anone therwith as by lyve
 Sentt after a Clerke of his counsell
 That he lovid and trusted well
 My frend he sayde hast thow not herde
 How Marres with myn Ooste hath ferde 1540
 And how flasly he hath me be trayed
 And alle my power myghtyly dysmayed
 Syr sayde this Clerke yow not dyspleese
 Of that I shall say hit ys no lees
 Alle the worlde so god me save 1545
 Grete mervayle hath that thus a knave

That was the son of a lewde Cherle
 Ye haue enhaunsid and made an Erle
 For this ys sothe withouten nay
 He lovid yow neuer the houre of day 1550
 Thoght he be curteys easy and debonayre
 He wayteth to haue tyme and layser
 His Mayster to do som foule dyspyte
 His kyndenes so he wole hym quyte
 Thus hath Marres quyte hym to yow 1555
 And I shall truly telle yow how
 He dothe youre knyghthode to vndyrstonde
 Hit ys youre wylle they voyde this londe
 For with the french they wole baytale
 [fol. 21.] And that yn yow manhode dothe fayle 1560
 Loo Syr what love in hym ye fynde
 Suche frendys were goode to leewe behynde
 Whan he purposyth to doo flas thyng
 This ys hys worde thus wole the kyng
 Alle the fawte he putteth in yow 1565
 That hath he playnly proved now
 Thus he yow hath falsly betrayed
 With his wordes and he hath dysmayed
 Alle youre knyghthode and youre Ooste
 And by hys doying is alle youre coste 1570
 Lost as towchyng this viage
 For euery knave and euery page
 Spareth not to speke and saythe that ye
 Dare not do but ryght as he
 Wole yow counsayle and furthermore 1575
 They seyn that ye haue here before

Seyde this londe ye wole conquere
 And now cowardly wole ende youre werre
 To hem grete harme and yow shame
 Full his wylle ys to put yow in blame 1580
 And with that worde the clerk gan wepe
 So tendyrly he couthe not lete
 Of a grete whylle tyll that the kyng
 Bad hym be pees for of a thing
 He hym be thought and ryght thoo 1585
 My frende he sayde thow shalt goo
 On myn erande to the kyng
 Of fraunce and say my plesyng
 Whether now yf that he wolde
 That two knyghtes fyght shulde 1590
 For oure ryght and do this batayle
 For wele I wote I myght not fayle
 And eche of vs bryng forthe oure Oost
 Many a goode man there shall be lost
 Wherfore my wylle were fully this 1595
 That he wolde ordeyn a knyght of his
 Be he gentylman one or other
 And I myself wole be the other
 [fol. 21.b.] If I be slayn in that fight
 Ther ys nether kyng Squyer nor knyght 1600
 In myn Ooste but that they shall doo
 To hym homage or than I goo
 On this condycioun that they haue leve
 This londe to passe withoute greve
 And vndyr his condyte that they be 1605
 Tylle they be passid alle his Contree

And I shall make hem swerre also
 Hider to sende my Son to do
 Homage to hym in the same degree
 And also yf hit happe me 1610
 To slee his champion with my honde
 That ye shall holde alle his londe
 Of me my homage and which servyse
 As I myself now wole devyse
 Myn owne meyne to hym to doo 1615
 The same to me he must do alsoo
 Go write a letter of this matere
 And to the kyng fast thow hit bere
 Syr sayde the Clerke I shall go wryte
 Alle the matere and hit endyte 1620
 And to the kyng of ffraunce hit bere
 A god mercy now in grete feere
 May stonde your people and namely
 To that be lordes of hye degree truly
 That suche a batayle on yow wole take 1625
 Youre manly hert alle this dothe make
 And with that worde the Clerk dyd turne
 And went hys way for lenger sogeourne
 With the kyng wolde then not he
 Syth hit myght no better be 1630
 He wrote this letter and went his way
 He come to Pountyff by the day
 Was I dawed that he myght se
 Alle a boutte and streyght yode he
 To the kyng and fast dyd calle 1635
 The porter lete the draught down falle

[fol. 22.]

He askyd anone who was there
 The Clerk hym answerd a Messangere
 That nedes must speke with the kyng
 For letters of credens I bryng 1640
 The porter lete hym in anone
 To gydyr in to the halle they gone
 There they fonde the kyngis Styward
 A knygh he semyd and no coward
 To hym anone sayde the porter 1645
 Syr here ys come a Messenger
 And sayth he must for any thyng
 Speke with oure lorde the kyng
 The Styward sayde he was welcome
 And by the hond he hath hym nome 1650
 And to the Chambre dore hym ledde
 Yett was the kyng that tyme a bedde
 In to the Chambre the Styward yede
 The messanger no further wolde he lede
 Goode morw he sayde to the kyng 1655
 Syr I hope ryght goode tydyng
 And ye wolde ryse ye shulde here
 For here ys come a messangere
 From one of the hethen kingis
 Letters he hath with new tydyngis 1660
 I hope to god they be goode
 Syr sayde the kyng now by the roode
 They be welcome what so euer they be
 To the Styward anone sayde he
 Go for my counsayle and that anone 1665
 And bryng them with the euerychone

These tydyngis herd Partanope
 To the kyng fast hyed he
 Bysshoppis and moche clergy
 Toward the kyng fast ganne hye 1670
 Dukes Erles and many Baroun
 Where euer they were in feelde or town
 To the kyng fast gan they hye
 Whan Knyghtes and Squyers that dyd aspye
 They made hem redy in alle the hast 1675
 Toward the kyng they spedde hem fast
 [fol. 22.b.] Now ys the kyngis Counsayle y come
 Into the Chambre where they were wone
 Alle to gydyr goodely to mete
 The kyng anone therof had weete 1680
 That hys counsell alle redy were
 The kyng sent for his messangere
 And to his counsell he gan hym hye
 Sayng Syres I shall tell yow why
 I haue sent for yow now here 1685
 To me ys come a messangere
 From the hethen kyng Sornogoure
 What he menyth why ne wherfore
 I wote neuer but therfore now I
 Haue sent for yow thus hastely 1690
 That ye shulde here his entent
 As wele as I and therwith he sent
 For this messenger which that reuerenly
 Salued the kyng and sayde Syr truly
 I am sent from Sornogoure a messangere 1695
 And bring yow letters loo Syr here

They be redy wole ye hem see
 The kyng answeyrd take hem me
 To he hem brakke and they were redde
 Amonge the lordes that he there hadde 1700
 Of his Counsell that were pryve
 Of which one was Partanope
 And sawe than what Sornogoure entent
 Alle his matere that he had sent
 They gyff hym pryce of hye knyghthode 1705
 In hym they sye no lacke of manhode
 Anone therwith Partanope
 Kneled doun vpon his knee
 Seyd to the kyng gyff me myn honoure
 That I may fyght with Sornogoure 1710
 For yow wole I do this batayle
 The kyng anone withouten fayle
 Thanked hyghly Partanope
 And sayde I wote ryght well that ye
 Haue manhode ynough and corage 1715

* * * * *

[fol. 23.] And make no noyse as noght were
 I charge yow alle eke therto
 Whan evyn cometh that ye goo
 Bare foote lowly on processoun 1720
 To euery cherche now in this town
 And pray we to the holy Trynyte
 To oure worshipp that he wole see
 And Crystes lawe euer he save
 And on vs alle mercy to haue 1725

THE kyng at this tyme saythe no more
 Ne alle the lordes but wondrous sore
 They sygh and many one full tenderly
 Wepid and weylid ryght hevyly
 The kyng anone a letter gan wryte 1730
 And bad the Secretary hit well endyte
 That Sornogoure myght know hys entent
 The Secrytary now forthe ys went
 This letter in hast ys wryten and made
 The kyng anone comaundynd and bade 1735
 The hethen Clerk hit to take
 And that he shulde no taryng make
 But bere hit to Sornogoure the kyng
 And say to hym a knyght ying
 Of myne with hym shall fyght 1740
 With goodys grace and save my ryght
 The letter this Clerk hath take in hast
 And to his lorde hym hyed full fast
 And whan he had hym in seyng
 Syr he sayde letters now I bryng 1745
 Vndyr the kyngis Seale of fraunce
 Redyth hem and make purvyaunce
 For this batayle hit nedyth to make
 For suche oon hath hit vndyrtake
 Whoos name ys Partanope 1750
 Floure y callid of that Contree
 In whom the kyng hath grete affyaunce
 And so hath all the Rewme of fraunce
 Than answerid kyng Sornogoure
 I thank God highly for with the flowre 1755

[fol. 23.b.] Of knyghthode now in ffraunce
 I must fyght what happe or chaunce
 Me euer falle this day in fyght
 Yett I hope lorde thorow they myght
 To save now myn honoure 1760
 Thogh I fyght with this gay floure
 And with that worde he sent anone
 For alle hys counsaile by one and one
 To hym ther come king Sursyn
 Kyng Loymer and kyng ffabouryn 1765
 And Marukyn and fals Marres
 Come forthe with hem in to the prees
 Lordyngis he sayde hit ys my wille
 My counsell yow to telle as yt ys skylle
 Ye wote welle that yesterday diuers 1770
 I founde yow alle for eche man dyd travers
 Others witte there as to counsell
 I calde yow to telle what perell
 We stande in and in what dystaunce
 And there ayen to make goode ordynaunce 1775
 When ye were come ye toke none heede
 To my worship ne to my manhede
 Myn owne counseyle therfore I take
 For no man I wylle hit neuer forsake
 Be hit goode or evyll hit fallith on me 1780
 The kynges lettres of fraunce here they be
 Seeth how he wryteth and in what fourme
 For alle the couenauntis I wylle parforme
 They brake the letters and them dyd rede
 They syght the sentens and in grete drede 1785

Alle these lordes than stode echone
 Of hem alle there was not one
 That there durst say a worde
 But stode alle style by one acorde
 To hem than sayde this stowte kyng 1790
 I warne yow Syres of oo thyng
 Fro this entent vnto a new
 None of yow alle shalle me renew
 Fyrst of yow alle than spake Sursyn

* * * * * 1795

[fol. 24.]

But erly to morow lat alle men be
 In ye felde armed and make youre assemble
 That ye may stonde in safe garde
 And euery man kepe his owne warde
 Alle they a greed hem to this oo worde 1800
 And to her herburgh went euery lorde
 At morow whan hit was day
 The synne her bemes shewed gay
 Therwyth the ooste they dyd somoun
 The Mynstralles her trvmpe gvnne sown 1805
 To arme hem fast and redy make
 Anone the felde frely to take
 Be thousandis they draw to the feelde
 Wyth many helme and bryght Sheelde
 The kyng hym armed as sayth the booke 1810
 In grete haste and wyth him toke
 Sursyn ffabur and eke Marres
 Loemer Marukyn and Sarres

With hem come many Spere and Shelde
 As sone as they come to the feelde 1815
 Her Bataylles fast they dyd aray
 Armed they were bothe fressh and gay
 On that tother syde come the kyng of ffraunce
 Wyth alle hys kynne and alleaunce
 And wyth hym brought Partanope 1820
 Hevenly hit was hym to see
 So yonge so fressh so wele be seen
 To pray for hym they besy been
 The french demenyd hem ful esly
 And prayde to God full hertyly 1825
 To save her worsshyp and her ryght
 So had they do before alle nyght
 Ouer the feelde to hem came prikyng
 Erle Marres and Loemer the kyng
 To hem of fraunce then full streyght 1830
 To wytte yf that this noble fyght
 Shulde be holde and *
 To hym answeryd the kyng of fraunce
 Say kyng Sornogour that I haue sayde
 [fol. 24.b.] In no wyse for me shall be remayed 1835
 Therfore he wyth an hundred knyghtes
 Lat hym come downe to the lystes
 Oute from hys Ooste and than shall I
 Do the same and there by and by
 Shall alle the Covenantis rehersyd be 1840
 Be twix hym and Partanope
 There we shall holde oure parlament
 And shew playnly alle oure entent

* *Sic.*

To this there was no more to do
 They were alle agreed therto 1845
 And in this wyse anone they mete
 And curtesly other goodely grete
 Shortly of this to make a fyne
 The hethyn put vpon Sursyn
 To reherce alle the Covenautis 1850
 That shulde be holde be twyxt hem and ffraunce
 Kyng Sursyn that worthey knyght
 Rehersed the covenautis of this fyght
 And tolde the trouthe of the a corde
 In whych wyse that euery worde 1855
 Was a greed to her bothe wrytynge
 Wherefore the lordis made grete praysyng
 Of his discreсион and of his wytte
 And sayde alle they wolde fulfelle hyt
 The hethen knyghtes anone dyd swere 1860
 As he had sayde they redy were
 Vpon suche Relyk as they hadde
 These covenautis to holde surely and sadde
 The kyng of fraunce on the other syde
 Also sware what euer betyde 1865
 The covenautis he wolde full truly
 Holde hem as they there by and by
 Where rehersed by kyng Sursyn
 Thus of these covenautis here ys the fyne
 Than made they an herawde stond an hye 1870
 To make a certayn noyes and crye
 In payne of lesyng lyfe and lymme
 Eche man shulde vnarne hym

[fol. 25.] Sornogour commaundyd of his knyghtis
 A thowsand well armed to kepe the lystys 1875
 That no man shulde so hardy be
 In to the lystes to make entree
 Ne also no man to gone oute
 On the french syde also a thousand stoute
 Were armed knyghtis to kepe this affiaunce 1880
 And that the wordyste of alle fraunce
 Redy on horsbak with speere and sheelde
 Were ordeyned to kepe the french feelde
 That no Ryot shulde eny wyse a ryse
 Thus was hit ryall to devyse 1885
 That so vyrounde was a boutte
 Wyth two thousand knyghtis stoute
 The french kyng brought Partanope
 In to the lystis and there toke he
 Of hym leve full sore wepyng 1890
 And recomaunde hym to the blessing
 Of oure lorde the blessyd trinite
 And so fro hym departed then he
 Kyng Sursyn on the hethen syde
 Was kyng Sornogours gyde 1895
 In to the lystis to hym brought
 Wyth euy chere and grete thought
 Whith wepyng eyen he toke his leve
 And prayde his god he shulde well preve
 In this batayle and in this ryght 1900
 And save hym shameles in fyght
 Now this hethen kyng Sornogour
 Which of chevalry beryth the flour

Of alle the sette in hethen lay
 In to the lystis full fressh and gay 1905
 On horsbak ys comen armed wele
 Wyth hosyn of mayle made of stele
 Wele lasyd wyth fyne sylke
 Hys stede was white as any mylke
 Armed in mayle full fressh and gay 1910
 Surely ynough for alle assay
 And there a bove fressh trappure
 [fol. 25.b.] Welle yshape and of good mesure
 Wyth golde wel bete at his devyse
 This lorde was manly and wyse 1915
 Above sett fresshly armed and wele
 In an hawberk of ryght fyne steele
 Aboute hys nekk heng a sheelde
 So bryght of steele that alle the feelde
 Was enlymed wyth the bryghtnesse 1920
 And hit was full weeldy as I gesse
 Vpon his hede and helme full gay
 Sure ynought at alle maner assay
 Above that a Cerche of stonys ryche
 Ryght goode they had be for a cherche 1925
 Above hys arneys he had a cote
 Enbrowded wyth peerle wele y frote
 Of armes done full rychely
 Wyth Rybyes and Saphires by and by
 On eche Shulder of steele a besagew 1930
 A swerde he had fressh and new
 Aboute hym gyrde bothe long and brode
 And in hys hand a spere full goode

- And hys sadyll vpon the Arsoun
 Heng a gleyve that nyhad down 1935
 To the grounde the helve toke
 And Joy hit was on hym to loke
 • On the fressh syde Partanope
 On horsbake armed syttyh he
 In hosyn of mayle shape ryght wele 1940
 Lased wyth sylk wyth polayn of steele
 Hawbrek he had on of goode mesure
 Mighty and strong and of good temperure
 A coote of armes he had bove
 Wele enbrowdyd wyth his love 1945
 Had ordeyned a fore in the best manere
 A better be seen was no where
 His helme sette full of Precious stones
 Hym selfe was myghty and bygge of bones
 [fol. 26.] Tryed his swerde was ryght wele 1950
 That was made of Iren and Steele
 Wyth pe * and perle rychely begone
 Swerdes had he no moo but one
 Ne wepyn where in he myght tryst
 Save a speere he had in his fyst 1955
 Of axe ne gleve made he no force
 Blak as cole than was his hors
 This ys the sothe wythouten lees
 He was armed wele to his ese
 And in hys sadyll he gan hym dresse 1960
 And to his enemy warde gan preesse
 Vndyr his arme hys spere he cast
 Hys hors he pryked fresshly and fast

* *Sic.*

Sornogour he hytt amydde the sheelde
 Wyth his spere alle men be heelde 1965
 His helme towchid his hors cropoun
 Ne had he holde hym by the Arsoun
 Of his sadyll he had falle to the grounde
 Than Sornogoure in that stounde
 Hym feersly smote wyth his spere agayn 1970
 And thought hym to overthrow wyth mayne
 For foule arayed was his sheelde
 And wyth this cours forth in the feelde
 Eyther of hem departed fro other
 The ffrensh sayde that suche another 1975
 Cours on horsbak neuer a fore
 They had seen syth they were bore
 Sornogour that felt both sore and smert
 Sheved wele that he lakkyd no hert
 Hys hors he torned ayen 1980
 And shope hys cours Joye was to seen
 He thought to aquite Partanope
 But he was ware as wele as he
 And made his cours withoute lette
 Amydde the lystis then they mette 1985
 Sornogour hytte hym amedde the sheelde
 Wyth his spere that alle the feelde
 Demed veryly of that stroke
 [fol. 26.b.] That there had be ffalle a grete Ooke
 The spere was stornng and wolde not breke 1990
 Partanope was a myghty freeke
 In his sadell style sate and well
 Sornogour that was ferse and felle

And eke in armes full wele ylered
 Turnyd hys horns * and oute wyth his swerde 1995
 Therof toke hede goode Partanope
 And wyth hys swerde oute as well as he
 Fresshly anone to gydyr they mette
 Many a grete stroke there was sette
 And in this hurlyng Partanope 2000
 With hys Swerde a stroke smote he
 Vpon Sornogour helme so gay
 So spetuously that he gan affray
 And stonyed therwyth he was gretly
 There wyth his hors full lyghtly 2005
 He turned froward Partanope
 Than the kyng agayn smote he
 And that wyth alle his myght
 He made hym welny to lyght
 Oute of his sadyll full sodenly 2010
 But as he helde hym myghtly
 By the heere of hys stedys nekk
 Partanope spared hym nott but layde on thykk
 The kyng in his armes wexyth hoote
 Wyth his spurres his stede he smote 2015
 And in this wyse departed he
 Kyng Sornogour and Partanope
 They had bothe nede hem to A brethe
 Awhyle they rest hem on the hethe
 Amonge the frensh was made grete noyse 2020
 They sayde Partanope Erle of Bloys
 Hath wele quyte hym in this fyght
 Agayn Sornogoure that worthy knyght

* *Sic.*

But Sornogour in his Armes full perfyte
 Had of Partanope grete dispete 2025
 And in his sadell he gan hym dresse
 He thought falle hyt better or worse
 [fol. 27.] He wold ones assayle Partanope
 There wyth his lenger swerd toke he
 Anone feersly to gedyr they mette 2030
 And Surnagour wold haue smette
 Vndyr the Shelde Partanope
 Of that Stroke foule fayled he
 The Swerdes poynt he bare so lowe
 For even a mydde the Sadyll bowe 2035
 Of his Swerd he sette the pomell
 The hethen kyng was so fell
 And wolde haue bore hym throw the Corse
 Of hym he fayled and smotte the horse
 In to the brayn throught the panne 2040
 This blake steede ther wyth be ganne
 To staker as he that nedys muste falle
 Partanope a lyght ther wyth alle
 Leepe from his hors both hole and sownde
 His swerd dyed and fyll to grounde 2045
 The frenche kyng wyth grete dolor
 Prayde Jhesu to saue his honoure
 And sayd lord god in Trynyte
 Suffre not they seruauant to scomfyte be
 Of this cursyd hethen fynd 2050
 But lorde saue my Crysten frynd
 And of myn honor the ryght
 Partanope on fote to fyght

He was redy couered vndyr Shelde
 And knyghtly his swerd he heeld 2055
 But sumwhat a shamed was Partanope
 That thus lyghtly vnhorsed was he
 On horse bake sate kyng Sornogoure
 As fell and feerse as ony bore
 And streyght he rydeth to Partanope 2060
 Myn frend he sayd or than that ye
 Be dede my wyll were oo thyng
 That ye Shuld speke wyth our kyng
 And counsayle hym to haue pese wyth me
 Than answeyd good Partanope 2065
 Yf the kyng of fraunce shuld be
 [fol. 27.b.] Your homagere than myght well ye
 Sey ye had made a fayre conquest
 And falsely had I performyd my behest
 I am redy to saue his honor 2070
 But oo thyng kyng Sornogour
 I am gladde that your Cruelte
 Ys now turned to humilite
 For ye seeme atte this auauntage
 Y trow ye haue lost your corage 2075
 WHAN Sornogour herd this scrone
 He was woddyr than he was beforne
 And wyth that word purposed was he
 Sharply to smyte this Partanope
 At hym he smote on the ryght syde 2080
 His stroke he thought shuld abyde
 But to the lyfte syde Partanope leep
 And of his stede toke grete kepe

That his hede was all bare
 Therto smyte he wold not spare 2085
 The hede throw out he clefe
 The steede of ther he refe
 Where fore kyng Sornogour
 Was in doute of his honor
 And wyth fyll wyth outhen more 2090
 That fall greved hym full sore
 Tho that were on the hethen syde
 Haue lost a parcell of her syde
 The frenche a nou with good hert
 Thanked god that so gan werk 2095
 Wele and wo ryght as hym lyst
 Sornogour than alle in a myst
 Lepe vp lyghtly vp his seete
 And thought fully for to mete
 Wyth his enemy Partanope 2100
 And a grete stroke than gafe hym he
 Vpon the corner of his sheeld
 Hit dennyd gretely all the feld
 Steele ne nerfe wold hit hold
 The swerde was herd and wold not fold 2105
 Into the Sheld hit entred a fote
 And wyth the poynt Partanopes cote
 Was foule rasyd and eke I rent
 Than Sornogoure ganne to hent
 The Swerd that fast was In the sheld 2110
 Many a man this case behelde
 He pulled sore hit wold not be
 Than to his hors ward drew he

Hys purpose in that flenge
 To had the gleyve that be his sadyll heng 2115
 But Partanope all in hast
 Foulowed hym feersly and fast
 And gafe hym strokes many
 Ytt his hors he came ny
 Where he had a grete fall 2120
 And yit there wyth haste and hylle
 His gleyve he caught full smert
 And on his feete vp he stert
 Thenkyng he wolde meete wyth Partanope
 But so hit happyd that they both be 2125
 So wery of fyght hit neded to breth
 And both they rested him on the heth
 Partanope had grete en comberaunce
 Of the Swerd that foule myschaunce
 Which henge so fast in his sheld 2130
 That he myght lyghtly hym weld
 And that seeth wele Sornogour
 And feersly as hit were a bore
 Leeth on hym wyth hys gleyve
 Myghty strokes he gan the Weyfe 2135
 Ryght perlous was this Batayle
 So feersly eche other dyd assayle
 Men seyde they were ryght wrothee
 Knyghtis full corageous and myghty
 Sturdy delyver and therto strong 2140
 The day was whote and longe
 Aferd som what were all the hethen
 And fast to god prayd the Crysthen

To Marres the erle ayen turn I
 [fol. 28.b.] That wele his ware and wote truly 2145
 How Sornogour his owne kyng
 Hated hym dedely above all thyng
 He thenketh fast how that he
 To his Lord myght make his gre
 In perell now he seeth his lord 2150
 He retenewed that bene of his a cord
 To hym prevyly he dyd call
 Syres he sayd ye wote wele all
 In grete drede stondeth our kyng
 I telle yow trouth of oo thing 2155
 Oute of this feld to passe on lyve
 He ys not lykly ther for as blyve
 In pryvewyse goo and arme yow
 For all this world ne wold I now
 Afore myn eyn see hym dye 2160
 Yow to armes fast ye hye
 Do on fast your habergeons
 And above cast on your gownes
 And wyth your swerdys gyrde yow fast
 And loke throw the prees ye trest 2165
 That be vn armed and naked men
 And preseth forth tyll that ye been
 Thorugh the meynee and nygh your kyng
 And spare not for no thyng
 Your lyege lord for to rescowe 2170
 I had lever now be forsworn
 Than to see hym dye me forn

Yit myne auctor seeth veryly
 Hit was not but a fayned lye
 For his meanyng was falsehede 2175

But forth anon wyth outen drede
 Thre thousand wyth outen more crye
 Of knyghtis were armed and fast by
 Her mayster Erle Mares they hove
 Redy the prese to threst throw 2180

STRONGE ys the batayll and perlous
 To behold and full dolourous

[fol. 29.] Prowde men of armes been they bothe
 To gyff hit vp lyghtly they be ryght lothe
 Fro morow lastyd this grete batayle 2185

Th * morow wythouten fayle
 Ganne drawe lowe in to the west
 Men myght see then lytyll rest
 Betwen these fyghters so wrothe
 They peyned freshly to fyght bothe 2190

Therfore the day ganne fast fayle
 And eche of hem of his batayle
 The victory wolde he haue yf he myght
 Therfore fresshly they gyn to fyght
 Full feersly now and ryght sore 2195

Is Partanope assaylyd of Sornogour
 A grete stroke he leete then flee
 Wyth his gleyve to Partanope
 And wyth hys Sheelde he dyd hit weyve
 But wyth the Beke yet of his gleve 2200
 Vpon his helme so fresshly he smote

* Sic.

Where he was in that stounde
 For he had welny falle to the grounde
 And not wyth stondyng that Partanope
 A stonyed was yett leete he 2205
 To the kyng a stroke so fresshly flye
 Wyth hys Swerde and ryght an hye
 Vpon hys helme he hym smete
 That on wyth outen lette
 His cower brak and alle thyng 2210
 Of his helme and hit gan flyng
 From hys hede in to the feelde
 Crysten and hethen that be heelde
 They sayde thys ys a perilous fyght
 This hethen kyng this worthy knyght 2215
 For alle his helme abasshed hym nought
 But allewey fresshly his enemy sought
 And wyth his Gesarne at hym leete flee
 And wyth his Sheelde Partanope
 Wele hym defendyd as he myght 2220
 But the Gesarne so sore a lyght
 The stroke rong ouer alle the feelde
 In to the myddys he claffe his sheelde
 And therin stake so sore and fast
 The kyng to hym hyt pulled fast 2225
 He pulled so feersly that on his kne
 To the grounde than goyth Partanope
 He a none lyghtly tho vp stert
 Ashamed and wrothe he was in hert
 That at erthe he had so be 2230
 Wyth his swerde than lete he flee

[fol. 29.b.]

To his enemy so grete a stroke
 As thogh ther had falle An Oke
 The kyng hys stroke warly behelde
 And resseyved hyt vpon his Sheelde 2235
 The Sheelde was sure but noght for thanne
 In to the myddes the swerde ranne
 The swerde was stronge and not to brake
 Thorow the sheelde a foote hit stake
 The kyng aspyed the swerde was fast 2240
 In hys Sheelde and tho in grete hast
 He vndede the gyte of hys Sheelde
 And fro hym cast hit into the feelde
 Wyth thys crafte now ys Partanope
 Gretly encomberd now may not he 2245
 Wyth hys swerde hymself be welde
 For on the poynt chevith the Sheelde

PARTANOPE stount now in grete feere
 The kyng wole gyffe hym no leyser
 To drawe hys swerde oute of his Sheelde 2250
 But chaseth hym feersly A boutte the feelde
 In bothe his handes he holdyth hys gesarne
 And laythe on fast and dothe harme
 To this yonge knyght Partanope
 But wyth his Sheelde wele couered hym he 2255
 And as they were thus in strynvyng
 He toke hede where A swerde hyng
 Vpon the kingis dede stede
 Hys Swerde he lefte and thyder he yede
 [fol. 30.] Sornogoure Swerde for the Arson reft 2260
 Ther as he hanging had hyt lefte

Grete Aventure of grete dystresse
 A man myght se there and professe
 Betwen these two so worthi men
 The batayles ys perylous now hem betwen 2265
 And marvaylous to be holde therto
 For ofte tyme truly hit stont so
 The tone hath the better a man wolde deme
 And sodenly or tow woldest wene
 He hath the worse wythouten nay 2270
 Thus ffortune alle the long day
 Turneth hyr vnstedfast whele
 That none of hem ys no whyle wele
 Hyt to beholde ys a mervayle syght
 The day passyth on fast on comyth the nyght 2275
 In bothe handys holdyth ye kyng
 Hys Gesarne feersly and drede no thing
 On the tother syde this Partanope
 Hys Swerde naked eke holdeth he
 Redy to fyght in the same feelde 2280
 The kyng hath neyther helme ne Shelde
 Now cometh Partanope for to assoyle
 This kyng and wylle not fayle
 Yf he now to haue his hede
 The kyng hym hyed A full grete spede 2285
 To hym warde and of the stroke ys ware
 And wyth his Gesarne away he bare
 Bothe feersly to gydyr they smette
 And atte last her wepyns mette
 Partanope had there a grete harme 2290
 Hys swerde he smoth in the gesarne

By the hilt hit brake in that fyght
 The hethen were glade to se that syght
 And Swerdles than ys Partanope
 When the frenchmen that did see 2295
 And prayed god wyth alle hys myght
 To saue Partanope and his ryght

[fol. 30.b.]

WITHOUTEN wepyn ys now Partanope
 Hys swerde is broken the other tweyn be
 Snarled in the sheeldes ryght fast 2300
 What dothe he than but in grete hast
 Leepe to the kyng wythouten lette
 And on the gesarne bothe handes sette
 And thought hyt fro the kyng to pulle
 But he defended hit than at full 2305
 And thus they warsteled and stryvid sore
 Tylle at the last what wole he more
 The Erle of hym the gesarne wanne
 The kyng seeth that and fast ranne
 To the swerde alle men tho be heelde 2310
 There hyt stake fast in the sheelde
 Vpon his sheelde he sett hys foote
 And the Swerde that was his boote
 He pulled oute and hit hadde
 Wherof the hethen were full gladde 2315
 Ther wyth he wolde haue take the Sheelde
 But whan Partanope that be heelde
 Wyth the gesarne at hym he smote
 That hit to take forth so hote
 His purpose he put A syde 2320
 Wherefore the kyng in the tyde

That naked Swerde as syluer bryght
 Heelde in defence as a knyght
 ffor helme And Sheelde had he none
 In the feelde he had hem forgone 2325
 And wyth this Swerde thenkyth he
 Fresshly to assayle Partanope
 To hym he smott wyht alle his myght
 And thought hit shulde haue lyght
 Vpon his enemy Partanope 2330
 But hit happed for sothe that he
 Was so nye hym that on his Sheelde
 He smote hys honde and in to the feelde
 ffley his swerde that was so bryght
 Than was he in hert sore A fryght 2335
 And wyth that stroke he had grete harme
 For sore astonyed was his Arme
 This aspied tho Partanope
 In alle the haste away caste he
 The gesarne and than lyghtly went 2340
 That Swerde feersly he vp hent
 And gladde ys now Partanope
 That in honde that Swerde hath he
 In which he hath grete affiaunce
 He Brought hit wyth hym in to fraunce 2345
 But while that Partanope the Swerde vp toke
 This hethen kyng fast gan loke
 After Wepyn but there was none
 That he myght haue then what to done
 He wote neuer yet he toke kepe 2350
 Where a Sheelde lay and thider he leepe

[fol. 31.]

He toke hit vp in full grete haste
 And A bouthe his nek to hit cast
 That seeth the erle Partanope
 And feersly at hym tho leete flee 2355
 A stroke which he defende wyth his Sheelde
 And wyth that stroke in to the feelde
 A Castell flye this ys no nay
 And whan Partanope that sey
 Another dynt theron he gafe 2360
 That alle to pecis the Sheelde rafe
 Anone thought Erle Partanope
 The betther he had of this medlee
 Therwyth seeth this hethen kyng
 Hys enemyes Sheelde and therin styking 2365
 A Swerde that was furbusshed bright
 A therto anone he leepe full ryght
 He pulled hit oute in grete haste
 And in his hond hath hit faste
 Now ys the Batayle mervelous 2370
 And to be holde how myschevous
 Of hym bothe ys none ryght sure
 Ther falle so many aventure
 On Bothe sydes for now the tone
 [fol. 31.b.] Is at ye better and now ryght anone 2375
 Mervaylesly he ys atte worsse
 So this batayle ys perversse
 PARTANOPE hym ganne dresse
 To fyght for hym prowessse
 And be thinketh how that Melior 2380
 That Swerde gafe hym therfor

To preve hymself a manly knyght
 Where euer he went in any fyght
 And therwyth his hert ganne to lyght
 And fresh was a none to fyght 2385
 Whan he had of his lady memory
 Then to Sornogoure he leepe full lyghtly
 And so feersly smote hym on the Sheelde
 B * pecis hit flye aboute the feelde
 The kyng hym couered as well as he myght 2390
 But euer Partanope put hym to flyght
 ffor in no place he wolde suffre hym abyde
 But alle aboute the lystes wyde
 He hym chased so hidously
 That Sornogoure wenyth full surely 2395
 He hath the worsse of this batayle
 Lo thus can love wythouten fayle
 Make a man maystries vse
 And a knyght shame to refuse
 Thus feersly chaseth Partanope 2400
 That he maketh his enemy a fore hym flee
 This seeth Marres that flas Erle
 Which I tolde yow that of A cherle
 Was inhaunsed to lordys degree
 Wyth thre thousand of hys meynee 2405
 Cometh into to lystes to helpe his lorde
 Well I armed and brekyth the Acorde
 Of bothe partyes wythouten doute
 Anone he had alle hys rowte
 Oute wyth ther Swerdes and lay on fast 2410
 On euery syde and than atte last

* Sic.

M

This marres cometh to Partanope
 And wyth his Swerde at hym leete flee
 [fol. 32.] The Erle manly deffended the feelde
 Marres smote feersly and Sornogoure be helde 2415
 And cryed fast to the Erle Marres
 That he shulde leeve and make pees
 By the legeaunce that hym aught
 Marres answeyrd that in thought
 Hyt come neuer whatsoeuer be fylle 2420
 He wolle not be lettyd of his wylle
 THE thousand hethen that armed were
 And that day assygned there
 The feelde to keepe on Sornogoure syde
 To her kyng tho fast gan ryde 2425
 Kyng Sursyn and kyng fabure eke
 On the feelde fast ganne preke
 To kyng Sornogoure her chief lorde
 Merci sayde they for oure A corde
 It ys altosquatte and dysarayed 2430
 fflas Marres hath vs be trayed
 Sleeth hym he sayde and that Anone
 They hym answeyryth euerychone
 Hyt shall be done and that in hast
 Toward marres they presed fast 2435
 And hem payne withouten fayle
 To slee marres in that batayle
 The hethen layde on eche on other
 They spared neydyr Cosyn ne brother
 The Crysten were slayn thykke also 2440
 But of the hethen were many moo

And also hyt myght none other be
 But taken than was Partanope
 But many hethen made he to dye
 Or they myght come hym so nye 2445
 And many a crysten dyed in that fyght
 And many moo shulde had not the nyght
 Come on so fast thys ys the sothe
 But kyng Sornogoure was wondyr wrothe
 He toke an hors in grete hast 2450
 And in amonge hem pryked fast
 And whyth hys Swerde layde fast a boutte
 And slow many one wyth oute doute
 Of his syde and of his kynrede
 And euer cryed fast as he yede 2455
 Loke he save Erle Partanope
 Thus in his fyghting euer cryed he
 But whan he Cowde no thing here
 Of Partanope he was in feere
 That in this hurlyng he were slayn 2460
 Hys crying hym thought was in vayne
 Full lytell he thought he shulde be take
 Than his Skye ganne wex blake
 The day was past hit was derke nyght
 Thus the Ooste departed from fyght 2465
 The french departed wyth grete heuyte
 For they Suppose that Partanope
 Ys dede wyth outen any nay
 And to pounthyff they toke the way
 Sornogoure ys wroth and Angwisshous 2470
 That he myght not have the rescows

[fol. 32.b.]

Of his felaw Erle Partanope
 Whatt dyd he than suppose ye
 Wyth the frensh he dyd forthe ryde
 Amonge hem alle vnspied 2475
 As though he had be one of hem
 Ther herde he of the french men
 So grete sorow and playnt made
 For Partanope and none was glade
 But full of sorow and of wepyng 2480
 And thus to Pountyff were they rydyng
 And Sornogoure in her Company
 None of hem cowde hym aspie
 And in to Pountyff to the halle dore
 Wyth hem rode king Sornogoure 2485
 As he was armed he lyght anone
 And lete hys hors where he wolde gone
 He toke none hede where he be come
 The way in to the chambre he nome
 Where as the kyng of fraunce he sye 2490
 Make sorow and full tenderly
 Swonned and passyng sorow made
 None of hys men cowde hym glade
 For in sorow this was his crye
 Allas Partanope thou were so nye 2495
 My kynne and eke my gouernoure
 Now arte thou dede which were the floure
 Of alle the knyghthode that longyth to fraunce
 Allas what happe or mychaunce
 Was that this feelde so flasly 2500
 Was kept the hethen now trwly

[fol. 33.]

Be forsworne wythouten nay
 The contrary they mowe not say
 For I myself was present forsothe
 Whan they toke her othe 2505

Yet for Sornogoure I am ryght sory
 That he shulde be founde in suche vylany
 And yet I wote well he lakked no manhode
 I trusted euer fully in his knyghthode
 And in his gentellnesse and suerte 2510
 That suche vntrouth wolde not he
 Enforced ne neuer haue wrought
 I trowe therto he not consentyd in thought

WHEN Sornogoure herde the kyng hym preyse
 Than to his hert hit was grete ese 2515
 Wyth hym self then thought he
 I wole no lenger now hide me
 And wyth this thought in grete haste
 His helme he pulled of as faste
 And nakked he plukked oute his Swerde 2520
 Wyth which at that tyme he was grede
 And in his honde the poynt he toke
 His regally he thanne forsoke
 As for that tyme thus dyd he
 And doun he sett hym on his kne 2525
 Syr sayde he to the french kyng
 Mercy I aske above alle thing
 I am vnarmed as ye may see
 Myne heede ys naked and I submytte me
 The hyltes of my Swerde I vp holde 2530
 For at youre grace I be wolde.

And cause why ye shall determyn
 Yf that Partanope youre Cosyn
 Be dede or take thorow this treason
 And yf any man canne preve be reson 2535
 This peas shulde be broke thorow me
 I sm here redi alwey to be
 Obeysaunt to youre curteys awarde
 Putteth my body now in safe garde
 My request I pray that ye doo 2540
 I yelde yow here my Swerde also
 And thenkyth in me no variaunce
 For I neuer thought this myschaunce
 The kyng his Swerde taketh in goode wyse
 And prayde hym that he wolde ryse 2545
 Vpon his feete and then he sayde
 Sornogoure I am gretly myspayde
 Wyth this flashede yet neuer the lesse I see
 Be your gouernaunce that ye not be
 Knowing therof in no wyse 2550
 Sethen ye are comen in this gyse
 To yelde yow thus lowly vnto me
 Hit maketh grete profe now parde
 That of this Tresoun no gilt ye haue
 Syr sayde Sornogoure so god me save 2555
 I am wrothe and in my hert angrey
 That ye thus are betrayed and so am I
 And be whome hit ys I shall yow tell
 He ys bothe olde feers and fell
 I haue brought hym vp of nought 2560
 Wherefore ofte in my large thought

I haue full sore repentyd me
 That euer I so lewde shulde be
 For he was of bryth but lowe degree
 I myself made hym free 2565
 His fadyr was but a power Cherle
 Now I haue made the Son an Erle
 Hit ys marres Sir pardee
 He hath betrayed bothe yow and me
 [fol. 34.] Cursid he ys and covetous in allewyse 2570
 Fayre of speche and flas in servyse
 To me he ys plesaunt and lowly
 And to my men dyspitous and sturdy
 Fyrst I helde hym true and sadde
 And therfore my stywarde I hym made 2575
 Quaynt rewles now dothe he vse
 I wole for euer now hym refuse
 And servyse more neuer shall he do
 And his deservyng shall I quyte also
 For whan he purposyth to do fals thing 2580
 Such ys his worde this wolle the kyng
 Thus alle the dent ys falle on me
 There as my peple was wont to be
 To me full lovyng and full kynde
 Evyll wylled now hem I fynde 2585
 For none would tell me of this Traytour
 But speke hym worship and honour
 An Erles doughter I gafe hym to wyfe
 He hath me rewarde wyth sorow and stryfe
 Where I had went tha he shulde save myn honoure 2590
 He makes me to be holde a fals Traytoure

Where fore I pray yow of oo thing
 As ye be now a ryghtful king
 That in no vyse ye thenke thorow me
 Shulde be dede or take Partanope 2595
 For an Erle haue here a king
 And yf so be that for no thing
 I may not now excused be
 Take vengeaunce then on me
 And yf hit like yow that I haue 2600
 My lyfe I shall so God me save
 To yow as trew and as frendly be
 As euer that was Erle Partanope
 And do yow servyse as well as I canne
 And therto be come youre legeman 2605
 And herof to make yow sewertee
 I shall lay hostage of goode degree
 Erles and Barons and other men
 Kingis also and eche of hem
 Shall come and do yow homage 2610
 As well as for to lye for me in hostage
 HE him answerd then full goodely
 Sir he sayde by god almighty
 Other vengeaunce kepe I none
 But as ye haue sayde that ye wolde done 2615
 Ye seen he wole my legeman be
 And alle your londes holde of me
 Syr sayde Sornogoure that I yow say
 To do hit redyly I wyll obey
 The frenchemen alle helde hem well payde 2620
 Wyth the king and also they sayde

[fol. 34.b.]

Of king Sornogoure grete worship in sothe
 And sayden he truly hath kept his hothe
 The king anone his homage hath take
 The frenshmen grete Joye make 2625
 And sayde that Sornogoure wolde holde his hest
 And that the king a grete conquest
 Hath made and few strokes yove
 They be ensured eche other to love
 These two kinges vn armed be 2630
 Yett grete hevynesse ffor Partanope
 Is made amonge the frenchmen
 The king anone commaundeth hem
 That they shulde besy hem to sec
 Alle that of Counsayle be 2635
 That alle the worship and the honore
 Shulde be done and alle the servyse
 That myght be done in eny wyse
 And so they dyd as they myght
 Her hertis were hevy and no thing lyght 2640
 For the losse of Partanope
 Grete sorow in hert made he
 That myght be do to Sornogoure
 Alle nyght grete sorow amonge hem was made
 None of hem couthe other glade 2645
 The hethen men on her syde
 On the morow fast to Chars gvnne ryde
 And to the Castell of Agrysor
 To seche her lorde king Sornogoure
 And whan they had alle I sought 2650
 And of fynde hym Couthe they ryght nought

[fol. 35.]

Than they couth none other rede
 But supposen sotheley that he ys dede
 King Sursyn and king fabour
 Hem armed anone wyth hert sore 2655
 And commaunde alle her Cheualrye
 Wyth hem to ryde in grete hie
 Streight to marres logging
 They sayde he was cause of lesyng
 Of her king and her A vowe 2660
 Wherefore they sayde that dede he shulde be
 As they sayden so they dyd
 Feersly vpon hym they ryde
 And in grete haste they dyd flee
 And grete parte also of his meyne 2665
 Whan Partanope sey alle this
 To hem anone yolden he ys
 When they founden hym alyve
 Grete yoie amonge hem was made as bylyve
 And thanked god of his grete grace 2670
 They hoped they shulde the better passe
 Thorow fraunche alle to the See
 And so forthe safe in to her Contree
 And as they were in this affray
 Fro Pountyff there as her kyng lay 2675
 A letter he sent in grete hast
 Vndyr his Signett comaundyng fast
 Alle his Ooste to come to Pountyff
 And homage to do to the king of fraunce
 To whom he had made his lyegeaunce 2680

Whan they herd of her king
 That he on lyve was above alle thing
 They made grete Joye and yett they were
 Foo marres dathe gretly in feere
 To make an ende of alle this stryfe 2685
 Now be they come to Pounytyfe
 To her kyng and of his lyffe
 They be as gladde as they mow be
 Wyth hem they bring Partanope
 The king of fraunce oute of the towne 2690
 Is ryden and wyth hym a legyoun
 Of his knyghtis as syker as day
 Wyll I horsid and in freesh aray
 Of alle his Ooste they bere the floure
 And wyth hym rydys king Sornogoure 2695
 Talking and speking of dyuers things
 And sone after haue they tithings
 That the Ooste of Sarasyns was nye
 And when the king of fraunce hym sye
 Afore hym alle comyth king Sursyn 2700
 And next hym comyth king ffabouryn
 Partanope and king Loemers
 And Markynne a kyng full feers
 Wyth hem come many a worthy knight
 There foure kinges on foote be lyght 2705
 And come to Sornogoure wythouten lees
 To crye hym mercy and aske hym pees
 Of that they had marres slayne
 But lorde the frenchmen were full fayne

[fol. 35.b.]

When the king had Partanope 2710
 In his possessyon and in suerte
 Som lowgehn and some strete
 And som wept for tendyrnesse of hert
 And Sornogoure was bothe gladde and Joyouse
 Of Partanope and therto desyrouse 2715
 Wyth hym to speke wyth outhen lees
 But there anone was so grete prees
 To beholde this yong Partanope
 Eche man had Joye on him to see
 Som hym welcomed some him kysse 2720
 The syth of hym her care made lesse
 The king of fraunce tolde homage
 And ther to suer hostage
 That they shulde him bere fayth and trouth
 And in hym shall neuer be slouth 2725
 Founden but that in thought thayre honoure
 Evyr he well saue and therwyth Sornogoure
 When he herde the dede of armes
 He comaundyd his men that alle her plees
 Shulde sees and be put in contynuaunce 2730
 While they were in the Rewme of fraunce
 For there they thought no lenger sogeourne
 For the king of fraunce had made amende
 But besy hem homward to retourne
 Wyth alle these hethen and leve to wende 2735
 He yenyth hem thurgh the Rewme of fraunce
 Wythouten letting or Any dystaunce
 At the parting of these two kinges
 The king of fraunce yafe grete thinges

[fol. 36.]

He yafe golde Selver and also Corne	2740
And that such plente as neuer beforne	
In ffraunce was seen such a cost	
Of Corne suche plentee that alle the Ooste	
Was refresshed yet more yafe he	
Clothes of golde and of Sylk grete plente	2745
Horsis houndys Berys and lyouns	
Goshowks Sperhawkys and ryall fawcouns	
Sornogoure such frendship he be hyght	
That homward in hert he ys gladde and lyght	
AFTER the king his yeftes alle	2750
Had he yve bothe grete and smalle	
Be thinketh hym gretly now Partanope	
What yeftes best yeve myght he	
And for his worship shulde A ryse	
Grete yeftes he ganne devyse	2755
And so to hem departe so plenteously	
That men myght se so fresshly	
Neuer man his yeftes yafe	
The hethen king sounde and safe	
His leve hath takyn and Streight gothe he	2760
The next way into his Countre	
The king of fraunce by goode devyse	
The streight way holdyth to pareys	
Wyth Sornogoure ys Partanope	
[fol. 36.b.] That wythoute a passyng Cooste	2765
Alle men sayde hit myght not be	
He was bothe manly curteys and free	
Ther was nouthen king Erle ne baroun	
Were he in feelde Castell or town	

That he ne had yeftes grete 2770
 Hymself to worship for cost or dyspence
 Also sothely grete negligence
 Was neuer founden in his persone
 He wyst so well what was to done
 There ne was knyght ne Squyer of pryce 2775
 That they ne hadde giftes of good devyce
 Wherefore they thanked hym in hye wyse
 And therto gyffyn him so hye a pryse
 Of manhode fredom and curtasye
 Of worship nurture and Chevalrye 2780
 For in his gyffing ofte he prayde
 Of his good frendship and therwyth sayde
 Yeff euer in his lotte lay any thing
 That he myght do ease or ellis plesing
 He wolde ben redy euer to do 2785
 The hethen on the tother syde also
 Hym thanked gretly bothe mooste and lest
 Of his grete yeeftes and his beheest
 But whan Sornogour and Partanope
 Algate shulde departyd be 2790
 And eche shulde take leve of other
 They wept as they had be Brother and brother
 That euer they shulde departe A twynne
 Sornogoure sayd though I myght wyne
 At one worde alle Turkey and eke fraunce 2795
 I had lever haue the delyaunce
 Of yow Partanope than that to Joye now
 And now I wote well departed fro yow

I mote nedys this ys the ffyne
 And therwyth he wepte and than king Surseyn 2800
 Come and wyth hym king Loemers
 And king faburnyns they had a prees
 For kinges they were all three
 [fol. 37.] And come to speke wyth Partanope
 Furst of alle spake Sursyn the king 2805
 To Partanope and sayd of oo thing
 We wollde yow pray and that echone
 Ye wolde vs counsayle what were to done
 Sirr sayde Sursyn this ys no lees
 Ye wote wele that dede ys Marres 2810
 And god wote not thorow oure defaute
 For flasly vpon yow he made assaute
 Ayen the acorde of oure parlament
 There swere we alle by one assent
 The feelde to kepe wele and truly 2815
 That no man shulde be so hardy
 To entormete hym on neyther parte
 And this swere Marres as wele as we
 And thanne we sye this myght not fayle
 That the victori of this batayle 2820
 Must nedes falle on youre syde
 This Marres wolde no lenger abyde
 He toke no hede of othe ne leygeaunce
 But Entryd the lystes and grete distrourbaunce
 Made for he wolde rescow his lorde 2825
 Agayn the ordinaunce and acorde
 Of alle the lordis of bothe party
 Wherefore me thinkes truly

Such as were kepers of the place
 To such one shulde do no grace 2830
 But do hym lawe and eke Justyse
 So dyd we and thus in this wyse
 Ys dede that fals Erle Marres
 That brake his othe and eke our pees
 And therfore yeff any man wylle say that we 2835
 In this caas dyd felonee
 Or ony of vs the contrayri to prove
 I am redy and therwyth his glove
 He threw down and Partanope
 Toke vp the glove and then sayde he 2840
 Of alle this stryfe ys made an ende
 Eche man ys kyst and others frende
 [fol. 37.b.] And eche man into his Contree
 Leete alle these nedeles rehersayles be
 And wyth these wordys Partanope hath take 2845
 His leve and therwyth the hethen make
 Grete heuenesse at his departing
 And then they prayde god hym bring
 Safe and wele to his contree
 And thus wyth worship departyd he 2850
 And there wyht alle partanope
 The streyght way to bloys taketh he
 Now ys Partanope comen to Bloys
 And in a day vpon his deys
 Amonge his meyne at mete he sate 2855
 Alle heuily and nother dranke ne etc
 But sett his yew in a place
 And neuer hem remeved on a grete space

But his meyne grete Joye made
 Ethen and draken and were ryght glade 2860
 Alleway sate Partanope hevly
 Thenking in his hert besyly
 Of fayre Melior his lady free
 How longe hit ys sythen that he
 Had ben oute of her syght 2865
 And also in what wyse he myght
 Wythouten any other offynce
 Sunnest come to her presence
 His moder on hym gan fast looke
 And of his cheere grete hede tooke 2870
 She had grete mervayle for why and what
 The cause was so hevly and made
 Hir dere Son sate Partanope
 ffull mekely to hym thus sayde She
 My fayre Son ye wote well this 2875
 In alle the worlde on lyve there nys
 Thing that better loved shulde be
 Ne trusted neyter as thenkith me
 Than of the childe shulde be the modyr
 ffor eche of vs shulde so love other 2880
 That there shulde none hevynesse be
 In yowre hert that anone to me
 Ye shulde dyscouer and playnly say
 Ye haue sett now this two' mylevay
 Ryght pensyfe and in grete heuynesse 2885
 Telle me now what his youre dystresse
 Ye seme a man as thenketh me
 That gretly wyth love taken be

[fol. 38.]

And that youre hert wythouten varyaunce
Is holly in youre loves gouernaunce 2890

I yow coniure yf hit so be
The verray trouthe that ye telle me
To his moder and lette me knowe
By the fayth that a goode childe owe
The verray tought and yeff ye be 2895
In grete distresse pleyedly telle hit me
And yeff ye haue cause to be seeke or hayle
I may yow ease wyth my counsaile

MODER sayde Partanope
I wote ryght wele truly that ye 2900

Love me above alle erthly thing
Therefore to youre commaundyng
I mote nede obeysaunt be
And also ye haue conjuret me
To telle whether I haue a love or none 2905

The sothe I wylle say so mote I gone
Truly Moder a love I have
Thet vndyr hevyn so god me save
Hath no man such one of high noblesse
ffrom her come alle this grete Rychesse 2910

That in this Somers ys brought wyth me
Of golde and Syluer so grete plente
And as her lust She may me gye
She hath of me the seynorye

THANNE sayde his modyr yblessid be that lorde 2915
That in gouernaunce hath alle the worlde
And yeve grace that for the best hit be
Amen answerid Partanope

Is she ryght fayre my son telle me
 [fol. 38.b.] Forsothe Modyr I note sayde he 2920
 Thys ys mervayle by god almyght
 So moche as ye haue had a syght
 Of her and also haue had repayre
 In her hous wher She be fayre
 Or ellis nay ye canne not telle 2925
 For sothe modyr alle though I dwell
 In hyr hous bothe day and nyght
 Of her had I yett neuer no syght
 ffor She hath geffen me in charge
 Though I be from hir at large 2930
 I shulde nevir besy be
 In no wyse hir to see
 Tylle She fully a corde therto
 Agayn her comaundement wylle I not doo
 FAYRE son sayde she hit ys the best 2935
 That ye kepe alle her byheest
 And that ye do alle youre entent
 To parforme hir comaundement
 Dyscouer her counsayle in no wyse
 And bcsy yow to do hir servysse 2940
 Spare not for besynesse of laboure
 Thenkyth She hath do yow ryght grete honowre
 And pray God that sytteth above
 Yeve yow grace that neuer the love
 Of youre lady in no wyse ye foryete 2945
 My fayre son when think ye wyth her mete
 To morow modyr after none
 When I haue dyned than thinke I gone

My meyne with yow I wyll lete
 I wyll no frende I haue hit wete 2950
 ffor moder I wylle gone alle alone
 Ye wote best Son what ys to done
 Gouern yow after her entent
 And breke not her comandement
 And kepe your counsayle from euery wight 2955
 And on my syde by god almyght
 Hit shall be kept from euery man
 I shall hit kepe as wele as I can

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[fol. 39.] And wyth this mayde he fylle in talking 2960
 Of dyues maters that of oo thing
 His moder was syker byhis chere
 That he had foryete his olde fere
 His chere ganne chonge his bloode gan ryse
 This mayde was plesaunt in alle wyse 2965
 To love hir best was alle his lyst
 ffull ofte tymes this mayde he kyst
 To hym so plesaunt was this mayde
 That at the last to hir he sayde
 Your high Beaute your goodely chere 2970
 Your semely porte your womanly manere
 In my trew hert are paynted soo
 That where that euer I ryde or goo
 Ye are my love and lady soueraygne
 And to bring me out of payne 2975
 Graunte me now to be my love
 Sir sayde the Mayde by god above

On a condicioun that ye graunte me
 To be my hosbond I wylle be
 Euer redy at your comaundement 2980
 I grante to parforme alle youre entent
 Than sayde this yong Partanope
 Thus in this wyse acorded we be
 Yett of his foly haue I no marvayle
 For a ryght Sosour man withouten fayle 2985
 Wyth drinke and daliaunce and grete delyte
 Myght be brought in such plyte
 Of so fayre one to ask hir of hyr grace
 Beyng bothe in so pryve A place
 There were no folke but they twoo 2990
 Saue the king and his modyr moo
 Loking oute of a wyndow and talking
 How they myght Partanope bring
 To love this mayde and leve Melioure
 THE king anone wythouten more 2995
 Clepyd to hym Partanope
 Cosyn he sayde how lyke ye
 By my nyece which ys to marye
 [fol. 39.b.] By oure Lady off hevyn that men to calle and crye
 Yeff ye wylle haue hir to your wyfe 3000
 As I am true knight alle my lyfe
 I shall be to yow goode lorde and soueraygne
 For ye shall trust me full and playne
 I shall yeve yow twones castellis and citee
 And of alle rychesse full grete plentee 3005
 Of alle men alyve I trust yow best
 His modyr in hir syde made greete heeste

They yede so to hym not for to lye
 He a corded hym fully to this folye
 The moder was gladde that wythouten mesure 3010
 And made hem fast eche other ensure
 The king by the hande tho toke the mayde
 And to Partanope thus he sayde
 This woman I yeve yow to your wyfe
 In Joye for euer to lede your lyfe 3015
 And so I pray God hit euer mote be
 I thank yow Sir sayde Partanope
 He wende alle this had bene ryght wele
 His olde love was forgete eche dele
 He kysseth his love he maketh her chere 3020
 He was in wylle had he hadde leysere
 And place this ys syker as day
 To haue pleyed the comoun play
 Of which these lovers haue such plesaunce
 ffor melioure was clene oute of remembraunce 3025
 Thus was he falle to novellerye
 This ys grete mervayle for I truly
 Shulde haue ben brought in that plyte
 Or any other to haue had joye or delyte
 But of lady that ys my soueraygne 3030
 I telle yow thoug I canne not fayne
 ffressh and lusty ys Partanope
 ffor in his armes his love holdes he
 Which he hath geten hym fressh and new
 He sayde to hir he wolde be trew 3035
 And she wyth hym ys fallen in daliaunce
 Of maters of love and high plesaunce

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[fol. 40.] Neyther they myght not slepe this ys no nay
 Tylle on the morow that brode day 3040
 Shone in so bryght that Partanope
 Thought that hit was tyme that he
 Made hym redy and so he dede
 And to his dyner streyght he yede
 And after dyner streyght yede he 3045
 Vppe in to the toure of the Castell to see
 The see the wynde and eke the tyde
 Alle this was well and therefore a byde
 Longe wyth his lady thought not he
 But alle way after Partanope 3050
 Swere he shulde neuer the syght
 To his lady euery nyght
 Of his desyre tylle that she
 Lyst hit were so and thus taketh he
 His leve and so when hit was day 3055
 To Shippe he gothe and taketh the way
 Ouer the see streyght to bloys
 Thether he come as who sayth tryes
 Short tale to make he yede to londe
 And went to Bloys and there he fonde 3060
 And modyr and alle his other meyne
 That of his comyng full Joyfull be
 And of his passage have grete mervayle
 For no man seeth nother Shipp nor sayle
 And that alone he come to Bloys 3065
 In his comyng he ys curteys

Alle fraunce made Joye of his comyng
 On horsbak lyghtly lepyth the king
 He pryked fast thorow the thowne
 After hym hyed bothe Erle and barounne 3070
 Knyghtis and Squyers of euery degree
 Came to welcome home Partanope
 And he hem thanked wyth such chere
 That they lyked so his goode manere
 Euery man made grete Joyng 3075
 Of Partanopes home Comyng
 Of his welcomyng and ende to make
 [fol. 40.b.] The grete prees her leue haue tak
 And homward eche man toke the way
 Sone after hit felle vpon a day 3080
 That the moder of Partanope
 Hir wyttis cast how best myght She
 Hir Son wyth holde styлле in fraunce
 A moder she had in whom hir affiaunce
 Was gretly for She was bothe olde and wyce 3085
 Sheo thought sheo wolde have hir a vyce
 Hir moder She tolde alle hir counsell
 She answerid and sayde in grete perell
 May thus stonde Partanope
 Wherfore doughter I counsayle the 3090
 Send for the Byssshop of Paryse
 He ys a clerk and therto Riche and wyse
 And canne goode skylle of sermonyng
 He knoweth the helpe of alle thing
 He was sent after he come anone 3095
 Whan he was comyn togyder they gone

Into a parloure alle there
 The moder sayde to the Bysshope ye Sere
 Bene ryght welcome wythouten more
 I am diseased wonderly sore 3100
 Wherefore youre counsayle I mote haue
 For I feere me gretly so god me saue
 My Son to leese Partanope
 For thus hit stont truly Sir he
 Ys take wyth feendes of the ffayry 3105
 ffor aloone he gothe that I
 Ne wote in a moneth where hym to fende
 And alle his meyne he levys hym behynde
 He lateth hym aloone Sir sykerly
 She hath defended hym highly 3110
 That he desyre not hir to see
 This ys a wonder thing to me
 They mete neuer but a nyght
 Of hir had he yett neuer no sight
 He fyndeth wyth hir alle maner of plesaunce 3115
 Hit ys a feende or som myschaunce

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[fol. 41.]

To take the lorde and there a ryve
 His lantern he toke to hym as bylyve
 Hit was nyght and sondele derk 3120
 ffull prevyly he hidde this fals werk
 As a traytour fals and felle
 He left the shipp and enterd the Castell
 Where he fonde alle such semblaunt
 As he was wont and alle reuenaunt 3125

Of wex and napery full fayre aray
 Vessell of golde fyne and gay
 Plente of Bred and of goode wynne
 Of alle manere and that full fyne
 Partrykes bryddes and venesoun 3130
 Of alle deyntes ryght grete feysoun
 Opon the Bench downe he hym sett
 He ete ne drank for in the nett
 Of blynde foly he was take
 For alle reson had hym for sake 3135
 Whenne the Soper was alle done
 Streight into Chambre he dyd gone
 Wyth lyght afore hym as he was wonne
 Than he be thought hym what best to done
 Was wyth his craft of nygromancy 3140
 Wythin the Curteyns he gan hym hye
 And toke the Clothis vp of the Bedde
 And there vnder the lantren hydde
 He of wyth his Clothis euerychone
 And naked to bedde he went anone 3145
 Oute of the Chambre voydyd the lyght
 And ther wyth come his lady bryght
 Alle naked to bedde fast She dyd hye
 And to her loue She drawe ryght nye
 When naked hir felt Partanope 3150
 The Clothes from hym tho ferre Throw he
 His lantren he put vp wyth his lyght
 Alle naked there had he the syght
 Of the fayrest shapen creature
 That euer was foordened thorow nature 3155

When his lady did this aspye
 [fol. 41.b.] On hym she cast a peteuouse eye
 And swonnyd wyth a dedely chere
 To Partanope gan to sore fere
 He wyst well he had do grete folye 3160
 Alle his crafte he ganne dyffye
 And threw the lantren ayenne the walle
 That on a thousand pecis smalle
 Hit flye that first shone so bryght
 And therwyth quenchid this fals lyght 3165
 This lady euer swonned fast
 Fulle peteously and atte last
 She fylle oute of hir swonnyng
 Into a sorowfull wepyng
 Tylle long after her hert gan breke 3170
 Then peteously She ganne to speke
 As She that was gretly dysmayd
 Allas She sayde I am betrayd
 And shamed thorow myn owne dede
 Thus hath loue quytte me my mede 3175
 Loue to serve I was to hasty
 My fayre swet love What haue I
 Done or sayde that longht to blame
 That ye haue done me this opyn shame
 Dyd I ayen yow euer eny thing 3180
 That was so highly youre dysplesing
 Thorow which ye were thus wrothe wyth me
 That I shulde thus shamed be
 Yeff I wyst what my gylt were
 Yet I myght suffre the better to bere 3185

Alle this shame and this disease
 I telle yow trewly this ys no lees
 Lorde God how oft dyd I yow warne
 Ye shulde desyr craft ne charme
 Me to see tylle tyme were 3190
 What my cause ys ye now shall here
 There was in yow no reson ne skylle
 In this wyse to see me a yenst my wylle
 I WAS doughter of the Emperoure
 Which of Constantyne noble helde the honoure 3195
 [fol. 42.] He was louyd and dradde thorow all the worlde
 Eche man was gladde wyth him to a corde
 Save onely Fulgan the lorde of Perch
 He was euer to hym auerse
 That wyth his rychesse and hys grete Ire 3200
 He droff hym oute of his Empyre
 My fader had none heyre but me
 Of me therfore grete hede he toke *
 And me to scoole anone dyd sett
 And grete Clerkis anone lete fett 3205
 To lerne me clergye and gret wysdoun
 That I myght the better gouerne the kingdom
 An hundereth maystres I had and moo
 And god yaff me grace to lerne soo
 That the Sevyn seyence I cowde perfytely 3210
 And after that lerned I
 To know of euery herbe the vertue
 And eke of Rothis where euer they grew
 Whether they in kynde be colde or hote
 The maner of Spyces I know by rote 3215

* Sic. toke he.

How in phisike they haue her worching
 The syeke in to heele I canne wele bring
 After this I lernyd dyvynite
 Thre persones to know of the trynyte
 By than I was xv. yere of Age 3220
 My maystres that were bothe wyse and sage
 In alle the vyarse * I dyd hem passe
 Thanne to nygromancy sett I was
 Thanne I lernyd enchauntements
 To know the craft of experyments 3225
 In my chambre ofte tymes pryvyly
 I dyd crafte full mervelously
 For openly I wolde no thing done
 My cunnyng shulde have bene kydde anone
 But when hit lyked my ffader the Emperoure 3230
 To see my craft then in a toure
 Or ells in a chambre thus pryvyly
 Hym to disporte than wolde I
 And alle my maysters at his commandement
 [fol. 42.b.] Play craft thorow which many a man was blent 3235
 The chambre wyth my fader that I was Inne
 By craft of nygromancye and such gynne
 Shulde seme hit grew wythouten doute
 In largenesse a myle aboute
 To alle thoo that wythouten were 3240
 Ther to hit was so bright and clere
 And that aboute hight mydnyght
 As thogh the Sonne had shenyd ynne bryght
 As hit dothe in the Someris day
 Ther shulde they haue seen knyghtis gay 3245

* Sic. vij. arts ?

Armed on horsbak redy to fyght
 Thys was I trowe a merveyulous thing *
 Then shulde they turne mervausly
 As long as me lust a thenne wold I
 In lesse whyle thenne in a thought 3250
 Turne alle this mervayle to nought
 After that I made come a lyoun
 The Olifaunte also and eke the Greffoun
 And alle maner of beestis whiles I wolde
 Eche one wyth other fyght shulde 3255
 By the wytte that god hath sent me
 In Castell or town thought there had be
 Of people dewling an hundreth thousand
 This durst I welle take on hand
 None of other shulde ware be 3260
 ffor none of hem myght other see
 And by this crafte forsothe haue I
 In my Castell kepte yow full truly
 Wythouten knowing of any wyght
 And do yow plesaunce wyth alle my myght 3265
 Alle this Cunnyng and this craft
 Ye haue clene from me beraft
 This ys the Cause and the skylle
 ffor ye haue seen me a yenst my wylle
 For alle the dayes that I lyve 3270
 This craft wylle I neuer putt in preve
 To morow anone at hit ys day
 Ye shall welle know this that I say
 [fol. 43.] To yow ys sothe and nothing lees
 Ye shulle to morow see grete prees 3275

* Sic. syght?

Of knyghtis Squyers and baroun
 Of ladyes gentylwomen of grete Renoun
 My shame shulde see then opynly
 That hath byn hydde full prevyly
 Thurgh my Connyng and my science 3280
 Whych ys now lost thorow youre negligence
 Myn Erles my Barouns and alle my meyne
 Thees knigtes Sonne that wyth me be
 Shulde well knowe and se appertly
 What lyff ye haue levyd bothe ye and I 3285
 And alle wyth oo voyce reprove me
 That euer I shulde youre love be
 Thus shall opynly be knowe my shame
 And who ys cause of my blame
 My swet love no body but yee 3290
 And wyth that word this lady free
 ffylle in a swonnyng as She were dede
 Tho was Partanope wythouten rede
 And hym self so gan dysmay
 To hir he gan no word say 3295
 Not of his forfeite onys crye her mercy
 Me thenketh this was not gouerned manly
 WHANNE this lady of swonnyng sesed thanne
 Her Complent alle new be ganne
 And sayd lord god Omnipotent 3300
 That erthe water and firmament
 Wyth one worde madest alle of nought
 Why sufferst thou euer womannys thought
 Wyth mannys love encounbred be
 Or trust his word for welle by me 3305

Eche woman may Ensample take
 ffor fayre wordys men Conne well make
 Ynow tyll they haue alle her lust
 Her love they conne neuer after trust
 But besy hem tyll they haue a new 3310
 And so haue ye done for fulle vntrew
 Haue I founde yow now to me
 [fol. 43.b.] And youre new so shall seruyd be
 Ye loue so well novelry
 Beware ye haue now do no foly 3315
 For alle that I haue gone to scole
 Now haue I provid myself a foole
 That shall I wele wete to morow
 To me than ys toward shame and sorow
 For eche man shall thanne wondyr on me 3320
 And my fayre loue than shall ye be
 Destroyed but yf I hit make
 For ye shall see I vnder take
 Knyghtis and Squyers many one
 They rought neuer what to done 3325
 On yow for to avengid be
 For many a day haue they seruyd me
 For to see me openly
 And now shall they know appertly
 That I haue kep yow for my loue 3330
 Allas which shame and which reprove
 Ye shall thanne be to me
 And yett I telle yow truly that ye
 Haue do worse to me then alle this
 Ye haue refte me of my wordely blysse 3335

My maydenhode myn honore and my name
 My Joye my boldenesse and alle my game
 My beaute my shapp my goodely beholding
 My play my Jolyte my mery laughyng
 My fredom my curtasye and my bounte 3340

Alle these vertues haue ye reft fro me
 And yeve me for alle these myn endelesse payne
 Therfore to me ye be now certayn

My sorow my wrath and my Rancoure
 My syghing my weping my dyshonore 3345
 My longouring sekenesse even and morow

My foule shame my endelesse sorow
 My grete reprofte my rechelesse folye
 My sorow full payne my dedely vilanye
 Ther ys none ende of my sorowe 3350

[fol. 44.]

Better curse may I therffore
 The day infortunate that I was bore
 Losse of goode may easily be take
 But She that lees hir love hir make 3355

Her hert shall neuer haue Joye a day
 After hym to lyve this ys no nay
 This lady for sorow hir handis dothe wryng
 Hir heere to theryth and lyeth so weping

Hir complaynt hereth Partanope 3360
 After his deth sore wysshed he
 He syghed he wepyd petevusly
 His moder he cursed to spytefully
 The archebyssshop and eke his sermoun
 And praeth God they bothe moun 3365

Haue myschaunce or that they dye
 And than at erst he gan fast crye
 And aske his lady of hir mercy
 He sayd my lady trwly I
 May excuse me by no resoun 3370
 That I haue do a full high tresoun
 Other ar Cause therof and not I
 But yett I knowlech the felony
 That I haue forfett lymme and lyfe
 To yow my souuerayn lady and wyfe 3375
 Thefore to morow lat me be slayn
 Of youre knyghtis that wolde so fayne
 Take on me vengeaunce for trwly I
 Am not worthy to haue mercy
 I dare in no wyse aske no pardon 3380
 ffor I haue done to high a treason
 I wolde leuer for go my lyffe
 Than euer to leue in care and stryff
 My lyff to me ys nothing but shame
 Of trewth for euer ys lost my name 3385
 Wherfore my fayre souerayn lady
 I pray yow highly of youre mercy
 In this wyse that erely to morowe
 I mowe be slayn that out of sorowe
 I mowe be brought and out of stryff 3390
 My deth ys me leuer then my lyffe
 And as thay lay in this wyse talking
 The lyght of day in fast gann spring
 THANNE gan hir wymmen fast to ryse
 Her beaute her aray for to devyse 3395

[fol. 44.b.]

Hit were now a grete taryng
 Myn Auctoure therof maketh no rehersyng
 Saue onely of her grete kynrede
 Therof he spekes wythouten drede
 Of kingis and Erles they come echone 3400
 Streight to hir lady they gynne gone
 Into the Chambre there as she lay
 And by that tyme hit was brode day
 There syghe they alle opynly
 How her lady had gouerned hir pryvly 3405
 Grete sorow there a man myght see
 Amonge the women and then Partanope
 Wyt wele he had do so grete foly
 The wymmen on hym gan fast crye
 And sayde full hevyly and as hym lyst 3410
 This fayre lady had lytell rest
 What for drede and for shame
 Alle hir wymmen foule ganne her blame
 And sayde grete Joye ye mow haue
 Of yourself when suche a knaue 3415
 To your love ye haue thus take
 And so may lordes han forsake
 Knyghts and Squyers eke therto
 Alas for shame what haue ye do
 Wyles ye lyve ye mow repent 3420
 That youre lust and youre talent
 Ye haue besett on a lewde knaue
 And sayde that alle women haue
 A custome and they sett hem to love
 Of shame they ne recch ne of reprove 3425

Be so they mowe haue hir lust
ffor any thing that be had must

WHANNE the day was wele sprong
And these women had wele y ronge

* * * * * 3430

[fol. 45.] Tylle she had hym brought thorow the prees
Whan he into halle come
Of knyghtes and Squyers he say many one
That loked vpon hym full deyously
And manessed hym full ryght dyspeteously 3435
Had not this be fayre Vrak
Grete vengeans on hym they wolde haue take
Many wordys they sayd that shamfull be
They shull not be rehersed for me
Whan they had sayd alle her lyst 3440
Eche man yode as hym lyked best
Vrak ladde this Partanope sekerly
Thorow oute the prees full trewly
Of his lyfe had ryght grete dowte
Tylle he was past thorow alle the rowte 3445
fforth wyth hym yode this lady free
Tylle he was come ryght to the see
Ther alle redy the shyppe fonde he
Where in he was wont to passe the Se
The Shypmen to hym gan shrewdely speke 3450
And prayde God the devyll his nek shulde breke
Or som foule vengeans vpon hym take
Tylle at last thys goode Vracke

Bad hem leve her grete manassing
 And comaund hym all shulde bring 3455
 Hym Safe to Nautes wythout more stryfe
 In payne of leesyng bothe lymme and lyfe
 fforth wyth was brought hym hys hakeney
 Neyther better ne wrosse but in the same aray
 As he hym fyrst brought from the forest 3460
 He semed nothing a lusty best
 Partanope wythouten more
 Wepeth and syghed wonder sore
 Leve taketh of this mayden free
 And In to Shippe streeght goth he 3465
 After hym come In hys hors anone
 The Shipmen besyen hem fast echon
 Her Anker vp draw and down wyth the sayle
 And forth afore the wynde they sayle
 [fol. 45.b.] Whan the maryners vndyr the sayle were 3470
 Partanope they made ryght grete chere
 Be cause of Vrak that mayden free
 To make hym chere alle Besy they be
 Be than they had sayled a Journey
 Afor Nautes they were that Cytee 3475
 They oute wyth her bote ryght anone
 Partanope wyth hem in ther dothe gone
 They toke in wyth hem hys hakeney
 To bloys they Row the next way
 Anone as they come to the stronde 3480
 Partanope in hast they sett on lond
 And hym there left wythouten moo
 The bad hym fare well and home they go

PARTANOPE after this Shippe gan loke
 Of his myshappe grete heede he toke 3485
 Wyth in hym self he thought hym wytterly
 Alas though he how vngraciously
 To my love have I gouernyd me
 A thousand past I had lever be
 Dede than lyfe now as I do 3490
 My Joy ys gone for euer moo
 So Ire and sorow toke hym be the haterell
 That downe to the grownd on whom he felle
 Hys spyrit of hym full nygh was past
 So long he lay that atte last 3495
 He arose as a man alle dysmayde
 Hys spirituell membres were gretly afrayed
 After the Shippe he ganne to see
 Which was som tyme wont to be
 Attendant to hym and now ys go 3500
 His hert so Sore ganne whappe tho
 Remembring of the Joy he had before
 Which ys now go for euer more
 Therwyth sodenly a gryping
 Aboute his hert that este on swonnyng 3505
 He felle and ther of the payne streng
 That of this myschyf nye dyd he was
 And allas he sayde whan he awoke was
 [fol. 46.] Allas he ssayde and there wyth full sore
 He syghed and sayd that I was bore 3510
 Tylle the tyme cursed mot hit he
 Allas Erle Marres why ne had ye

Whan ye rescowed king Sornogoure
 Slayne me in that same honore *
 Or elles I had be in the forest 3515
 Of arderne I' slayne and wyth som best
 Devoured or euer fayre Melyoure
 My love my Joy my hertis tresoure
 Shulde euer thus foule thorgh me
 Betrayed full wele I wote now that She 3520
 For euer ys lost thorw my foly
 Wherefore I knowlech a traytoure am I
 And am betrayed eke therto
 And my love for euer ys vndo
 Adam lost paradyse thorogh his foly 3525
 But yett a gretter losse haue I
 ffor whan the Angell drofe hem oute
 This ys the Sothe wythouten doute
 He toke wyth hym hys love hys wyfe
 In Joy they ledde forth her lyfe 3530
 But euen the contrary haue I do
 My Joy ys lost for euer moo
 Wylfully I haue lost myn honore
 Therefore Reson ys that in langore
 I lyve euer and never day 3535
 ffalse traytor wykked that I
 A man that false ys to hys love
 Be gode Jugement the lord above
 Shulde not suffre hym to dey at ones
 But lat hym lye longe in grones 3540
 And este to lyve and dye ayen
 Thus shulde such traytor bene

* Sic.

Served and not to haue his deth softe
 Such a traytor shuld dey ofte
 That he myght haue ofte remenbrans 3545
 And therwyth allas sayd Partanope
 This Jugement be ryght most fall on me
 [fol. 46.b.] Grete sorow Partanope to hym doth take
 For he hath for evyr lost his make
 Hys songe was not but Wele away 3550
 In sorowing he spendyth the longe day
 Vpon the banke of that Rever
 Tylle the day derked there
 And myght there no lenger abyde
 Than he vpon hys hakeney forth gan ryde 3555
 Streight vnto the Castell yate
 Of bloys and redy he fonde ther ate
 A yoman that was chyfe porter
 On hys kne he kneled and wyth goode chiere
 Welcome his lord Partanope 3560
 No word ayen than answerd he
 He lyght from hys hors and in to the halle
 And there he found hys meyne alle
 Many a knyght and many a Squyere
 Whan they hym syght full Joyfull were 3565
 On kne they sett hem euerychone
 And wyth goodehert welcome hym be home
 But he no worde answeyrd ayen
 Wherefore alle meyne bene
 Full evy and sory and Partanope 3570
 In to the chambre streight goth he

Alle alone wyth outhen lett
 And after hym the downe * he shett
 Whan hys modyr herd this tyding
 That her sone came In Sore weping 3575
 Of this thyng She was a gast
 And to the chambre highed her fast
 She went to haue entred wythoute lett
 And the dore was fast I shett
 ffayre sone Sayd she that shall not I come In 3580
 In fayth Sayde he that shall not bene
 Ye haue made me betrayed my love also
 Youre craft for euer hath me vndo
 And shewed well that no devyll ys she
 Which for euer ys gone from me 3585
 May I ones departed well from the
 [fol. 47.] Loke neuer to haue joye of me
 Seke the a sone where that you lust
 For on your modership shall I neuer trust
 WHAN the moder herd hym this say 3590
 And that her modership he gan reney
 And so vnkindely to her gan speke
 ffor sorow she thocht her hert wold breke
 ffayre sone sayde She I cry yow mercy
 In which entent yett neuer was I 3595
 In no wyse yow to betraye
 And wyth that word She gan aray
 Herself that pyte a man myght haue
 She tare her here and gan to Rave
 Lett me come In gode sone sayde she 3600
 I pray yow lady late me thus be

* Sic. dowre.

A love for youre fayre parlament
 Hath made that I am for euer I shent
 My love my hertely Joye haue ye
 Wythouten end for nome me 3605
 Trewly my fayre sone nevyr my wytyng
 I wend haue done all for the best
 Seyd this lady full sory weping
 And to a brought your hert in rest
 Here amonge yowre chevalry 3610
 Ye haue made a sory company
 Syght this lady saw no comfort
 Seyd of yow haue they no dysporte
 And syth in fawte they not be
 Alle the dysse I take on me 3615
 And I take on me allone
 Sone why makc thus moche mone
 Alle for love of this Meliour
 Ye mow yit purchas as goode tresoure
 And that as plesaunt to yow shall be 3620
 I dar well say as euer was she
 Me thenketh his were a ryght fayre Chang
 To leve Melioure that ys bore straung
 And take a woman of youre Contre
 That ys brought forth in hygh degre 3625
 And nece to king of ffraunce
 Me thenketh this were a fayre lyaunce
 And he wol gyf at one Ryese
 As grete lordeship as the honore of Bloys
 In this lond hath grete affyauns 3630
 They love yow as wel as the king of fraunce

[fol. 47.b.]

Thys londe hadde be lost had ye not be
 Therfore fayre sone as ye love me
 Late your crying be allas allas
 And alle this hevynes late hyt passe 3635

PARTANOPE to her yafe none answerde
 Ne more sorow myght no man bere
 He cowde no chere ne no contynaunse
 Melioure myght not of hys remembraunse
 Yet of hys modyr he had grete pyte 3640

And in hys hert ofte thorough he
 My meynes fayne wold I chere
 Therof thought he I am to lere
 Syth my hert no Joy I fynde
 For Melioure may not fro my mynde 3645

Thus alle they wythouten doute
 Hys moder and meyne stode wythoute
 Of his desese euer complayning
 Tyll on the morow the sonne gan spring
 That of hym they had no Comfort 3650

Ne none of them cowde other sprot
 Anone thorough fraunce ys ronne the tyding
 That Partanope lyeth in poynt of dying
 For hevynes of sory myschauns
 And anone ther wyth the king of fraunce 3655

After Erchebyshops and byshops sent in hast
 And bad that they shulde hye hem fast
 To Bloys to comfort her grete frende
 They toke her hors and theder they wende
 Whan they were there they wolde be 3660
 To the Chambre they come where Partanope

Hymself had presoned wondyr fully
 The bysshope to hym ganne speke full goodely
 And wyth hym treted in the best manere
 [fol. 48.] Hym counsayling to be a goode cheyre 3665
 And told hym Ensamples of holy wrytt
 And how that men had lost her wytt
 Thorow taking of such hevynes
 Thus Eche Bysshope made hys processe
 To the dore of hys chambre be sermoun 3670
 But for alle that they ne mowne
 Make hym to speke to hym a word
 Whan they this scy be one acorde
 Fro hym they turne full for weping
 And home they pryked wythout letting 3675
 They left Partanope sorowyng alone
 The king of fraunce than what to done
 Wote nevir and thus full hevily
 Departed alle thys company
 Grete sorow make alle hys meyney 3680
 And euer day full ofte they be
 At the dore of her lordes prysoun
 Lestenyng alway yf ony soune
 Or word of hym ther myght here
 But alle for noght of hym no chere 3685
 They Cowde this ys no nay
 This lyfe they ledde vj wokes day
 And they than toke hem to gedyr echone
 What counsayll was best to done
 And seyn in grete wanhope 3690
 Oure lord ys lost now Partanope

Therto eche man trusse hym home
 This ys the best that whe may done
 Thus they go wythoute leve taking
 Eche man to hys hous sore weping 3695

Now wol I tell yow of Partanope
 Lytyll he etht and lasse drinketh he
 Thries in the woke he doth eate
 Hys foote lys now deynte mete
 Brede make of berley or ellis of ote 3700

Thys ys his mete and water sode
 Ys his drynke two days or thre
 That In the woke now taketh he

[fol. 48.b.]

Thys ys hys sustenance and leving
 In other rule may no man hym bring 3705

His heede his feete wol he not wayse
 His coloure ys lyke the pale Aysshe
 His nayles growen and alle for fare

He martereth hys body wyth sorow and care
 He ys for growen wyth his here 3710

This payne suffereth alle the yere
 Whan that yere was come to ende
 He was so megere and so vnthende

And so pale and over growe
 That ther ys none on lyfe I trow 3715

Shulde hym haue take for Partanope
 Sho hugely wasteyd away ys he
 This was hys worde melyoure my Joy

Allas I shall neuer see the wyth Ie
 Thus wolde he sey sore weping 3720
 In this wyse he lyeth moring

That alle hys myght ys so clene gone
 He may not ryse from hys bed alone
 Wythouten helpe ne go thre pase
 His songe had bene to ofte alas 3725

Vpon a day this wofull partanope
 Sate on hys bedde and than sayd he
 O fader of heven omnypotent
 That erthe water and firmament
 Madest of noght oo worde 3730

And after in to thys werched worlde
 Sythyst they sonne maketh to take
 And suffredyst hym dey for oure sake
 Send me comfort for they mekenes
 And lete me not perysch in thys destres 3735
 Comfort me be the holy gost

What ys me best lorde thou wel wost
 Thow blyssed modyr and mayden marye
 That Conseyvedyst wyth in they body
 Thy fadyr they sone they creature 3740
 And as softly as a lylly floure

[fol. 49.] Oute of the erthe paynles doth spring
 Ryght so easely lady in Childing
 Thou were delyuered of they savioure
 And broghtest forth that blyssed floure 3745

Ayenst the course of Comyn kynde
 In holy wryt thus Clerke fynde
 And lady as wyssely as I be leve
 In Chyldyng paynfull thow feltest no greve
 Wyth alle hert I beseche the 3750
 In my dessese haue mercy on me

Of my lyfe lady I am full wery
 For alle to longe lyved haue I
 To long lyveth he that doth felony
 Therfore my Joye were for to dey 3755
 I wolde fayne dye and I wylt how
 But the way towarde as now
 I can not fynde So god me save
 ffor I ne haue wyth yoman ne knawe
 That in my possessioun wold leve a knyfe 3760
 Wher wyth I myght vndo my lyfe
 Alas deth what eyleth the
 Why delyuerest thou not the worlde of me
 The flase folke thow hast Joy to save
 Alle the god thow wylt haue 3765
 Robbers traytor thow levyst on lyve
 And such as cast hem nevyr to thryve
 Swych thou sufferyst to haue long lyfe
 That sette here neybors evyr in stryfe
 And lede her lyfe euer in Cursednes 3770
 They be sufferd to haue the swetnes
 Of this world the tother that gode be
 Fro thy Swerd that shulde not fle
 The goode thow shuldest suffre on lyve
 The false thow shuldest Sle as blyve 3775
 Ladyes that fayre bene and vertuos
 To hem thow feerse art and spituose
 And ouer hym redy to take vengeaunce
 The foule vycious thou dost enhauns
 In wordely Joy thou makest hym hye 3780
 Alas fayre Vrak syth that I the sye

[fol. 49.b.] And that ye besyed yow me to clothe
 My lyfe hath syght me be so lothe
 Tho clothes me lyst never to chonge
 This lyfe to me hath bene full straunge 3785
 ffor alle to rent and roten they be
 And wyth that worde Partanope
 ffylle on sowunyng for hevynesse
 He lay ther In long or hyt wyll cese
 Wythouten confort allone was he 3790
 And this wofull man Partanope
 Atte last fro sounyng dyd awake
 He was full seeke I dare vndyr take
 What for Sorow and for wepyng
 Style he sett full long thenking 3795
 How best hymself he myght Slee
 But godde wolde hit shulde so be
 His frendys had hym so in wayte
 ffro wepens kept hym so straye
 That hys purpose myght not be 3800
 Atte bloys performed and than thought he
 To Arderne I wolde go the wyld forest
 Ther may happe som wylde best
 May me devoure and that anon
 Thus purposeth he thedyr to gone 3805
 And that he sayde he that ys false
 To hys love ryght be the halse
 He shulde be honged and a foule deth haue
 Thus in wodenesse he begynneth to rave
 And in this purpose fully stont he 3810
 To Arderen to goo hymself to sle

Myn autoure in fressh gynyth now reprove.
 These olde chekes that treten of love
 That putt in scryture to haue remembrans
 Of old tyme full hye mysgouernauns 3815
 Of women of whom they ofte wrytte
 Full febly and foule of hem endyte
 Ayen whom euer I wolle say nay
 That Clerk ys not on lyve thys day
 That wolde this spyte in this matere 3820
 I shall hym prove a lewde frere
 This Joly syngers comynly be lecherous
 They mow not lyve wyth oute paramors
 And whan hys quene hys to hym vntrew
 And fro hym changeth to a new 3825
 As swyche strompettis al day do
 Than these preestis be so wo
 Her lemmans dedys they put in wryting
 To bryng after in mannes remembryng
 To suppose alle as they were 3830
 And so put men in fere
 To mystrust women alle
 Shuch nyse Clerkes foule hem befallè
 And for her lemmans mysberyng
 Alle other women they have mystrusting 3835
 But these Clerkes that wele ruled be
 Of hem shall nevyr know ne see
 In spech in dede ne be wrytting
 Any thing that myght be reproving
 To women that wele rewled be 3840
 For trewly I sey as for me

[fol. 50.]

In women ys founden all gentylnes
 Trew love and ther to knydenes *
 Bountee beautee and eke plesauns
 Therof I pray god that myschauns 3845
 On hym come that lust to sey |
 Of women evyll for lever to dey
 I had than to be founde in that case
 Praying God to kepe me fro that trespas
 But alle this matere I late now be 3850
 And speke I woll of Partanope

THIS Carfull lover wyth pette
 Pensyfe thought full alle day sytteth he
 And whan hyt drew wele toward eve
 A chyld ther come that in hys sleve 3855

A lofe brought of barleche made
 And in hys hand a pycher he had
 Full of water of the well clere
 This he brought to Partanope sopere

[fol. 50.b.] Partanope was wont to hym speke 3860
 Hyt dyd hym sorow hys hert dyd Breke
 My frende he sayde I shall the say
 I may not fayle hastely to day
 Yf I abyde now longe here
 Fayne wolde I be ellis where 3865

Thow must me helpe yf thow wylt
 I pray the he helpe that I be not spylt
 Thys yong manne wept for very Joy
 Syr your sorow dothe me grete neye
 Fro yow I wol not departed be 3870
 Yf comfort or ease may come be me

* Sic. kyndenes.

And I may do yowen plesauns
 Though hyt be to grete grevauns
 I shall hyt do and be your ease
 Thoght I wyst therfore to lese 3875
 My lyfe and I ensure yow
 And therfore tell pleyhely now
 What ys youre wyll that I do
 Partanope sayde I wolde that thow go
 Whan even cometh and make none aray 3880
 And pryvely gete me a hakeney
 That ys swyft and ryght well ambelyng
 And whan men bene all fast Slepynge
 Than wolde I ryde into the felde
 I wolde that no man me be heelde 3885
 This were to me a full hye comfort
 Alone to haue there my dysport
 And whyle the mone shyneth bright
 There may I play me alle the nyght
 Thou shalt goo wyth me and no moo 3890
 Now loke that this be wysely doo
 Ayenst day wythouten drede
 Homward ayen we woll vs spede
 This Chylde of thys ys Joyfull and gladde
 And for to that hys mayster hym bad 3895
 He ys rysen in hast and forth ys go
 He wolde for ne goode hyt happyd hym so
 Ere he were redy the oure were past
 [fol. 51.] Whiche hys lord hym sett and thefore in hast
 He made redy a fayre ambuloure 3900
 In the even at the same oure

A fayre palfrey wyth hym he ledde
 And broght hyt to hys bedde
 Goode and well ambelyng wythouten nay
 This palfrey was pomely gray 3905
 In hys armes hys mayster he vp toke
 ffro bedde as seyth the frenssh booke
 And in the sadyll Softely he hym sett
 And ryght anone a spore he fett
 And thought that alle thinge was wele 3910
 In hert he was Joyfull and gladde he was
 And forth hys lordes hors he lade
 Wenying that alle thing shulde be ryght wele
 He maketh grete Joy and leveth alle doole
 But all day at ey men mow see 3915
 They joyn of things that wold not be
 PARTANOPE ys now forth goo
 ffro Bloys and ther to come no moo
 He thenketh nevir in alle hys lyfe
 Hys Chylde to hym cometh as blyfe 3920
 Syr sayde he wedyr wol ye ryde
 Here ys a place fast yow be syde
 Where as ye mow wel yow dysport
 That to yow shall be grete comfort
 Vpon the Banke yow to pley 3925
 Of leyre the rever tyll ayen the day
 There shall no man vs aspye
 A thedyr I can yow ryght well gye
 This Childes name ys gyle amoure
 Which for grete love king Sornogoure 3930

Lente hym late to Partanope
 To this entent that he shulde see
 The manere of the reaume of fraunse
 ffor to Sornogoure he was ny Alyaunse
 No forther but of hys Suster bore 3935
 And hys fadyr hyght kinge fabore
 Ryght Curteyse he was and ryght bonayre
 [fol. 51.b.] Semely of persone of vysage fayre
 His name was ffursynne in hys contre
 But hyt maystre and lord Partanope 3940
 Into Gylamoure dyd hyt change
 ffor fursynne was hys name ryght straunge
 And Gylamoure was a grete dele lyght
 ffor Partanope dyd alle hys myght
 To maken hym leve hys hethen lay 3945
 Hys answeere therto was euer nay
 Partanope hym trusteth above alle thing
 ffor euer he was gladde to do his plesyng
 And than he sayde goode Syr wol ye
 Haue goode dysport mow folow me 3950
 Go we to the water of lyere
 Ther shall ye fynde an holsom eyre
 There mow ye play and haue dysport
 To yow hyt shall be an hye comfort
 Partanope fast gan hym beholde 3955
 As he that was full of cares cold
 My frend he sayd me lust not pley
 I purpose me fully for to dey
 ffor into Arderen now wol I goo
 Ther shall be fynsheede alle my woo 3960

Gylamoure than wept tendyrly
 And sayde Sir than woll I
 Into Ardern wyth yow woll goo
 And take my deth wyth yow also
 Nay than sayde Partanope 3965

Thow shalt go home into they contre
 And telle the Vncle king Sornogoure
 How I am lost for euermore
 For I shall dye and thow shalt leve
 My false tresoun ys put in preve 3970
 In so hygh plase I must dede be
 And thow stondeyst not in that degre
 Thow shalt go home and leve in ease
 Thus mayst thow me hyghly please

Syr sayde Gylamoure this may not be 3975

ffor trewly I wol go wyth the

[fol. 52.]

Wheder lyfe or deth me betyde

I wylle renne now by thy syde

Trewly to serve the I was swore

I make no forse of Sir Sornogoure 3980

But for Thow shuldest the more haue me

In trust and eke in cheryte

I am redy wythouten leve

Crysten to be this same day

PARTANOPE stont in grete dyssese 3985

And hys hert somwat ganne apese

When Gylamoure sayd he wold be

Crystened in this wyse thenketh he

I shall hym suffre wyth one wende

Tyll hys Crystenynge be broght to ende 3990

And after I woll full prevyly
 While he slepeth stele away sodenly
 Than to the Chylde sayd Partanope
 Yf thow wylt conuerte and Crystened be
 I wol the trust aboue all thing 3995
 And be ryght galde * of they dwelling
 ffor departe woll we never
 This Covenaut I make wyth the for ever
 And hye the home to Bloys now fast
 And bring wyth the thyn horse in hast 4000
 ffor in this place the woll I abyde
 And thus mow we in the nyght tyde
 Ryde and goode dele on oure way
 Tyll hyt draw nere vpon day
 Thanne in som wode we woll vs rest 4005
 Alle the day this ys the best
 Tylle that derke nyght come ayen
 And than fast woll we fleen
 Tyll we be al my Contre past
 Than shall we of no thing be agast 4010
 But ryde forth opynly all the day
 This Gylamoure sayd not onys Nay
 But forth hys hors than ranne he fast
 And priking ayen he come in hast
 Whan he was come grete peyne had he 4015
 Wyth hys mayster Partanope
 He myght not sytt on hors to ride
 But as Gylamore yede be hys syde
 And heeld hym vp wyth all hys myght
 Thus they Journey forth alle wey by nyght 4020

[fol. 52.b.]

* Sic. gladde.

Tyll they were past the reaume of fraunce
 Than gon they a new purviaunce
 To ryde forth opynly all the day
 For ther was no man that wolde sey nay
 To the thing that hem lust to do 4025
 For forth they ryde both two
 In grete syghing and hevinese
 And so hyt happened to a mese
 At Chirch they hard Rynge
 Partanope ther wyth maketh no lettyng 4030
 But theder Redeth as I devyse
 Ther to here devyne servyse
 Myn autor telleth this Chirch hyght
 The Cherch of Albigys there hit lyght
 THIS wofull man Partanope 4035
 Gylamoure anon to hym calleth he
 And axed hym wylt thow Cristened be
 He hym answeyryth and seyde yee
 Thanne to the Prouost sayd Partanope
 Seest thow this man that stont be me 4040
 Crysten hym anone I the require
 The proust was curteys and debonaire
 And goodely hym Baptized and thatt anone
 The Erle hym lyft from the fonte stone
 And there aforne as seyth myn Auctor 4045
 His name was called Gylamoure
 Anselott named hym Partanope
 And in this wyse Crystened was he
 As syker as deth wythouten nay
 At Albigis they rest hem alle day 4050

Whenne even come they went to rest
 Anselott though hyt was the best
 Whan Partanope hym aslepe wylt
 Alle softely hymself vp rylt
 [fol. 53.] And to his hakeney streyght he went 4055
 Hys sadyll hys brydell in hand he hent
 His hakeney he made redy in hast
 Wyth moche wo and at the last
 Vpon his hakeney poorly he leepe
 And left Anselotte his mane a slepe 4060
 In hast rydeth forth this Partanope
 And in his hert thus thocht he
 I had lever hym thus be scape
 Than other lyon bere or ape
 In the forest shuld hym devoure 4065
 To purchase my deth I woll labour
 Into the forest he taketh his wey
 But Anselot anon as hit was day
 Ganne buske fast oute of his bedde
 And toward his mayster he hym sped 4070
 But when he fonde his mayster go
 Allas he said what shall I do
 My mayster now hath betrayd me
 What ys thi cause Partanope
 What ys thy cause of my deserte 4075
 But now I wote well the paynes smerte
 Of deth in short tyme I mote feele
 But for soth now wote I wele
 Ye brought me hedyr for this fyne
 My god to forsake Apollyne 4080

O this ys a queynt pylgrymage
 ffor I haue forsake in this vyage
 My god for thy loue Partanope
 And yolde me of tresoun a Crysten man to be
 Agreed me fully to thynne acorde 4085
 But now haue I neyther frend ne lord
 ffor to my frendys woll I nevir draw
 I haue forsake now myn owne lord and law
 But I ne recche for I woll go
 Ther as I shall dey also 4090
 But yet I wote Partanope
 The cause why that leftest me
 In this wyse oute of youre Company
 [fol. 53.b.] ffor I shuld now wyth yow dye
 Ned that I shulld noo into the forest 4095
 Yow folow lest som wyld best
 In youre servyce shuld me sle
 For wele I wote truly that ye
 For me now wepe full tendyrly
 And in the same wyse mote I 4100
 Wepe and sorow for yow my lord
 And hastely dye be one acord
 AND wyth thus tenking on hors he lepe
 He thought he had take good kepe
 Of the stappis of his maysters palfrey 4105
 To hold after hym the streyght way
 In hope he shuld hym ouertake
 What shuld I here longe sermoun make
 fforth he pryketh vpon his hakeney
 As long ouer lasted the day 4110

Tyll vpon hymself derke nyght
 And than anon he lost the syght
 Of his maystres hors stepping
 And than anon he fyll on weping
 ffor he myght not ouertake 4115

Hys mayster and furthermore to make
 Of his sorow and of his who
 Alle that mayster now late I go
 ffor hereafter I shall yow leere
 Of hys adventures and ye lust here 4120
 ffor now folly I purpose me

To tell yow forth of Partanope

FORTH now rydeth this Partanope
 Into the forest that never he
 Sparyth to ryde day ne nyght 4125

Tyll he past knowlech and syght
 Of alle hys frendys more and lasse
 Now ys he allone in the wyldernesse
 Amonge wyuerse and serpentes
 Wythoute Craft of experymentes 4130

He passed hem hall wythoute dyssese
 Lo so gan fortune wythouten lese

[fol. 54.]

Gyde a man ryght as her lust
 For he comyng into the forest
 Was among the Serpentis to dye 4135

Yet was there none one cast her ey
 On hym in malece harme to bede
 Thus this lorde throgh hem yode
 Yt there to dye he had made covaunt
 And forth he rydeth euen to the haunt 4140

Where lyouns and beres had her dwelling
 Ther he thought was goode abyding
 Tyll fortune wold schape hym to dey
 He loked asyde and dyd aspye
 Where stode an holow for growen tre 4145
 And of hys hors ryght ther alyght he
 He left his hors to where hym lust
 That nyght he thought ther to rest
 As a thing that where for lete
 The hors yond forthe for vndyr feete 4150
 Hung hys brydell I gylt full bryght
 The day gan passe hit drow to nyght
 Thus nyght did come and day ganne passe
 Ouer a launde that hyght wyth grasse
 Was grow he syght a lyoun come lepyng 4155
 He was lene and large and feerse in loking
 Of flesch he seemed poore and megre
 To take his pray he was full egre
 He had espied Partanopes palfray
 He thoght no ferther to seke hys pray 4160
 Toward the palfrey he hyed fast
 The hors aspyed hym and was agast
 And fast for fere away gan fle
 This lyoun feersly after hym did hye
 And ouer toke hym and that anone 4165
 That flesch and skyn of hys hokebone
 Wyth his pawe dyd arace
 The hors there wyth as god yaf grace
 Wyth hys hynder feete at hym lete flyen
 And cleuyd hys forhed to twene ye yen 4170

He smote the lyon wyth all his myght
 [fol. 54.b.] The lyon ther wyth lost his syght
 Of the hors wythouten naye
 And he wyth this grete affray
 Ganne fast to neye and eke to renne 4175
 As thogh his tayle had bene to brenne
 Through thykke and thyn he hyed hym fast
 Tyll all the forest he was past
 And come vnto the sey strond
 He myght no leng go further for lak of lond 4180
 Vpon this see syde all nyght was trottyng
 This ilke hors and alway neyng
 The mone on heven sate full hye
 Ther was no cloude vpon the Skye
 Encombred of wynde ne of derkenes 4185
 That letted ony poynt of hys bryghtnes
 So gay he sate on his speere
 That all the walkyn of hym was clyere
 And all the Contre wythouten nay
 Was as lyght as hit had be day 4190
 Softe and easy was eke the see
 A man myght ryght wele here see
 ffere on the see and eke on lond
 And vpon the strond Partanopes hakeney stond
 Euer was neyghyng to and to 4195
 And vpon the see hyt happyd so
 A shypp there was be anker rydyng
 After wynde and tyde was hys abydyng
 So calme at that tyme was the see
 No ferther sayle than myght he 4200

In this Ship a mayde ther was
 A fayrer a semelier no where nas
 The worlde to secke rounde aboute
 Ther to sche was wythouten doute
 Ryght Curteys and ther to fre 4205

And of this Shipp chyef lady was she
 Of her was mervayle be god above
 She cowde neuer haue Joy in love
 For of her love was neuer man sure
 Ne paramore loved her no creature 4210

[fol. 55.] This horse I spake of was euer neyng
 And ther to so gretly reboundyng
 Hit made vpon this see so cliere
 Pease sayd this lady me thenketh I here
 An horse ney now how sey ye 4215

And wyth that word all her meyne
 Styll they stode all wysely to here
 And fyrst of all answerd a marynere
 MAROK was his name I hote
 Of Blew of Ipres was hys cote 4220

White hered he was and in wele in age
 In his craft wyse and of dyuerse langage
 He coude Inogh hyt nedyd hym not to lere
 And than he sayd me thenketh that I here
 An hors ney and that ferre henne 4225

Me thynketh hyt shuld be in Arderne
 The grete desert that on the see
 Cost ys ffor hit myght well be
 Som man for grete hevynesse

Or elles som Shypp on the see 4230

Wyth tempest peryschid so myght hit be

Som ther of had now hys lyfe

Be grace the wawes myght hym dryve

And eke hys hors vpon the strond

And bryng both safe to lond 4235

Yf my felaws that here in be

What thynk hit ys lust for to see

Into the bothe streyth woll we gone

The trouth we wyll know ryght Anone

ffor hit to knowe ys not impossible 4240

LORDE mercy sayde this lady bryght

Perlous hit were thedyr in the nyght

To go I wysse ye shulld never escape

ffro berys lyouns and fro malicious ape

So wode so feerse on yow shuld be 4245

On lyve from hym neuer passe shuld ye

Madame sayde this goode marinere

And yow lyst to se dragon or bere

The lyon tygre or the wyld ape

[fol. 55.b.] I dare welle say ye shall wel escape 4250

ffrom hem wythoute bodely harme

ffor truly madame I can a charme

That none of hem shall no power haue

Ones to move or ster so god me save

For thogh we dewllyd * there a yere 4255

Ther shuld neyther lyon ape ne bere

So hardy ones vs to assayll

Than sayd this lady wythouten fayle

Wyth yow I woll go now therfor

* Sic. dwellyd.

And namely when they shall be so tame 4260
 Hem to behold hit were a good game
 Marok sayd I shall yow shew
 Mervales many and not few
 Of lyons apes and eke berys
 Dragons olifautes and gwyers 4265
 Bores wolfes and eke Serpentes
 And shall I wyth myn experymentis
 Make hem be from yow for fere quake
 And whan me lust I hem make
 Ryse and walke where euer hem lust 4270
 Thorw the forest were hem lyketh best
 Than sayd the lady wythouten lye
 This ys a passyng fayre maystre
 Haue she sayd the bote anone
 Oute of the Shippe for I wyll gone 4275
 Streyght into this wyld forest
 To se all mervelous bestis
 Oute of the Shipe goth the bothe anon
 The lady and her meynee is gone
 As many as She myght well trust 4280
 Of hem that cowde row best
 Now fast Rowe they on the strond
 They sesyd neuer tyll they come to lond
 Whan they on the lond aryved were
 They Cowde not fynde certayn ne heere 4285
 Neyther horse ne man ne other Creature
 Of her desyre were they not sure
 The lady sayd what may this be
 [fol. 56.] No thing that lyfe bereth can we not se

Therwyth she comaundeth ryght anon 4290
 Certeyn of her meyne for to gone
 Ayen to Ship her mule to fette
 And this was do wythouten lette
 MARAK dyd hys inchaungimetis
 Anone the dragons and serpentis 4295
 And all other bestis wythouten nay
 Which his charme dyd so affray
 They myght not stere they cowde no good
 Marak anon dyd entre the wode
 The mayde hym shewed and that anon 4300
 And alle her meyne now euerychone
 Maruk shewed here grete lyouns
 Berys apes and also grysouns
 Dragons Wyuers and eke serpens
 That be craft of hys experymentis 4305
 Oute of her place durst not steere
 This yong lady dyd neyght hem nere
 Of hem to behold the manere
 Her hert of hem gan no thing feere
 These bestis they beheeld by and by 4310
 And at the last they dyd asspye
 Where a lyon lay new dede
 Wyth blode enbroweded his hede
 And fresh I slayn there he lay
 And not ferre fro hem the seygh the palfray 4315
 Sadeled redy wher of the arson
 All blody was and eke hys crowpoun
 Than seyde Maruk I am certayn
 This blode ys of hym that hath slayn

This lyoun truly wythouten more 4320
 And eke the man ys hurt full sore
 And after him I wol folow the trace
 And madame ye shull in this place
 Abyde and we shull sew forth this blode
 Partanope in the holow tre stode 4325
 Hem beholdyng there fast by
 This lady he beheeld wytterly
 [fol. 56.b.] And whan he had her long beholde
 Hys hert wyth in hym gan to cold
 And ther wyth he syked peteusly 4330
 This lady that stode hym fast by
 In hert thoght She thanne
 The syght truly was of a man
 And softly She hym come nere
 And what for hastynes and for fere 4335
 His heede down on hys brest he cast
 Of hym somewhat She was agast
 Wyth here his vysage was ouergrow
 And he was full pale of hew
 This colour were they that love trew 4340
 Yet was he of bones large and longe
 ffeble megre and nothing strong
 At the last of hym She had a syght
 And than She thought be God Almyght
 This man thenketh hymself for doo 4345
 Some caytyfe lost for care and woo
 My frend She sayde god the see
 To her no word speke wold he

A lytyll heygher than spake She
 All myghty god now save thee 4350
 And ther wyth he held he hed on hye
 And yow allso he sayd fayre lady
 Syr she sayd for the lordes love
 That all thyng maketh and sytteth above
 Tylle me what his thynne hevynes 4355
 And what ys cause of they destresse
 And why thou art so megre and pale
 And of they wo vnboole thy male
 And tell me all the verry trouth
 Me thenketh of thee ys grete youthe 4360
 LADY sayd thys Partanope
 I crye yow mercy late me be
 And late be all your coniuryng
 For here euer Shall be myn abydyng
 Goth hens and late me styll be 4365
 Tyl som best have devoured be me
 Grete petee had this lady bryght
 Doune of her mule anon She lyght
 On foote ther wyth to hym She come
 And of hys cheere grete kepe She nome 4370
 And whan She had of hym take kepe
 ffor verray pyte She gan to wepe
 And than She sayd for goddes loue haue mercy
 On they self and now tell me why
 Thow art here and what dyssese 4375
 Ys to the fall for yet som ease
 Such cause myght be I may the do
 Wold god sayd he ye wold now go

[fol. 57.]

fforth youre way and lat me be
 In Short tyme God wold send me 4380
 More dyssese than I haue yet
 ffor I haue welle deserved yt
 Of foule and euell deth to dye
 I haue deserved and therfor I
 Desyre now wyse to haue comfort 4385
 Ne to myne ease neuer make resort
 Deth I seeke myght I hym fynde
 He wold not se me I trow he ys blynde
 And therfore lady now late me be
 Goth forth your wey and shew your melyer 4390
 Nay sayd the lady that woll I not do
 I wolle never departe the fro
 Tyll they name thow hast told me
 Than woll I go and late the be
 And ryght even as thow lyst 4395
 And sone I am seker som wylde best
 Shall come and devoure the
 ffro hem I wote thow mayste not fle
 LADY he sayd ryght fayre ye be
 But wot I never where that ye 4400
 Be wyse or maynden wythouten doute
 But be the meyne that ys yow aboute
 Me thenketh of grete and hygh degre
 [fol. 57.b.] Be resson borne shuld ye be
 And ye a wondyr occupacion haue 4405
 So long to stond here be a knave
 A brothell and oute cast fro all thyng

To hold wyth suche felonye
 I were ryght worthy for to dye
 On a rope vndyr a galow tre 4410
 What shuld a lady of your degre
 Wyth such on hold ony talkyng
 Hyt were more fayre to hold your walkyng
 But syth ye lust to know my name
 All thow to me hyt be a shame 4415
 I shall yow telle now as hyt ys
 A false traytor ys my name I wysse
 That I be called So ys grete Skylle
 Ye mow go walke whan ye wylle
 And I never the wyser of your name 4420
 Than Answerd the lady be Seynt Jame
 My name I woll thou know wele
 And of my kynred yf thow wylt feele
 My fadyr was on Emperoure
 Which in hys tyme bare the floure 4425
 Of knythode Also he was ryght wyse
 My suster also ys an empresse
 And I quene and haue in hond
 All a kyngedome and thow I stond
 Here thus poorly and speke wyth thee 4430
 Yet wepe full sore thow hast made me
 But treson I hate and yt forsake
 My ryght name for sothe ys Vrake
 Whenne he herd so her name
 He knew her wele and than for shame 4435
 His coloure changed and all hys hew
 His grete sorow gan to renew

And ther wyth all he wex so mate
 That the ground he ffyll flatt
 On swonne anon wythouten more 4440
 Vrak than be heeld hym sore
 Wyth in short tyme wele knew She
 [fol. 58.] That hyt was Partanope
 In armes She hent hym anon ryght
 And comforted hym wyth her myght 4445
 A lord She sayde omnypotent
 This man hymself hath foule Shent
 Loke vp looke vp Partanope
 Where ys youre fresch colour quod she
 Be come that was som tyme rose rede 4450
 And now ys pale as Asshen dede
 Why be your clothes thus to tore
 I haue sey yow here before
 ffull fressh arayed wythouten drede
 Of all her wordes toke he non hede 4455
 Than of hys deth She gan to fere
 And than She cryed lowd in hys ere
 A tale that shuld be to hym plesyng
 Anone She forged a fayre lesyng
 And than she Sayd fayre Partanope 4460
 My lady my Suster hath sent me
 Yow to seke many a myle
 But Blyssyd be thylke whyle
 That at thys tyme I haue yow founde
 Aboute fraunce I haue sought yow rounde 4465
 She hath well assayed your trouthe
 And of your sorow now hath She routhe

There fylle for sothe a foule myschaunce
 But now she knoweth your repentaunce
 And the sorow that ye haue take 4470
 She hath Chosyn yow to her make
 Hyr loue hyr lorde hyr soverayne
 I haue told yow the trouthe pleyne
 Lete be youre wepyng hyt ys but nysete
 To laugh ryght grete cause haue ye 4475
 Ryse vp fast and come wyth me
 A place I haue where that yee
 Shuld be kept full pryvely
 My sustrs castell ys fast by
 Away thys these herys shall be shave 4480
 Goode mete and drynk ye shall haue
 [fol. 58.b.] And good bathes of erbes Sweete
 Than wyth my suster shul ye mete
 Goth no ferther youre helth to sech
 For mysellf shall be your leche 4485
 And I woll in no wyse that yee
 Be seyn of none creature but me
 Of man ne woman grome ne page
 Tyll the blode into your vysage
 And fressh coloure become ayen 4490
 Than I woll folk yow seen
 AND wyth that word Partanope
 A dedely ye on her cast he
 And sodenly from her hys ye dyd fall
 And peteously he sayde wyth alle 4495
 Wyth symple voyse and hert cold
 To Vrak he sayd that ye haue told

Dare I leve wyth full entent
 That my lady hath hyr maletalent
 Me forgyfen and so vtterly 4500
 Syth that I haue so traytoursly
 Wyth oute cause dyd her grete Shame
 And made her lost her goode name
 Lord wher She wete now fayre Vrak
 That I thus moche sorow haue take 4505
 For the tresoun and the foule falsenes
 That I her dyd and thus her kyndenes
 Haue I euell quytte lord where She
 In ony wyse cowde haue mercy on me
 Syr She sayd to yow to lye 4510
 Hit were to me grete vylanye
 Ye ought to know her as well as I
 She cowde not suffre now truly
 Yow to long to be in hevynesse
 She ys so full of gentylnesse 4515
 To her sayd than Partanope
 I beleeeve now sothely all that yee
 Haue me sayde ys verray trouth
 Her hert ys full of pytee and Routhe
 ffor in this world I yow ensure 4520
 Was neuer broght forth creature
 More haboundant in woman hede
 ffor in her found I wyth oute drede
 Curtayse feodam and gentylnesse
 Bount mercy and eke mekenesse 4525
 ffor ther ys now no man on lyfe
 The grete godenesse cowde destroye

[fol. 59.]

That here a fore She dyd to me
 Whan my seruyse She had in cheertee
 Therfore that ye haue send Vrak 4530
 Fully I beleve and therfore take
 Me all holy into your gouernaunce
 For yt I haue full goode remembraunce
 Haue gentyll and how curtayse ye were
 To me whan I my lady deere 4535
 Your Suster had So foule betrayd
 And for feere was so dysmayed
 Of her meyne whan they me Sought
 Than throw hem all ye me brought
 And helpe me wele out of that contre 4540
 This ys the Secund tyme that ye
 Haue saved fro horryble deth
 Therfore whyle me lasteth breth
 Your seruauant for euer wyll I be
 Syth my lyfe ye haue thus in chyerte 4545
 And forth wyth yow now woll I go
 I am ouer come wyth febylnesse
 ffor be the rootes of the grasse
 Syth I come hedyr haue be my levyng
 On knees and elbowys as now my goyng 4550
 I haue no power to goo thre pase
 My song may be Allas Allas
 VRAK of hym had grete petee
 Tendyrly for hys woo wept she
 And sayd this was a grete crueltee 4555
 Of my Suster to ordeyn that ye

Shuld be brought in thys forest
 To leewe be erbes as doth a beste
 In this She I dyd She had no resoun
 [fol. 59.b.] Why sayde he I dyd her tresoun 4560
 Where fore I haue deseruyd wele
 Euer to lyve in care and doule
 Tyll that her lust ys to for yeve me
 ffor as she woll so mote hyt be
 Hedyr I brought an ambeler gray 4565
 Full late he was here fast by
 Full leene and megre now ys he
 I trow he ys fledde to the see
 Yf ony body hym hydyr wold fett
 Vpon hym I myght wele sett 4570
 Than myght I streyght ryde forth with yow
 But wyth all myn hert I pray yow now
 To euery wyght hyt vnknow be
 That my name ys now Partanope
 And late me pryvely som where sorgeroun 4575
 Where no man shall se me morne
 Ne that my lady me neuer see
 To haue the mene despyte of me
 Sertes sayd this goode Vrak
 All thys I dare well vndyrtake 4580
 As they were spekyng of thys aray
 They sey where come hys Palfray
 Anon to her thys hors was fett
 And Partanope on hym was sett
 Streyght to the bote bothe they ryde 4585
 Calme was the see fayre was the tyde

The booth wyth good wyll they row echone
 Thus at the Shypp they were anone
 In goth Vrak and Partanope
 And in cometh after all the meyne 4590
 Vrak Marak to her dyd calle
 Whych lond ys next vs of all
 Seyth She mow tell vs blyve
 There I wold wyth myth aryve
 Madame sayth Maruk truly 4595
 Here ys an ile but fast us by
 The lond of Salence men do hit call
 The lond ys next vs now of all
 [fol. 60.] To Maruk sayd this goode Vrak
 In all the hast I pray the mak 4600
 They Shypp redy in all degree
 That vndyr sayle in hast we be
 Maruk byddyth hys men a pase
 Goo hye yow fast to the wyndase
 And pull the ankre vp in hast 4605
 The sayle ther wyth adoune he cast
 A bettyr Shipp myght no man fynde
 At sayle at wedyr and at wynde
 At wyll they had I yow plyght
 And forth they sayle all that nyght 4610
 Safe and sound wythouten nay
 To Solence they come be that day
 Gan shew and the sonne gan spryng
 SOLENCE ys but a lytell Ile
 Of lenght hyt ys not over a myle 4615

Mor than hyt ys now of brede
 A contre of plentousnesse as I rede
 ffull of all manere swete delytes
 There groweth ther in dyuerse spices
 Of corn and flesch there ys grete plente 4620
 Venysoun fresch fysch ther lakketh no deynte
 Wode medew large in lengthe
 Rounde aboute in hys streyght
 Short tale to make wythouten more
 The emprise fayre Melioure 4625
 Yafe hyt her suster goode Vrak
 To that entent ther yn to tak
 Hyr plesyng whyle and her dysport
 Amonge whan she wold thedyr resort
 In this Ile She had a fayre castell 4630
 Strong walled aboute and dyched well
 So erely in that mornynge
 Whan She was loded She made bryng
 Thedyr so pryvyly Partanope
 There of wylt no lyfe but only She 4635
 And wold in no wyse suffre hym morone
 Ther She sayd he shuld sogerorne
 [fol. 60.b.] She made hym haue all maner delyte
 Wyth in a whyle he gan haue apetyte
 To mete and drynke and eke to rest 4640
 What he wold haue he had the best
 Sorow had hym enfebled so sore
 Many of hys herys were waxen hore
 Lyast she made hym of a certayn asche
 And ofte hys hede therwyth dyd waysshe 4645

The coloure amendyd than howgely
 And therto She fayned pryvely
 Letters as they thogh had be
 Sent ffor her suster to Partanope
 Of love endyted So wele and goodely 4650
 That he gan wex all fresch and lusti
 The coloure in hys vysage gan fast amend
 To be thus releevyd he neuer so wend
 Of hym no man I dare vndyrstand
 Had knowlech safe onely Vrake 4655
 And a maynden that was fayre and free
 Borne of hye and noble degre
 A king was her fadyr hyr modyr a quene
 Cosyn to Vrak so brygh and sheen
 Vrak her loved full passyngely 4660
 She was ryght fayre and ther to goodely
 THIS mayndens name was Persewysse
 ffayre shap she was and eke wyse
 ffree in gyffying curteyse in dolyans
 She cowde well harpe synge and daunse 4665
 But of love toke she non heede
 ffor who so wold wythouten drede
 To her spek of such matere
 Of her shuld he haue no good cheyre
 Her hert that tyme was such aplyte 4670
 In such dalyaunce wold she not spende
 Her speh But hereafter she may amend
 As seyth myn autor full hardely She
 Dyd hyt not onely for Chastite

Thogh She louyd neyther to kysse ne rage 4675
 All this was but tendre ne of age
 [fol. 61.] Wherefor myn autor seyth truly
 She shuld hereafter more sharpely
 Of loues dartes feele the pryking
 Which shuld her wyttes full sone bring 4680
 ffor euer to forsake her Chastite
 ffor comonly hyt ys not seyn they be
 Herborured togedyr now moo plase
 Beawte and Chastyte for ouer grete spase
 They wold take as tellyth myn auctor me 4685
 ffor truly he sayth how that they be
 Two contraries togydyr to dwelle
 ffor the tone wol away the other shall
 ffor that woman that hath grete beaute
 And spendyth her lyfe in chastite 4690
 ffayreness or hyr ys evyll be sett
 ffor chastyte in no wyse shuld be knytt
 To beaute for thy mow neuer acorde
 To gedyr in plesauns to serbe the world
 ffor She that lyveth in Chastyte 4695
 Whan folk play than lowreth she
 She hath no Joy of myry dalyauns
 Late her go forth wyth myschauns
 And beaute of her neuer take heede
 Ye mow not acorde wythouten drede 4700
 ffor beaute louyd all gentylnesse
 Honoure noble and largenesse
 ffayre speh and ther to full of plesauns
 Louyng both pley to syng and dauns

Chastyte putteth beaute oute of aray 4705

She wyll never suffre her be fresh and gay

But shadows here euer wyth mornynge cheyre

Of her hath She a full lewde feere

ffor beaute desyreth to haue the coloure

Of the fayre freysh Rose flour 4710

And loueth also to lyve in Jolyte

Desyryng to haue hye prosperyte

But that soule that may not haue

To her love neyther knyght ne knave

Gentyllman ne yoman of no degre 4715

[fol. 61.b.] Late her than lyve in chastyte

Betther a grett dele than She doth me

For yf I speke to her of ony love

Be god that sytteth in hevyn above

To me She answeyrd so Shortely 4720

That of hyr wordis abasshed am I

For wan I wold som tyme in counsayle

Shew myn hert to her som dele

She answered me in wordis so hye

I had as lyef my counsayll crye 4725

In london at the crosse in chepe

She gyffeth me cause after to wepe

Than for to lagh thys ys no nay

And som tyme whan that I assay

To gyf her ayeft broch or rynge 4730

That woll She not take for no thyng

Thus rude ys chastyte and not curtayse

She hath me grevyd in meny wyse

But now I woll late all ladyes be
And tell forth of Partanope 4735

PARTANOPE hath now forsake
The wod wons lyfe and hath hym take
To the gouernauns all fully
Of fayre Vrak and of Pursewy
And they be redy I yow plyght 4740
Hym to comfort wyth all her myght
Both hym washe and ley hym soft
She hym feyned lettres full oft
Of comfort endyted So goodely
And bere an hond that truly 4745

They were hym sent fro Melioure
To heele hys wound that greved hym sore
Sertis dobletts they lett make hym fyne
Gownes of Sckarlet and eke of satyn
Hym lakked no thyng that myght hym plese 4750
Full glad they were hym to Ese

And thorw her gret cheryssyng
He wex fresch lusty and lykyng
And of his lettres toke grete comfort

[fol. 62.] Which were feyned to hym for dysporte 4755

Where not this ladyes foule to blame
Thus to lye and make hym game
Of melyours letters and sayd She hym sent
Which on nether syde was ment

But blame worthy were they none 4760
Syth for the best yt was done
But at the last thorw her dysport
Her fayre cheyre her feyned comfort

He gan gedyr to hym fast flesch and blode
 And wex lusty that by my hoode 4765
 Whan Vrak beheeld aboute ryght wysely
 His fresch colour hys persone so semely
 She ganne so nye fall wyth hym in dotage
 Saue that wysdome resceyued corage
 And thought on her Suster Melyoure 4770
 How truly he loued her and done yore
 Yt was She thought but nysytee
 And all that fantasy She late be
 Persewyse stode on the Same degree
 ffor She whan dalyaunce wyth Partanope 4775
 Hys parte hys manere become so wele
 That thow hert had be made of stele
 No wondyr hyt was thoght hyt dyd mylt
 The fyre of love so made ys swelt
 In lovyng of this Partanope 4780
 That all most foryete was chastyte
 Saue that wele She wyst and knew
 To this lady Melioure he was so trew
 That thogh she lovyd hyt myght not avayle
 And thoght hit was but lust travayle 4785
 Thow hete of love her hert dyd feynte
 Wyth wyse abydyng the fyre She queynte
 Thus seyth the Auctor after whom I wryt
 Bllame not me I must endyte
 As nye after hym as I can or may 4790
 Be hyt sothe or lese I can not say
 But now I lett this Partanope
 And Persewyse this maynden free

[fol. 62.b.] To gedyr in dalyauns to haue in fre
 ffor ys come a messangre 4795
 ffro the empresse Melioure
 T' Vrak her suster for wondyr sore
 She desyreth wyth her to spek
 Vrak in no wyse wyll not brek
 Thys grete ladyes comaundement 4800
 After her Shypmen now fast She sent
 And chargeth hem her Shyp be redy fast
 To see She woll go in all hast
 Vrak that ys both redy and wyse
 Ys not aferd thogh Persewyse 4805
 At her castell leve wyth Partanope
 ffor nedys cost leve most She
 On wyth hym that knoweth the counsayll
 Of Persewyse She wot ys no perell
 ffor She ys wyse redy and stedfast 4810
 The lasse of her She ys agast
 How longe from home She euer abyde
 Her Shypp ys redy fayre ys the tyde
 Leve She taketh of Partanope
 To her Shypp now streyght goth She 4815
 fforth sayled Vrak thys mayden free
 In grete thought of Partanope
 Vrak wepyng gretly at her departyng
 Partanope prayed hyr aboue all thyng
 She wold sone come to hym ayen 4820
 Therof seyde She wold I be fayne
 Vrak hath were at poynt devyse
 ffull glad and mery ys Persewyse

fforth sayleth Vrak vpon the see
 And in Short tyme aryved ys she 4825
 At cheyf de oyre where as Melioure
 Her fayre suster hath dwelled yore
 Now arne these Sustres mett in feere

NEYTHER to other mak good cheyre
 Tapyttes and cushions to hem be fett 4830
 In an erbre full greene be they sett
 There alone to take her dalyaunse

[fol. 63.] I trow they lust nether syng ne daunse
 ffor Melioure gan ano to wepe
 Her suster Vrak tok grete kepe 4835
 Of her maner gouernauns

Her thought thys maner of dalyans
 Was nyse what her suster ment
 She wyst not the verrey entent
 Of her suster that wept so sore 4840
 And at the last fayre Melioure

Of her wepyng ganne abrayde
 And to her suster thus She sayde
 Vngracious am I be god above
 That euer I was encombred to love 4845

Hyt hath She sayd me noeyd full sore
 But of this matere speke we no more
 To her answered fayre Vrak
 Trewly I neuer knew your make
 ffor wele I wot be god above 4850

All your wepyng ys for love
 Ye wold fayne hyde hyt fro me
 And thys fugure your nysetee

But ye can not that experyment
 I know to wele your entent 4855
 Love wold make yow fayne to speke
 But than cometh drede and maketh yow breke
 Your tale and that ys hye foly
 ffor syster ye wote ryght wele that I
 Loue yow aboue all ertyly thyng 4860
 And gladly wold do your plesyng
 Be god quod thys lady that ys not so
 ffor oft tymes haue ye me do
 Wyth your wordis full grete dissese
 And yow full lytyll me dysplese 4865
 Wordys of reprofe ye haue sayd many one
 To me and therto ayere ys full gone
 Or more syth ye last sygh me
 Where come yee but a lytyll pardee
 ffor soth sayd Vrak hyt ys ago 4870
 More than xij monthes tha we two
 To gedyr in ony place mett
 A cause ther was that me dyd lett
 For the last tyme that ye sye me
 Or I yow for soth Partanope 4875
 Was here wyth yow in thys place
 And for hys trespass I neyghed your grace
 Ye deyned in no wyse to here me
 ffor wepyng or knelyng more than I had be
 A straunger to yow and no thyng kynne 4880
 Thys made me vtterly fro yow fleene
 So vngodely chere ye made me
 I toke my Shyp and went to se

[fol. 63.b.]

To haue passed may a straunge strond
 And to se the wondres of many lond 4885
 And herd such tydynges that lyketh not me
 ffor trewly your owne love Partanope
 Ye made lost hys wytt for aye
 Thys ys verray soth wythouten nay
 So moch sorow for yow he hath take 4890
 Horn wode he renneth for your sak
 ffor hym me nede no more to pray
 Ne for hym knele but oo thyng I say
 Gete yow another love for he ys gone
 Hyt shall be long or ye gete such one 4895
 And syth ye haue do so to hym
 Thus ye worshyp gretly your kynne
 Thys ys the cause that I haue yow fleed
 Partanope in this world ys but dede
 WHAN the lady herd Partanope 4900
 ffor loue of her wode ranne he
 Aboute her hert she flet such payne
 Much wo she had hir to restreyne
 Fro swonnyg for loth was she
 That her hevynesse aspyed shuld be 4905
 Of Vrak her suster that was her dere
 But yet wyst Vrak wele be her chere
 And her coloure bryght and rede
 That was chaunged into pale and dede
 That for loue was all her hevynesse 4910
 Yt Meliour dyd all her besynes
 To grete ayen her fressh hew
 Her dedely coloure dyd renew

And to her suster dyd she spek
 And somwaht her hert to her breke 4915
 SVSTER She sayd hyt may wele be
 In grete dyssese lyeth Partanope
 And yf he were to me as cheere
 As euer he was I coude yow leere
 To make hym as hole as euer he was 4920
 That euer I hym knew I may say alas
 So falsely as he hath betrayed me
 Causeles suster that wote now ye
 Yt for your love noght for thye
 A modecyn I shall yow tech redely 4925
 That shall in hast and hole hym make
 To her answered anon Vrak
 Nay fayre suster be seynt John
 Ther to haue I ryght leyser none
 Hele hym your self yf that ye lust 4930
 Ye know medycynes that bene best
 ffor I know wele and so do ye
 In fraunce before was Partanope
 A man we be louyd and grete estate
 And youre love hath made hym chek mate 4935
 Ye loued hym fryst to say theroth
 Suster therof ye may haue routh
 Be craft of flas nygromansy
 Hedyr yee hym brought full cursedly
 And in your servyse he come ne hade 4940
 He shuld not now haue ronne madde
 Suster he loued yow two yere and more
 He saw yow neuer trow ye not sore

Hyt grevyd hym yes so mote I thee
 Alle day wythoute company to be 4945
 And neuer to spek wyth yow but in the nyght
 And yet of yow than to haue no syght
 Thogh after be hys counsayll he
 Shope hym fully yow to see
 [fol. 64.b.] What clepe ye this shulld thys be treson 4950
 Me thenketh in thys haue ye no reson
 But dyscrescion now telleth me
 He loued yow better than euer ye
 Dyd hym thys ys wythouten doute
 As a wyld wy best renneth he non heede 4955
 Ne of slepe wythouten drede
 Which of yow now hath betrayed other
 Ye hym for and he were my brother
 And he hadde hys wytt agayne
 O thyng wold I counsayll hym certeyn 4960
 In loue he shuld neuer do yow seruyce
 He leueth not that can devyse
 A persone to haue more semelynesse
 More beaute more streyght more largesse
 Than he hadd and ye suster melyoure 4965
 That haue made hym lost and much more
 Of thys ye may make a fayre avaunt
 Yett Somwhat me thenketh ye be repent
 Wepe now a lytell I yow pray
 God for now euer I now Reney 4970
 Yf for hym make I request
 To yow and som tyme no gretter fest

In no wyse ye cowde haue mada * me
 Than of hys sorow to haue had pyte
 But of my prayer toke he no heed 4975
 Ther for Suster so god me sped
 And ye woll hym hele or ellis fynde
 Go seeke hym vndyr the wode lynde
 There he rennyth wode as ony hare
 But no forse I woll neuer care 4980
 ffor yow ne for hym whyle I leve
 Whan meliour herd this grete reprove
 That Vrak her suster to her hath told
 Her hert wyth in her body gan to cold
 And thought her love Partanope 4985
 ffor euer in thys world lost hath She
 SUSTER sayd fayre melioure
 The cause that I wepe so sore
 [fol. 65.] ffor Partanope hit ys not sykerly
 But I shall telle yow the cause why 4990
 Suster syth ye were last wyth me
 Here hath bene a grete assemble
 Of kynges Erllys and eke barons
 And alle that held castellis and townes
 Or ony other lordshyp of me 4995
 Alle they were at that assymble
 Of all her counseyll thys was the acorde
 That I must algate haue a lord
 Som sayd the emperoure of spayne
 And som seyde for neere alliaunce 5000
 I shuld haue the kyng of fraunce

* Sic. made?

But Shortely to telle at oo word
 Alle these lordys myght not A cord
 To ony of these thre persones
 They fyll at travers all at ones 5005
 Some speeke shortely of hym of spayne
 And some heeld no thyng wyth almayn
 Of the kyng of fraunce they toke non bred
 Thus they departed wythouten drede
 Than was ther a knyght hyght Armeus 5010
 A semely persone for the nonys
 Long and broode and bygge of bones
 He was no man of grete lyfelode
 He passyd many man in manhode
 He was ronne wele in yerys 5015
 His hede was full of whyte herys
 A man he was hold of grete renoun
 Men toke heede gretly of hys resoun
 LORDYNGES he sayd and hyt be your plesyng
 To gefe audience to myn spekyng 5020
 To all that of thys counsayll be
 Myn entent I pray yow here and se
 I am well ronne vpe in age
 Not borne of hye lenage
 Yet an old proverbe sayd ys all day 5025
 Of a foole a wyse man may
 Take wytt this ys wythouten drede
 Sey on sayd all now god the speede
 Lordynges he seyde wythouten fayle
 I am not able yow to counsayle 5030

[fol. 65.b.]

ffor who shall a counsayll yeve
 Hym hys goode to be ware of reprove
 Lest men sey he ys worthy no wage
 He counsayled this for hys owne avauntage
 Lordyngs the entent of my matere 5035
 I wyll yow tell yf ye lust to here
 Taketh ye in no wyse for counsayle
 But hef ye thynk yt may not Avayle
 Hereth yt and than ley hyt Asyde
 Ye wote wele how large and wyde 5040
 My ladyes lordshyppes lye here aboute
 To yow hit ys not in grete doute
 Ther ys no lord that now ys heere
 But he ys in lond A marchere
 To som of lords afore sayd 5045
 Eche of hem therfore wold be wyll payde
 To haue hym a kyng to whom he ys marcheyre
 Of hym to haue the better lordeship and cheere
 Eche man for his avauntage doth chese
 Full lytell heed toke they of my lades ese 5050
 Thys ys no reson me thenketh be my lyfe
 I woll make an end of all thys stryfe
 And taketh goode heede what I shall sey
 I shall shew yow a mene wey
 My lady ys of grete honoure 5055
 And of beaute she beryth the floure
 Of all women this wote wele ye
 That in this world I trow be
 She ys therto but ryght tendyr of age
 Many Cyte castell and poor vyllage 5060

That be vndyr the gouernaunce
 Many a poor man may she Avaunce
 Of lordis of knyghtis eke She ys so strong
 That no man may do her no wrong
 Wherefore me thenketh that reson wold 5065
 Hyr soueraygne lorde chose she shold
 And yff She chese a lord for rychesse
 Yf he lak manhode and prowesse
 This myght be myschyf to vs all
 Or hyt myght elles so be falle 5070
 She chese A man of smale degree
 So a gentylman born that he be
 ffre curtayse stable and debonayre
 Strong well shapen of vysage fayre
 Manly trew frendly wyth to dele 5075
 Such a man shuld do ryght wele
 Yf such were found be hyr owne chesyng
 To vs thys myght neuer be reproving
 And how thys myght Inne brought be
 I shall yow tell as thenketh me 5080
 At Wytsonyde the next yere
 Be wrytt late be charged to be here
 Marchauntis of all maner degree
 That of the queen hold ony maner fee
 Where they be free or ellis bounde 5085
 Wyth her marchaundyse vpon the strond
 And that a fayre holden be
 Of marchaundyse of all maner degree
 And xv days hyt shall be holden here
 Ther shall no man no custome bere 5090

[fol. 66.]

To the fayris avauntage this gretely shall be
 Also peas throw all the Contree
 Be cryed ffor straunger as we devysyn
 They pycches vp her boothis and ther yn good wynd
 Shall be to sell hyt may not fayle 5095
 There most be plentee of all vytayle
 Hors armor that longeth to chevalry
 Wele beten trappures steedys to the wey
 Sheldes speres peyntyd full gay
 Sadelles helmes of all maner assay 5100
 That longeth to turnyng may not be behynde
 To be sold men must there redy fynde
 Be than pore men her boothys vp haue
 Hir goode ther In for to save
 And eke grete marchauntis her pauylon 5105
 [fol. 66.b.] Hyt shall seme a ryght wele fayre town
 On the other syde ordenyd mote hit be
 Herewdes to ryde in every contree
 That be vndyr crysten lay
 To proclayme vpon what day 5110
 A ryall turnement here than shall be
 And yt shall lest days thre
 Also to warne eche worthye knyght
 To shew her knyghthode and her myght
 And how the turnement shall be gynne 5115
 Who so euer happe the gree to wyne
 A monday next after the fayre day
 And alle the ferre straungers wythouten nay
 Shuld be herbored on thys syde
 In the fayre that all the other shall abyde 5220

In the dongeon for more suertee
 Be her also most sytt there
 The lordys all that shull bere
 The charge of the ryghtfull Jugement
 Who that shall haue gree of the turnament 5125
 The days thys turnement shall fast
 On the fourth dayes the Jugees must cast
 Which do best to haue the gree
 Of these must vj or seven be
 Chosen oute of the worthyest 5130
 And whiche my lyketh best
 Hym She must take for her souerayne
 And here on this medew fayre and playn
 The turnement holden shall be
 That my lady and the Jugees may se 5135
 Hedyr shall come many a fayre merchaunt
 Fro Venyse ffro Ipers and fro gaunt
 To wynne vpon her marchaundyse
 Of the turnement eke to haue the pryse
 Hedyr wyll come many A worthy knyght 5140
 And this woll be A ryall syght
 Lordynges sayd arnulus what say ye
 My tale ys told and yf not be
 Agreahyll vnto all youre entent
 In yow lyeth now amendement 5145

[fol. 67.]

WHAN ernulus had hys resoun sayd
 The lordys therto agreed and were apayd
 Thus here shall be thys Inturnement
 And I am assented to here entent

Whych suster to me ys grete sorow . 5150
 Whan I thenke theron even and morow
 I must nedis falle in moche syghing
 Also goode suster of my wepyng
 This ys the cause and not Partanope
 But fayre suster I woll that yee 5155
 In thys mater know all my wyle
 To love Partanope I haue more skylle
 Than ony of tño that they woll chese
 Grete sorow must I haue thus to lese
 My love my Joy my Partanope 5160
 For truly suster he must nedis be
 Moost in my thought whyle I am a lyve
 To yow alholly I do me schryfe
 Ey god help sayd good Vrak
 What voman of yow may I make 5165
 Ye be me thenketh full vnstable
 Youre hert ys euer chaungeable
 I haue grete mervayle be god above
 Ye can Partanope both hate and love
 And that at ones and in oo day 5170
 Grete Joy of yow haue I may
 Yett for lytell your hert cowde chaunge
 I trow fro hym and love A straunge
 Whan Melior herd Vrak her blame
 And to her sayd so moche shame 5175
 ffor sorow she wyst not what to do
 But wept as thogh her hert a two
 Shulld haue brost and ther wyth She
 Leyde her doune on her susters kne

Longe After She sayd full peteusly 5180
 Vrak good suster I crye yow mercy
 And for goddis love now counsayll me
 My loue to haue I myght best be
 [fol. 67.b.] Governed for fully in yow I trust
 And eke ye can counsayl me for the best 5185
 SUSTER sayd Vrak as thenketh me
 Ye haue sett youre self in good degree
 And as now most for youre best
 Ye now chese whom yken ye lest
 Of suche compleccioun ye mow take 5190
 Of broune of bloye or ellis of blak
 As ye most to youre plesaunce
 Wherefore desyr ye a fayre chaunce
 GOODE Suster sayd than melior
 Ye make my hert wondyr sore 5195
 And hardyly suster grete synne haue ye
 Thus vngodely to rehetete me
 Grete synne hath that lyst dysplese
 A lady for love lyeth in desese
 That ys soth sayd good Vrak 5200
 Hyt ys grete almes I dare vndyrtake
 A lady to sle a gentyll knyght
 That lovyth her truly wyht all hys myght
 Than sayde the lady I fele wele
 In loves daungere are ye neuer a dele 5205
 But god may ordayn hereafter that ye
 In loues daunse caught may be
 Than alle these Japes wole ye leve
 Than shall ye feelee somwaht my grefe

THAN sayd Vrak I woll neuer more 5210
 To yow speke syth that sore
 My wordys to yow grevaunce be
 For whan God wyll Suster to yow ye
 In love here after full treuly
 And than I hote yow neuer shall I 5215
 Hym that I love for no thing hate
 ffor that were an vngodely debate
 Than sayd melioure thys may wele be
 But whan god of love and ye
 Haue bene togedyr that ye hym serve 5220
 And he yow bynde tyll that ye sterve
 Thus fro hys seruyce neuer part shull yee
 Than sall ye wele telle me
 To loue ne to hate shall ye haue no power
 But as ye may be to hym most plesure 5225
 Than sayd Vrak yf love me bynde
 Hym to seruy in such a kynde
 What thyng shall make me my love to hate
 Betwene vs rysè shall neuer debate
 Truly suster I sey now for me 5230
 Of hys seruyce haue I no deynte
 Be the fayth suster that I hym ow
 Seyd melior ye shall well know
 Both that and moche other thyng more
 Ye felt neuer syth tyme ye were bore 5235
 Than sayd Vrak love ye on fast
 Hym to serue haue I no hast
 ffor suste ye canne neuer tell me
 Where I loue perannous in Any degre

[fol. 68.]

Ya suster than sayd melior 5240
 Ye know that ys go full yore
 Where my hert was sett to love
 There yt ys alwey be god above
 And suster ye spek euer of on thyng
 Ye can neuer make therof endyng 5245
 And as touching thys parlament
 What my lordes there in haue ment
 And whateuer they mene So motte I go
 As me lust best so wele I do
 Than sayd her suster Vrak 5250
 Thow ye lytell heede here of take
 In such plyte ye be now brought
 Bought or be hyt naught
 He that wynneth the turnement
 Ye must haue hym Indegent 5255
 Suster She sayd I shall neuer take
 ffor hem all none other make
 But such that hath all hole my hert
 How sore therfor that euer I smert
 I wote neuer whom ye love best 5260
 But wele I wote ye haue sylk mest
 To Partanope whom euer ye chese
 Who euer yow he shall yow lese
 Than sayde melior hyt not so
 I loue hym truly and no moo 5265
 What euer Juges deme above
 I yeve hym fully all my love
 To lete thys wordis ye haue sayde
 Ye must nedes hold yow payde

[fol. 68.b.]

To haue hym your lord that be Jugement 5270
 Hath born hym best in the turnement
 Than sayd melior ye say now soth
 But syth to me thys ys so both
 I shall make hem leve her entent
 And anulle all this Inturnement 5275
 Than sayd Vrak thys may not be
 Hyt ys proclaymed in many A contre
 That agreed fully ye be ther to
 What euer ye say hit must be do
 All wepyng answerd melior 5280
 Hit hath be spokeyn so ferre and nere
 To all the world ys now hedyr comyng
 Of nought hit serveth all myn repentyng
 Than sayd Vrak late now be
 All this wepyng for Partanope 5285
 Late this goo for euer wythouten fayle
 This ys suster my full counsayll
 Ayene answerd fayre melior
 Nedys must my hert be sore
 Syth throw myn own foly 5290
 Myn hertis joy thus lost haue I
 Svster sayd Vrak this fayre mayde
 This wordis be now to late sayd
 ffor no dowte this ye not shall see
 At this turnement Partanope 5295
 And this ys the most wo of all
 In your power hit may not fall
 To chese youre love there as ye lust
 But where your Juges lyketh best

To hym ye must yeve all youre hert 5300
 [fol. 69.] Thogh yt do yow sore smert
 They shall chese but ye must love
 This maryage me thenketh may not prove
 For who that shuld love as thenketh me
 The choyse algate in hym must be 5305
 Of this nedyth not to speke no more
 But whan I kneled and wept full sore
 Praying yow to for gyf Partanope
 Than herd in no wyse myght I be
 But this ys a full olde sawe 5310
 Nede had no maner of lawe
 Therefore my counsayll ys at leste
 Taketh hym to your love that turneth best
 Now wyth these wordis these sustres two
 Bene rysen and into Chamber goo 5315
 And in shorte tyme this fayre Vrak
 Of her suster leve taketh
 She thenketh full longe while She ys there
 She wold full fayne be ellis where
 Now shortely to speke this goode Vrak 5320
 Of melyor her Suster leve hath take
 And melior prayeth fayre that She
 Wyth her atte turnement wold be
 And She her graunted wyth good chere
 Sayng Suster I wyll be there 5325
 Of her leve takyng no more I make
 But streyght to ship gooth Vrak
 Wynd and wedyr hath She at wylle
 To salens She cometh full softe and stylle

ffro shyp to castell streyght goth She 5330
 Whan ware of her was Partanope
 Atte Chambry dore sone he her mett
 And full goodely ech other grett
 Of her home comyng full glad was he
 And of helth moche Joy made She 5335
 And wyth come fayre Persewyse
 To welcome her lady be goode avyse
 And of the turnement Vrak hym told
 And whatt the cause was hit shuld be hold
 [fol. 69.b.] And sayd his love hym word sent 5340
 Yf he come not to thurnement
 Melior his wyfe shuld neuer be
 Than to Vrak sayd Partanope
 And god gyfe me grace and lyfe wythouten doute
 I shall go forth wyth all the route 5345
 But what shall I do I haue no Armure
 Care yow noght ffor I yow ensure
 Ye shall non lak sayd fayre Vrak
 ffor fayre ne better I dare vndyrtake
 Beth not to selle this day in Paryse 5350
 Of strenger assayes ne better devyse
 Stronge Sheldis fayre Sadyll wyth croppers
 Lyght and fayre Shapen and myghti colers
 Haubrek hosyn of mayle ffull bryght
 And helme of fyne stele that hath good syght 5355
 A steede I shall gyf yow which ys cole blak
 In hym I trow ye shall fynde no lakk
 Wele rennyng and redy atte hand
 A better shall be found in no land

Therefore sett fully your entent 5360
 To be att that grete turnement
 For amonge thousandes of armed men
 A fressher ne a better armed shall bene
 Man in the feld that ylk day
 Than ye shall be and therfore assay 5365
 Of the turnement to haue degree
 ffor all your Armyng I take vpon me
 ffor And ye lyst hem to se now
 They shall be brought afore yow
 And at leyser ye shall hem assay 5370
 And what ys not good ffor your pay
 Hyt shall be amendyd at good ease
 And therwyth anone wythouten lees
 ffressh harneys afor hym was broght
 What hym lust haue lakked noght 5375
 Thys harneys he lyked wondyr wele
 He sygh neuer fayre of Iren and steele
 The hosyn of steele he dyd assay

* * * * *

[fol. 70.] To yow may be so grete a fest 5380
 I wyll do all my full power
 To bryng yow to haue this leyser
 There wyth She brought hym a fayre Sheeld
 So fresch I peynted that a felde
 Of the beaute myght enleymed haue be 5385
 Grete * therof had Partanope
 Large strong hyt was defensable in syght
 And therto hyt was passyng lyght

* *Sic.* probably the word Joy omitted.

And sygh she made to hym bryng
 A geten gold beten all gleteryng 5390
 And nayles of gold hit for to takk
 Vpon a grete spere peynted blak
 This spere I spek of was not long
 But whan this geton theron dyd honge
 A fressher devyse coude no man see 5395
 The Sheld anon Partanope
 So gay aboute hys nekk he hynge
 Vpon his steed tho gan he spryng
 Wythout styrop full fresshly
 His spere in his hond he toke sustely 5400
 Oute of the castell tho dyd he ryde
 In to A medew that was lardg and wyde
 His hors his harneys ther to assay
 Yf hit were esy acordyng to hys pay
 Strong swift well brydelyd the steed fond he 5405
 Grete Joy had these mayndenes to se
 Wyth hym self how fayre he ferd
 A forn had they neuer seen ne herd
 Of man I armed so moche beaute sey
 Hym to se had they grete joy 5410
 Armed he was passyng semely
 Doune of hys stede he leepe lustyly
 When his assays he had do
 In to a chambere streght he dyd go
 Him to vnharne wyth outhen more 5415
 Vrak bethought her how melior
 Wyth swerd must gyrde Partanope
 In all the hast to Ship goth She

[fol. 70.b.] Toke of hym leve and that all goodely
 Chargyng his wardeyns tendyrly 5420
 The shuld hym kepe and what hym lyst
 He shuld not fayle to haue of the best
 Now good Vrak and fayre Persewyse
 Bene vndyr sayle and at poynt devyse
 They haue the wynd and wedyr At wyll 5425
 Her behest She thenketh to full fyll
 fforth sayleth her Shyp in good aray
 That wythin a nyght and half a day
 Vndyr Chyef de Oyre ys She come
 The lond full prevely hath She nome 5430
 That of her comyng ys no man wyse
 Saue She allone and Persewyse
 The pryvy posterns I vndyrtake
 Of the paleys well knoweth Vrak
 And throw a gardyrn that was full prevy 5435
 Cometh Vrak and fayre Persewy
 Streght vnto the chamber dore
 Whereas the mayndens of Melior
 Were aslepe fast and vp She nome
 The lacch of the dore and in she come 5440
 Awak awak she had hem fast
 Out of there sleep they breyd in hast
 They were awake so sodenly
 That they wist neuer redely
 In what place tho they were 5445
 And in this stakeryng they gonne fere
 Of this affray had Vrak game
 And than ech woman be her name

She calleth and sayd be not a gast
 I am come hedyr in grete hast 5450
 To spek wyth my lady and suster dere
 Anone the women made her good chere
 And brought her there her lady lay
 And than anone wythouten nay
 To bed they yede euerych one 5455
 And lete these ladyes togydyr alone
 Anone as melior wyst that Vrak
 [fol. 71.] Her suster was come she gan to mak
 Grete Joy and say well come be ye
 Madame sayd Vrak I come to se 5460
 How hit ys wyth yow and how ye fare
 Alas sayd melior haue I grete care
 ffor in my wyttis I can not se
 How this turnement myght anuled be
 Nay of the annulling speke ye no word 5465
 That ys thermyned be all the acorde
 Of youre lordis and eke of yow
 Wherefor I am come hedyr now
 To know and wyte the full entent
 Which shuld hold this turnement 5470
 Wyth in and ho shall be wyth oute
 This ys my comyng wythouten doute
 The lady therwyth gan so syght
 And toward god in heven an hyghe
 ffull peteusly her eyn dyd cast 5475
 And whan that was somewhat past
 She a forsed her to loke vp lyghly
 That her suster shuld not Asspye

That in ony hevynes She were
 Vrak in no wyse myght forbere 5480
 Her sustres sothes algate to telle
 She thought She wold rynge her bell
 Lord god suster what do ye mene
 Youre old manerys be turned alle clene
 I wote wele ffor love ye sorow 5485
 Your glad chere of feynyng ye borow
 Your syghes ye murder wyth in your brest
 Late hym brek oute lete hem be wyst
 Of me that am youre suster dere
 Or telle me wedyr to go or where 5490
 I myght your love veryly se
 Ye can not hyde this craft fro me
 SUSTER sayd this lady melior
 The cause of my sorowyng long before
 Ye know wele what nedyth ye 5495
 Thus vngodely to rehetete me
 My pryde I wote wele truly
 Hath broght me so that fayn wold I
 Be dede and oute of this world I broght
 I am so full heuynesse and thought 5500
 To thenk that I dyd such reprefe
 To my love as he had be a theef
 And he lowly me mercy dyd crye
 Yet me lyst not to cast vp myn eye
 To do hym grace but dyspetusly 5505
 Voydyd hym my house allas that I
 Had dyed in the same place
 Syth myn hert cowde do no grace

[fol. 71.b.]

To that gentyl that meek that harey
 That wept vpon me so tendyrly 5510
 That fayre that swete aboue all swetness
 And saw hym for sorow at grete dystresse
 And on hym cowde I haue no pyte
 Grete resoun hyt ys that euer I be
 In sorow and care withouten delay 5515
 I may well curse that ylk day
 That I into this world was broght
 Syth I of my love So lytell rought
 That he ys lost and I leve in sorow
 My care all lyke both even and morow 5520
 Therefore to dye I gretely desyre
 I wold gyf deth ryght grete here
 To bryng me oute of care at ones
 Yet for me to dye but ones
 Hit were not ryght full Jugement 5525
 Syth thorw me thus ys shent
 That gentyll worthe Partanope
 Therefore my ryght full Jugement shuld be
 Ofte to dye and neuer full dede
 Therwyth peteusly She wagged her hede 5530
 Alas fayre suster goode Vrak
 Had I youre goode counsayle take
 I had not lost my Partanope
 And wyth that word in sowun fyll She
 WHAN Vrak saw her sowun for wo 5535
 She was in poynt for pyte doo
 A gyf her comfort of Partanope
 And She bethought her and late be

Thenkyng of all this She shall be hayle
For I thenk or we departe a two 5540

She shall not know yt my counseyll
A fytt or tweyn She shall haue more
Of this pley for Partanopes sake
To this lady than sayd Vrak
Madame She sayd how fare ye 5545

Be youre desese I can well see
This grete sykenes ys all for love
And I feele wele be god above
Alle this fayne ye wold hold fro me
And ofte ye speke of Partanope 5550

To make me wern yt were for hym
And yet youre hert ys on another pynne
Ye haue chose some new thing
And wold put me in wenyng
That hit were for good Partanope 5555
Madame late all these Japys be

JAPES Alas sayd melior

My sorow increseth more and more
Syth I fayne of yow wold haue comfort
And me semeth hyt ys youre dysport 5560

To se me dye wyth this turment
Of yow and I lytell be ment
ffull lytell haue ye dalyed with love
A man myght in that wele prove
Syth Suster that ye wote wele 5565

ffor love all this wo now I feele
And in this mater so rude ye be
Ye can none mercy now haue on me

Therefore in yow hit ys wele seene
 That in this daunce ye haue not been 5570
 But yt may hereafter happe
 Love in his daunger may so yow clappe
 That my dyssese shull ye welle feele
 Thogh your hert be now as stele
 [fol. 72.b.] Than sall yow fele in youre moode 5575
 Where such Japes may do yow goode
 ffor and euer ye loue as well as I
 Ye shull wele wete full sykerly
 Ye shull haue nede of good comfort
 Now to me scorn ys youre dysport 5580
 Of o thing suster I mak yow be hest
 That god of love to such a fest
 Canne now bryng as I now haue
 As wyssely god my soule saue
 I wold neuer dye tyll I myght see 5585
 Yow in such plyte as ye se me
 MADAME than sayde fayre Vrak
 My wordes I pray yow ye me take
 In evell for truly I mene not so
 But this ys my menyng madame loo 5590
 ffor yow to thenk of Partanope
 I hold hit but folly and vanyte
 ffor he ys dede wythouten fayle
 And yt ys ordeyned be youre counsayll
 And ye agreed be eke therto 5595
 That who in turment best happe to do
 Hym shall ye haue than to lord
 This ys of your counsayll the full acorde

And all this fully agreed ye be
 Hit shall be intrarupt for me 5600
 This lady answerid sore wepyng
 I may make semblant to hym wenyng
 Be her counsayll I woll take a lord
 But I may not for all the world
 My love yove for Partanope 5605
 And yet this turment must I see
 And as hem lust a lord me chese
 And late hem all her travayle lese
 ffor hote fyre to cold asshes me brenne
 Yf eyther counsayll or ony kynne 5610
 Make lord or hosbond me to take
 Syth for euer now ys lost my make
 ffor wele I wote my Partanope
 [fol. 73.] ffull hard deth hath sufferd for me
 I haue hym slayn I woll hym quyte 5615
 Yf I may fynde a knyfe woll byte
 Throw oute my brest into my hert
 I shall not spare for no smert
 To sle myself be god above
 Syth he ys dede thus for my love 5620
 Ere euer eny other to housbond I take
 Her fressch color therwyth ganne slake
 In swonne eftesones She fyll anone
 And lay as dede as any stone
 ffor soth Vrak as thenketh me 5625
 Was gretely to blame whan that She
 Sygh her suster so grete sorow take
 And wold no better chere her make

Ne gyf her comfort of Partanope
 Ayen her Suster grete wrath bare She 5630
 As though fell and angry she had be
 That seeth a woman in such degree
 That love hath brought in grete dyssese
 And knoweth how she may her ese
 And lust not lord god what hert hath she 5635
 Trewly and god I sey now for me
 And I knew ony in that degree
 Of such one cowde I haue grete pyte
 I wath neuer what hertis other folkes haue
 ffor me I sey so god me save 5640
 And I knew eny in that plyte
 Her to comfort were my delyte
 ffor god made euery creature
 Man and woman be nature
 To love and eke to loved be 5645
 To women beaute I therfor gafe he
 And of vertws grete haboundans
 Curtesy fredam goodely in daliaunce
 Therfor in soth as thenketh me
 Women in hert gretely hath he 5650
 God loued hem hyghly wythouten nay
 And so do I nyght and day
 ffor and tho creatures that so fayre be
 Come neuer in heuen I hold me
 Quytte in paradyse what shall I do 5655
 But then Vrak knew well tho
 Her suster for love had grete dyssese
 Grete she had and yet her to plese

[fol. 73.b.]

Wold she not ne of her counsayll
 Make her prevee for all that a dele 5660
 But sayd made I yow crye mercy
 Why be ye turmented So gretly
 My counsayll ys now that neuer ye
 Thenk on that tyme that may not be
 But late hit passe hyt ys the best 5665
 And sett youre hert in ease and rest
 Nay suster She sayd hit was neuer seen
 One that loved in ease to bene
 Ne in peas ne in rest for in soth resoun
 Wyth oute lovers never acord mown 5670
 Ne ryght counsayll wytte ne skylle
 Saue onely to haue her own wyll
 All the wytte of the world they sett at noght
 But fully agreeth hem to her own thoght
 Therfore this ys a full old sawe 5675
 Who may gyfe to a louer lawe
 ffor thoght resoun wold make a louer se
 That all his foly yet came not he
 Thoo wofull bondis well onbynde
 In myself now all thys I fynd 5680
 Therfore to love may I not chese
 Thogh I my wyttis therfor lese
 These wordes besoth that I yow say
 No wondyr thoght louers be in foly ay
 VRAK her suster answeyrd tho 5685
 Evell ys he at ese that leveth so
 ffor who so make love his Justice
 He may not avaunt hym of no fraunchese

But rather of bondage as thenketh me
 In that servyse kepe I neuer to be 5690
 But of this mater speke we no more
 [fol. 74.] I pray yow Madame telle me afore
 Whanne shall be gynne this turment
 And which be wyth in and who wythoute
 All to wytte wyth oute doute 5695
 I come hedyr and yow also to se
 And to wytte wedyr that ye
 At this tyme ony knyghtis make
 Thys lady sate styll for full awake
 Oute of this traunse was she not yit 5700
 Ouer come be feyntenes styll she sytt
 Tyll long and late and atte last
 A peteus sygh from her she cast
 Somwath her hert ys come ayen
 Peteusly tho spak the queene 5705
 Wyth voyse full feble She told her resoun
 As thogh she had become fro presoun
 Suster She sayd this Ermulus
 Of Merbyeu that wikked arcus
 But when this turment ordeyned ys 5710
 ffourtene nyght ago he told me I wysse
 Of all the kynges that shuld be there
 And of her loggyng all the manere
 He sayd here shall be the sawdon of prece *
 That to crystis lawe ys aduerse 5715
 And leeveth on machoun and appoloine
 Wyth hym cometh a comborus meyne

I saw in his rollis he hath also
 XV. kynges hethen and mo
 That for my love all crysten woll be 5720
 To herborwre in his rollis also hath he
 Of emperours and kyngis of crystes lay
 XX. and iij. that wyll that day
 Be at this turment wyth her powere
 Of all the lordshippes both ferre and nere 5725
 Many one in mariage than woll be here
 And many one that hath no fere
 Wold be glad to se that day
 To wynne worship yf that he may
 Than ys ordeyned be this ermulus 5730
 That this turnement hat arayed thus
 All crysten on this syde herboured shall be
 The heten on that other syde and so may we
 Be in sewirtee wath so euer befalle
 ffor whom this peple bene gadred all 5735
 ffull grete envy among hem shall ryse
 Hit semed better at my devyse
 To bene abatay at my turnement
 Therefor suster I haue full ment
 To haue on oure syde the Cheventeyn 5740
 The grete emperoure of almayne
 And wyth hym they of denmarch
 That grete werre held in the march
 On Sklaueyns that perlous men bene
 The kyng of poyle and Sysile full kenne 5745
 Shull wyth this emperoure be in this towne
 And all that long to my regioun

[fol. 74.b.]

Now haue ye herd of crysteans
 Now shall I tell of Sarasyns
 Hedyr shall come the Soudan of perce 5750
 The kyng of Inde which ys peruerse
 To crystis law and eke shall be
 The kyng of mede and perce parde
 And eke the fayre kyng of Syre
 That so gretly me doth desyre 5755
 Yet of hym I haue no deynte
 The kyng of ermony here shall be
 That hath a contre full delectable
 The planettis therof be so stable
 The dayes bene euer chere and mery 5760
 The feeldis florysshed fresshly
 In that rested the Ship of noye
 When the fold had done the world noye
 Hedyr cometh the kyng of palest
 Wyth grete power arayed full honest 5765
 And lordis of Egipte and libye
 Than can moche craft of astronomye
 The king of fraunce wythoute doute
 He cometh to govern hem wythoute
 [fol. 75.] He woll not haue me to wyfe 5770
 But yf there ryse debate and styfe
 ffull out he woll be ayenst me
 The cause ys he seyth for partanope
 Thorow me ys lost that was his cosyn
 Of his comyng this ys the fyne 5775
 Yf he may be vnged of me
 But I hope to be strengre than he

He hath done hys men to vnderstond
 His comyng now into my lond
 Ys not to vengwysshe the turnement . 5780
 And to wedde me ys not hys entent
 Buth whan She named Partanope's name
 What for sorow and what for shame
 She had no power hit ones to sowne
 But fyll in a new sodeyn sowun 5785
 Whan to herself She come ayen
 And wolld haue seyde Partanope fayn
 Parto. Parto She sayd at ones
 And full febyly She sayd efte sones
 Nopee that wyth voys tremelyng 5790
 And ther wyth anon fyll in sownnyng
 Apon her bed and lay full styll
 And at the last as was goddis wylle
 ffrom her dyssese She rose ayen
 ffull peteusly than said this queen 5795
 In wrath cometh hedyr the kyng of fraunse
 And wyth hym brynged his Aliaunse
 Grete nombre of Erlis and barons
 folk of payto and all the Gascoyns
 The kyng of brethen eke there shall be 5800
 He ys not ryght ryche but yet shall he
 Bryng wyth hym many a worthy knyght
 They haue be proved in many a fyght
 THE kyng of Ingelond thow he be ferre
 Woll be as sone here as he that ys nerre 5805
 He ys a ryghtwos man and full sage
 Somwhat he his copen in age

Many a knyght hedyr woll he bryng
 [fol. 75.b.] That wyll in chaumber both daunse and syng
 And as the lyon feerse in the feld 5810
 Wele dare they fyght vndyr Sheeld
 Semely men curteys and plesaunt
 Thow they of self make none avaunt
 HERE shall be eke the emperoure
 Of spayne the noble turneour 5815
 That worthe ys and full of beaute
 His hethen hay he wold leve for me
 Many knyghtis come in his company
 And many goode hors that be lusty
 The kyng of navare the kyng of valens 5820
 The kyng of granat wyth hem of palens
 And moch folke that take no wage
 And many mo kyngis that bene sage
 Of whom I can not well the name
 But ermulus hem all tell cane 5825
 But suster ye asked also of me
 Yf ony knyghtis made shuld be
 Afore the turnement and that ordre take
 Of myne hond to morow I shall make
 Be tyme an hundred and many moo 5830
 So am I avysed that hit shall be doo
 And who shall be Juges of the turnement
 These lordis are chosyn be myn assent
 The fyrst ys the kyng of affryke
 For his grete wytte and his retoryke 5835
 He ys well lerned and can many sciens
 He must nedis gyfe goode sentens

And whateuer he spek hit must be
 Shewed in fayre termes for certaynly he
 Hath wytt Inow and grete dyscrescioun 5840
 And fayre endyted shall be his resoun

THE other shall be kyng of cartage
 A ryghtwes man for gretly in age
 He ys ronne And another shall be
 Kyng claryns grete werre hath he 5845
 Vpon the sarazyns yere be yere
 Bernard of grece shall be his feere

[fol. 76.] He ys now namyd the thrid kyng
 Of all lawes he can moch thing
 The fourth shall be old Genors 5850

The wyse the hardy of king of morse
 The fyft shall be kyng Sorsahre
 That holt the kyndome of nabre
 The vj. shall be of Getule kyng
 In his contree ys full wondyr thyng 5855
 Hit ys full of Apys tygres and berys
 Serpentes wyuers and eke leseres

He hath no plente of castelle ne toures
 His ys callyd kyng Amfuors
 The Seventh kyng hotheth gondred 5860

And his kyngdame ys callyd noemed
 These kyngis shall be chyef Jugeoure
 They shall be wyth me in the toure
 Olde Ermulus eke shall be wyth me
 To take hede who ys worthy degre 5865
 Now haue I told yow suster truly
 Of the turnement the avyse by and by

Now seyth Vrak all this wele
 I can empugne her neuer a dele
 Now slepe I pray yow hertyly 5870
 For I woll go now full prevyly
 To Ship vn wethyng of ony wyght
 Home I shall come apon the nyght
 And yf yt lyke yow to morow tyme
 I wole be wyth yow hardyly or pryme 5875
 I pey yow suster tho sayd the queen
 Be tyme to morow here that ye bene
 In this wyse hath Vrak take her leve
 Persewyse anone She toke be the sleve
 And in to Ship togedyr they gone 5880
 And to her castell they come anon
 Than mett they wyth Partanope
 Wyth Joyfull hert hem welcometh be
 And Vrak hym told all the entent
 Of the emperesse and of the turnement 5885
 And now she shuld on the morow make
 [fol. 76.b.] Knyghtis and ther for fayre Vrak
 That nyght of slep toke lytell heede
 For besy She was wythouten drede
 Toll Arme hym in the best wyse 5890
 And long or the Sonne gan aryse
 To Courte she broth Partanope
 Her self and persewyse and no mo meyne
 And into a chambre where as she
 Was wont to be herboured partanope 5895
 Vn wetyng of any wyght they hym ledde
 And ther full pryvyly vpon a bedde

They made hym rest tyll yt was day
 And ryght sone after wythouten nay
 The sonne her bemes oute fresch spered 5900
 Hit made the vnlust to leue his bedd
 And ryse and clothe hym fresch and gay
 ffor Joy of that Joyful mery day

To court tho come rydyng full bryght
 Well I armed tho that ordre of knyght 5905
 Shuld take of This fayre melioure
 And all they lyght anone atte dore
 Of the chambre where as Partanope
 Was herbourd and fast aslepe was he
 ffor thorow that chambre lyeth her wey 5910

Vrak anon brought forth the key
 And ther wyth She waked Partanope
 To opyn the dore streyght goth She
 In come they all wythouten lese
 Partanope pryvvyly in this prese 5915

She maketh go wythouten more
 There as this queene fayre meliour
 In her Estate stont full ryally
 Than was the custome sykerly
 In steele he must be armed bryght 5920

Who so euer shuld take the ordyr of knyght
 Both hede and fote and all in feere
 Also that tyme this was the manere
 His swerd aboute his neke shulld honge
 Where hit short or were hit longe 5925

[fol. 77.]

Tyll they hit fro hym shuld take
 That ther wyth hym knyght shuld make

Therefore all this yong men been
 Fressh I armed before the queen
 Among hem stont Partanope 5930
 ffull hevy and thoght full ys he
 Beholdyng the beaute of this lady
 So fayre so fressch and so semely
 Standyng before hym gay arayed
 No wondyr thoght he were dysmayed 5935
 To thenk how lovyng to hym She had be
 And throw his defaunte all lost had he
 His hert gan qwappe his coloure gan change
 Seeyng his lady to hym so straunge
 That atte hys wyll was wont to be 5940
 Sore abasshed on her loked he
 Thenkyng how he had her betrayed
 Gretely thereof was he dysmayed
 Yet neuer the latter wythouten lese
 To this lady he gan to prees 5945
 ffor to aprayed her of mercy and grace
 Before all folk in that place
 Vrak aspyed well be hys manere
 And be the chaungyng of his chere
 He was aboute to play foly 5950
 Vpon a stoole She dressed her hygh
 And hoved a scaunse take hede of me
 And thenk what I haue charge the
 But all for noght he toke none hede
 Of her counsayll ne of her rede 5955
 But was in purpose hys lady fully
 Of his trespas there to aske mercy

And openly there to haue know be
 But yett hit happed that lett was he
 Her Beaute so hygly ganne encrese 5960
 In all the syght of this grete prese
 That they so thykke aboute her stode
 Thoght Partanope for love had bene wode
 He myght not here come to no wyse
 [fol. 77.b.] Takyng grete hede of her semely hode 5965
 His felaws her Beaute so gan devyse
 Vpon A bench an hygh as she stooode
 Even there vp ryght at the deyse
 That all men that were in the paleys
 Of her myght haue full the syght 5970
 Erle baron Squyer and knyght
 Clothis of golde aboute her were spredde
 Her to behold eche man was gladd
 Now woll I tell yow how She was cladde
 A mantell honourable vpon she had 5975
 Of rede saten full good cremesyn
 furred well wyth fyne Ermyn
 A kyrtyll of the same She had vndre
 Hyr to behold was grete wondre
 That wyth Beaute euer nature 5980
 Wold so embelyce ony oo creature
 ffor that euer longed to full Beaute
 In her persone a man myght see
 Hit nedyth not of aray more to telle
 Whan that of Beaute She was the bell 5985
 In merror to love had she none nede
 Ne of fressh atyre wythouten drede

ffor were She slepyng or elles awake
 Of beaute had she no make
 Alle this while stont Partanope 5990
 Of his lady beholdyng the beaute
 No new love but old remembraunse
 Make hym stond in such a traunse
 That sodenly he was broght in such case
 He wyst not wele where he was 5995
 And of this haue ye no mervayle
 ffor all his felaws wythouten nay
 Were so hyghly caught wyth her beaute
 That nye in the same plyte wer he
 What for shame and basshednes 6000
 Partanope dare not throw the prees
 Passe to his lady the ordre to take
 Who was than who but goode Vrak
 [fol. 78.] So wyth grete fere att laste
 Ashamed to the ground his face he cast 6005
 That meliour in no wyse shuld see
 How be that false Partanope
 What wyth shame and wyth grete feere
 To his lady he neyghed nere
 ffrom his nek she toke his swerd 6010
 Aboute his meddyll tho hit gerd
 And in such a wyse her gyrdyng he felt
 His hert as metall than gan melt
 Whan from her departe shulde
 And thoght hit myght none otherwyse be 6015
 His eyn on her sorowfully he cast
 And oute of her presens he hyed fast

THIS lady toke hede of his chere
 She thoght his port and his manere
 Lekened moch to Partanope 6020
 But ayen ward than thoght She
 To thenk this I haue grete wrong
 For syth he dyed hit ys so long
 And therewyth she turned her to Vrak
 Suster she sayd be goddis sake 6025
 This knyght truly as thenketh me
 Resembleth of stature and of beaute
 That worthey that semely and therwyth she
 Of speke stynted for in no degree
 His name to sowne had She no myght 6030
 Her hert so gretely was of the syght
 Of hym dystraught that as a lefe
 Wyth wynde I sake so quoke her breth
 Her hert her lymmes eke so tremeled
 His name in no wyse cowde she rede 6035
 Thus stode this lady amonge hem all
 Ofte was She in wyll hym calle
 But oo thing made her stond in drede
 Hit had bene ayenst her woman hede
 Now ys Partanope this new knyght 6040
 Gone to his chambre and hath the syght
 Of her lost that he now loveth best
 His hert ys sett in lytell rest
 For old love and new desyre
 Hath sett his hert so hote on fyre 6045
 That all his spyrytis wyth hym be
 So trobled that to bedde goth he

[fol. 78.b.]

And lyeth hym doune there to rest
 Now may he thenk whath hym lyst
 Many mervayles thought thenketh he 6050
 Now lord god sayd he when shall be
 This turnement There a I myght
 Prove myself to be a knyght
 Lord wedyr I shall heve tyll that day
 Than wote I wele wythouten nay 6055
 I shall be at that turnement
 ffor hert and strength that god hath lent
 To me be I neuer so sore I shall spend
 Hurt for well I wote and know afore
 I shall there see my souerayn leche 6060
 And her beaute shall so me refresch
 That in Armys me shall teche
 Thought my stroke be hard or nasshe
 Of myn Enmys this knyght woll not sett a ryche
 Thus lyeth this knyght Partanope 6065
 Hymself avauntyng fayre and free
 And in presumpcioun falyth sore
 He weneth to haue the gree therefore
 All this made love I vndyrtake
 To hym therwyth come Vrak 6070
 And to A pryvyer chambere hym ledde
 And there hym made reste on a bedde
 There was he safe and out of syght
 And there he abode tyll hit was derke nyght
 Out of the hall goth melior 6075
 Her hede she sayd ooke full sore

Wyth hem myght she no lenger a byde
 She sayd wele mote ye all be tyde
 And toke her leve in curteys wyse
 Better than I can telle or devyse 6080
 Love syke She was wythouten doute
 Grete greef she felt all a boutte
 The fyres dart of love so smert
 So threlled hadd her meke hert
 That flesch and blood bone and veyne 6085
 Was full fylled wyth grete payne
 Therefore myght fayre melior
 Sey her hede ooke full sore
 THE day ys past and now cometh eve
 Of her suster Vrak taketh leve 6090
 Her meyne meteth wyth her anone
 Partanope She clepyth and forth they gone
 To the haven where as the ship aflote
 Was She fonde redy and than a bote
 Her meyne call and that in hast 6095
 The bote to her they Rowed fast
 The shypmen her heylyn wyth good chere
 To Shipp they Row all in feere
 The shipp whan they were entred all
 The mayster marener hys men dyd calle 6100
 And bad hem fast the Anker vp hale
 The sayle therwyth they made a vale
 And forth the sayle afore the wynde
 A better sayler can no man fynde
 That was that Ship at my devyse 6105

[fol. 79.]

That loved som folk there ryght wele
 But so froward turned fortune his whele
 That was not be loved ayen
 Thanked be fortune so may whe seyn
 ffor she that I love wyth all my hert 6110
 Gyfeth lytell forse how sore I smert
 The Ship I spak of was full goode
 ffull fast he sayleth thorow the flode
 So that wyth yn a lytell while
 They be come safe into the yle 6115
 Of salence wythouten ony affray
 On morow be than hit was day
 Oute goth the anker doun goth the Sayle
 Vrak hath ouercome wele her travayle
 To bote they gone and streyght to lond 6120
 [fol. 79.b.] The mareners they leve on the strond
 Vrak bad hym ofte fare wele
 And forth She goth to her castell
 Wyth all her meyne there she mett
 On kneys lowly the her grete 6125
 And of her comyng were full glad
 To stond vpryght hem all She bad
 And to her chamber streyght She goth
 In short tyme after boord and cloth
 Was leyd for hit drew fast to pryme 6130
 Sone after Vrak come in to dyne
 And wyth her broght Partanope
 Of mete ther lakked no deynte
 Thus day by day they fare ryght wele
 But Partanope maketh moche dele 6135

So long comyng ys the day
 His Armys ofte doth he assay
 Vpon a day sone after the assencioun
 Whan the Sonnes lyght hath foyssoun
 Ofte hete after dyner fayre Vrak 6140
 Yode to her chambere and thought to take
 Her rest tyll the hete were agoo
 And toke persewyse with her and no moo
 But so dyd not good partanope
 Of ony rest lytell goode he toke heede 6145
 Were hit be dystyny or be sort
 Vrak vnwetyng of Vrak hym to dysport
 To the see went and toke a bote
 The see was fayre the wedyr was hote
 And forth he sayleth vp in the see 6150
 Afor the wynd but whan that he
 Homward wold a tyrned ayen
 The wynde was contrayre hit wold not bene
 And therto hit blew so sturdely
 That perysch he hym drad full hugely 6155
 Shypmen sayd they cowde not see
 But they must serve the se
 So hidously tho the wynd gan blow
 The cost on no syde cowde they know
 [fol. 80.] So wyth in a lytell while 6160
 Magre her hede in to an yle
 They were dryve whereas they must
 Aryve or ellis they bene but lost
 This ile was named tenodoen
 Where they all aryved bene 6165

The lord thereof hyght Armaunt
 A devyll and acused tyraunt
 Large was he of body and worthey knyght
 His most Joy was euer to fyght
 To Just and turney was all his play 6170
 Grete Joy had he than to assay
 To sle or mayne whom euer he myght
 And yf that hit happed hym a worthey knyght
 To hurt or sle or elles mayne
 There at wold he law and was fayne 6175
 And yf he put ony may in prysoun
 Out shuld he neuer for no raunsoun
 Whan Partanope and his meyne were
 In that lond aryved for grete feere
 Of the hydous tempest or the see 6180
 And anon in hast they arested be
 Of men of the contre and forth ladde
 To this tyraunt and than full gladde
 Of hem was he and full dyspeteusly
 On hym he loked and than full sodenly 6185
 Wythoute talkyng or speche more
 Into a toure were as full sore
 They were and stokked fast
 On hem the dores were shett in fast
 Lo how sodenly fortune her whele 6190
 Hath fro hym turned euery dele
 And chaunged wele in to sorow
 Lytell wend he that day be the morow
 To have sooped in prysoun of that tyraunt
 Lytyll ought a man to make a vanyte* 6195

* *Sic. vaunte?*

Of wordely prosperite or ther of Joy haue
 For he that ys desteyned to be a knave
 Leveth more in sewirte than doth a lord

[fol. 80.b.]

This ys seen all day and so goth the world

But now woll I telle of goode Vrak 6200

And of persewy that now ben awake

fro slepe and fast after partanope

Call and clepe but where that he

Ys become can no man sey

Vrak for sorow ys poynte to dey 6205

And persewys also maketh moche mone

Hym for to seke ys eche man gone

But all for noght hit woll not be

Lost fro hem ys now Partanope

Wyth hem ys both even and morow 6210

Wepying and waylyng and moche sorow

ffor thys knyght that thus ys lost

This lyfe they endure vnto pentecost

THIS lady queen melior

Vrak her suster hath sent fore 6215

Wyth her to be at this grete fest

Her comaundement ne her hest

Woll she not breke but maketh her redy

fforth She goth and also persewy

Taketh wyth and forth they went 6220

Partanope gretely euer be ment

Hevy they were and dull of chere

Melioure saw wele be her manere

They were in hevynesse and than thoght she

All this sorow ys now for me 6225

Therefore woll She make no questioun
 Of her dyssese ne wyth the echosoun
 ffro that day vnto the turnement
 In wo her lyfe euer they dyspent

ARMAUNT that thus hath in presoun 6230
 Partanope and thenketh for no ransoun
 He shall neuer be delyuered oute
 Fast maketh hym redy wythouten doute
 To se this turnement this grete fest
 And for he woll know at lest 6235

[fol. 81.]

Wyth him he taketh speres fyftene
 To gete hym prese yf yt woll beene
 To Ship he goth as I wryten fynde
 Ye tyde ys fayre at wylle he hath the wynde
 In prisone fetered lyeth Partanope 6240
 Armauntes wyfe grete hast hath she
 Tylle thise prisoner she haue sey
 The Jayler she byddyth bryng the key
 And In She goth hym for to se
 To be of good comfort and of chere 6245
 To her answeyryth this prisonere
 Gladde in hert shall I neuer be
 Syth this turnement I may not se

THIS gentell lady had grete pyte
 Of his hevynes and than sayd she 6250
 My fayre frend yee wote wele how
 Armaunt in prysoun hath put yow
 And gyf in charg hyghly to me
 That ye be putt in such swerte

That whan he ys come home ayen 6255

In his presoun yee found been

Therefore I dare not late yow goo

In no wyse but hit were soo

Ye myght me fynd good sewyrte

ffro shame and harme to saue me 6260

Madame he sayd I woll yow swere

Be the ordyr of knyghthod that I bere

Gyff I scape fro thens on lyve

Ayen to prysoun I shall come as blyfe

Other hostage fynd I ne canne 6265

But swere here to be yure leegeman

And wyth that word he fyll on knee

The lady of hym had grete pyte

And wept full tendyrly and seyde tho

Syr ryse vp for ye shull goo 6270

Wyth oute othe making or sewerte

ffor ye seme trewly for to be

A gentyllmaun whens euer ye come

Be youre semely hode a man may deme

Your comyng ayen as my sewerte 6275

In putt all in yow and yf so be

[fol. 81.b.] To prysoun ye yeld yow not ayen

Come armed home than shall I bene

To drawe or brent or elles slayne

And syth that I am now so fayne 6280

To do for yow that yow may please

Do so ageyn that I haue no dyssese

Ne lese my lyfe ffor in his cruelte

He rekketh lytell thogh I slayn be

At this tyme for yow this woll I do 6285
 Arme yow ryght well and late yow goo
 A steede ye shall haue that ys so wyght
 Be than ye knowe hym in grete delyte
 While ye haue on hym to ryde
 A better steede may no man stryde 6290
 A sadyll to hym he shall haue mete
 The Brydell and the Croper wyth gold I bete
 Of bryght seluer shall be your sheld
 A better shall none come in the feeld
 A spere shall ye haue and thereon a getoun 6295
 Wele I bete wyth syluer that passith the arsoun
 Hit shall hang of the Sadyll that ye in ryde
 A swerd ye shall haue be youre syde
 And for your love I woll yow hit lene
 Hard and pliant and ryght kene 6300
 And yf god send yow that grace
 ffro the turnement on lyve into this place
 Saue a sonne to retorne Ayen
 In my kepyng than shall ye been
 And be ye onys in dysposicioun 6305
 I hope to gete yow oute of prisoun
 And yf in turnement ye happe to dye
 My Joy ys gone than may I sey
 And Arment come home ayen
 Wyth this swerd he wold me slene 6310
 Thenketh what I do for youre love now
 My lyfe my deth lyeth all in yow
 Hyghly her thanketh than Partanope
 But I cannot wele sey where she

Hath wysely done or as elles a fole 6315
 [fol. 82.] Syth he ys thus passed the Jaole
 His armed to delyuered hath she
 In the nyght to Ship streyght goth he
 And to Chyef doyre were as the turnement
 Shuld be hold thedyr hath he ment 6320
 To sayle he was loth to be by hynde
 But wele wyth hym was not the wynd
 Whereof hymself ganne fast dysmay
 The Shipmen sayd they wold assay
 To Chyef doyre ryght wele hym bryng 6325
 And yf the wynd wold for no thing
 Serue hem wele to bryng hem there
 They wold aryfe thanne elles where
 ffro the turnement but x. myle
 Where he in lond in short while 6330
 He myght hit ryde and than Partanope
 Prayed hym all hit myght so be
 Off the lady hath he take leve
 His hygh troghth now woll she preve
 He sayleth forth and or mydnyght 6335
 To that port he come full ryght
 Where as nedys he muste aryve
 He maketh a tarying but as bylyve
 Goth to lond and armed hym bryght
 Into his sadyll he lepeth full ryght 6340
 The Ship men all he byddeth fare wele
 fforth he rydeth Armed in steele
 To Chyef doyre he hath ten myle
 Be than he had ryden but awhyle

He was entred into the forest 6345
 Where as he se full many a best
 Was full wyld he had made tame
 There In to hunt was all his game
 All that was hit ys go full youre
 There yn he hath slayn many a bore 6350
 The wey into the castell he knew the wele
 Thenkyng of that was past afore
 Which thorow his lewdenes he hath lore
 FORTH on his way rydeth partanope
 [fol. 82.b.] Hangyng his hede as thogh tha he 6355
 Of wordely Joy had yove ryght noght
 And as he rod thus in a thoght
 A knyght that was full large of body
 His lymmes well shape and that passyngly
 His here was bloy I medeled some dele 6360
 Wyth whytte heris that wondyr wele
 Become his vysage and than he hadde
 A rody berd and yen ryght gladde
 There as the way was somewhat turnyng
 On a grey steede he come fresch rydyng 6365
 In this maner of wyse arayed ys he
 As he come cowrsyng wyth his meyne
 On stedes trapped full fresch and gay
 Eche had in hond wythouten nay
 A spere all redy depeynted wele 6370
 A getoun there of rede sendele
 Wele beten wyth gold of his devyse
 After hym came rydyng Squyers of prise

ffyve and eche man bare a sheeld
 So freshly depaynted that all the feld 6375
 Enleymed was of this fresch aray
 Thus rydeth this knyght toward the turney
 So fressh in his way forth rydeth he
 Tyll att last he had of Partanope
 A syght and goodely he sayd 6380
 To his Squyers ye must abyde
 And ryde softely for yonde I see
 A man I armed what so euer he be
 Yf I hym knowe wytte woll I
 Loke ye come after full softely 6385
 ffrom his meyne he pryked in hast
 And to Partanope he come as fast
 He beheld his persone ryght wele
 But he knew hym neuer a dele
 And than He sayd syr wele atake 6390
 And he that all this wrold dyd make
 Of noght the save And syr telle me
 Whens ye come and wedyr woll yee
 [fol. 83.] What man ye be and what ys your name
 There of thoght. Partanope myght ryse grame 6395
 My name to dyscouer now so hastely
 And forth he rydeth full soberly
 And eke he thogh ryght loth were me
 To make a lesyng and than sayd he
 Sir of ferre contre borne am I 6400
 But thens that I come ys fast by
 A place wher as I purchased me
 Horse and harneys as ye may see

Thow I be not fressh and gay ;
 Yet fayne wold I see this turnay 6405
 My name ys cleped Partanope
 What his youre name now tell me
 Sir sayd the kyng truly
 Gaudyns the bloys called am I
 Of huntyng and hauking I can skylle 6410
 Among lordis and knyghtis I am know wele
 Borne am I of spayne and of castyle
 That ys hens full many a mylle
 Sone I am wythouten naye
 To a rych man but on Crystes lay 6415
 He leveth not and gone hit ys
 More than xxx. wendyr I wysse
 That I toke the ordre of knyght
 And streyght into fraunse tho I me dyght
 ffor there was werre that tyme stronge 6420
 There was I a Sowdyor long
 At Tours in the mynstyr of seynt martyn
 Ther forsooke I mahowne and apollyon
 And crystendome toke in the fonte stone
 Of my kynnesmen ther made I my foon 6425
 And syth I haue lyved as a sowdyor
 A poure man but no purchasoure
 And now am I toward this turney
 Here behynd comes myn aray
 Wyth all myn hert I am glad now 6430
 That I haue ouertaken yow
 ffor mery hit ys to haue company
 And hit semyth to me full truly

That ye be a man of worship
 Therfore of yow woll I take kepe 6435
 I haue a powere house here fast by
 There as shall behold the turney
 Therefore I pray yow syr that ye
 Woll now herborow wyth me
 And I wol be youre bachelere 6440
 Wyth all myn hert do yow plesure
 And be your seruaunt day by day
 As longe shall last this turnay
 To hym tho answeyryth Partanope
 Wyth all myn hert I thank thee 6445
 And eke that lord that made vs meete
 Your company in no wyse woll I lete
 Your knyght to be ys myn entent
 I am at youre comaundement
 Thanne forth they ryde togedyr in feere 6450
 Eche to other maketh good chere
 Tyll they come in aryght fayre vale
 Fayre wyth flouris to make short tale
 There as they both herboured shall be
 ffrom hors than lyghteth Partanope 6455
 They wold not herboure in hous ne town
 Her men plyght vp a pavelon
 Embrowdyd wyth gold both fressh and gay
 Ryght fast by the feld there as the turney
 Shuld be hold wythouten fayle 6460
 They had plente of goode vytayle
 Her men were besy hem to glade
 And eche to other goode cheyre made

To soper they gone and sett to rest
 On morow whan the sonne in the east 6465
 Here gan shew as rede as fyre
 These two knyghtis that had desyre
 To se worshipp and grete manhede
 Rysen and in the fresshest wede
 That longeth to armes they bene dyght 6470
 And forth they yode anon ryght
 [fol. 84.] Masse to here wyth goode entent
 Her other meynnee there whiles went
 To make redy all her aray
 Whan masse was done the soth to say 6475
 Toward the turnement they ryde
 ffressh and armed at that tyde
 Her squyers before hem they sent
 In to the place of the turnement
 Ledyng her steedis trapped wele 6480
 In mayle made of fyne steele
 Grete speris they and helmes bryght
 Of hem hit were a good syght
 After come this knyghtis softly rydyng
 And of this turnement pryvely talkyng 6485
 Where they wythoute shuld fyrst begynne
 Or elles they that be wyth Inne
 Vpon the toure of Chief deore
 Ouer the brygge sytteth melior
 The fayre the fresch the goodelyest 6490
 That was in her tyme and eke the best
 And wyth her Vrak and persewyse
 Of her beaute now in no wyse

Thanne I speke for both they be
 In grete Sorow for Partanope 6495
 They haue so wept they be all pale
 fforth wyll I now tell my tale
 Above all in the toure wyth melior be
 The seven lordis that the degre
 Of this turnement most gyff all gate 6500
 Lordis they be of grete state
 Thes be her namys wythoute more
 Torsoul Gernal Clarins Genore
 Tursabyr Auffrons and Gonndred
 And old Arcus wythouten drede 6505
 These sytte togedyr beholding the feld
 Many a bryght helme and many a sheeld
 ffresshly depeynted wyth grete bendes
 Knyghtis come rydyng wyth many thousandes
 In to compaynees departed they be 6510
 Two fayre Reynes ordeyned haue he
 Where in these lordys shuld turneye
 Late se who shall begynne the playe
 Now Gaudyn that ys to Partanope
 Both felaw and seruaunt now thynketh he 6515
 ffor who so euer the turnement begynne
 Be he wyth oute or wyth Inne
 They wyll hym ferst assayle
 This ys gaudyns full counseyll
 Also they thong that they wold been 6520
 ffyrst in the feld to be wele seen
 Therefore anon her steedis they toke
 On wyth her helmes and redy hem make

[fol. 84.b.]

Vp afore hem her speres borne be
 And after cometh Gaudyn and Partanope 6525
 In to the Reynes rydyng avysely
 Kyng Corsoul that on the toure an hye
 Sate as a Juge be fayre melior
 Aspyed these knyghtis ferre and fore
 Or ony of his felaws that satt hym by 6530
 And than seyde syres truly
 Yonder I see come knyghtis tweyn
 That in her harneys hem fayre demene
 And better than mayny other I see
 Worshipfull knyghtis they seme to be 6535
 Of hem fyrst late vs take hede
 In the begynnyng how they spede
 Yf they do well than woll we
 Do axe what knyghtis they be
 Now sett they style and sey no more 6540
 But se how men full hard and sore
 In the Reynes hors to renne Assay
 Vndyr trapures wyth gold bete full gay
 And sone after into the feld
 All the word ys come in helme and sheeld 6545
 And than the Juges wythouten doute
 Thought that they that were wyth oute
 Where not so strong as they wyth Inne
 Hard were for hem to begynne
 [fol. 85.] They wyth Inne wythoute lees 6550
 On hem wythoute fast ganne prese
 That sey they that were withoute
 They thoght for all the grete rowte

That was wyth Inne they wold abyde
 And fresshly to hym they ganne ryde 6555
 And manly putt hem in a yee
 Than sayd Gaudyn and Partanope
 Go we hens no lenger woll we a byde
 In to this prese than ganne they ryde
 As fast as her hors myght hem bere 6560
 Eche hadd in hond a grete spere
 Thorow the prese wythouten lete
 Her hors hem bare and than they mette
 Wyth tweyne and Gaudyn smote the tone
 That from his hors he voyde anon 6565
 And flatt fyll vpon the ground
 Partanope in the same stound
 Wyth his felaw so sore mett
 That out of his sadyll wythouten lett
 At spere poynt he hym smote 6570
 That to ground well I wote
 He fyll flatt what woll ye more
 This course he ranne so fast and sore
 His spere brak hit myght not last
 The tronchon away fro hym he cast 6575
 And ther wyth he pullyth oute his swerd
 And as a ferse lyon than he ferd
 And leyde on thyk hym rounde aboute
 Thre to hym sayled of the rowte
 And hew on his helme and in his sheeld 6580
 But one of hem into the feeld
 Oute of his sadyll he made lepe

The todyr two on hym leyd fast
 But throw the Reynes for hem he past
 Gaudyn smote one of tho thre 6585
 That from his hed he made than fle
 His helme of steele boorned bryght
 [fol. 85.b.] And forth they passed throw the fyght
 They that beganne this turnement
 Sayd the knightis had wele do 5590
 And a while brethen hem tho
 Lo sayd Corsul I wyst wele
 These two knyghtis cowde goode skyl
 On this Craft so fyrst seyde I
 Tho sayd the queen Cosyn truly 6595
 So softly as they come In afore
 Now they haue hem wele I bore
 And namely he wyth the syluer sheld
 ffareth fayre wyth his harneys in the feld
 She thought she shuld haue know hym wele 6600
 But she coude remembre neuer adele
 Thenketh She wher this be Partanope
 Wyth his gouernans wele plesyth ys she
 OFF turneyng gynne now they rest
 And sone after they made hym prest 6605
 The turnement to begynne ayen
 The emperour of Almayn there myght ye seen
 A manly Cheventeyn in the feeld
 Wyth hym was many helme and sheld
 The Soudon of Pyroq was there also 6610
 Wyth the emperore and they twey do

Moch wo to hem that be wythoute
 This soudon ys full proude and stoute
 He ys a lover what wold ye more
 His souerayne lady ys melior 6615
 On his manhode moch trusteth he
 And thereto hath a grete meyne
 That vayteth vpon hym euer more
 He weneth to wynne fayre melior
 He ys yong and dare wele fyght 6620
 Strong lusty a semely knyght
 Out of nombre rych hath he
 He thenketh no man his felow shuld be
 And in to dayes wele wote ye
 Menne wonne her ladyes in dyuerse degre 6625
 Som whyt manhode and chevalry
 Som thorw beaute and curtesy
 Som wyth fayre speke and Richesse
 Som throw streynghyt som be largesse
 All that ys go wythouten nay 6630
 The world ys turned anodyr way
 ffor neyther Rychesse ne beaute
 Ne fayre speche in no degre
 May make a man his love to wynne
 They be so sore aferd to synne 6635
 Of fredam Curteysy ne of largesse
 They take none heede for holinesse
 Hath so caught hem in his seruice
 Of wordely lustes now in no wyse
 Take they heede but onely to wirche 6640
 That they may please God and his chirche

[fol. 86.]

ffor euery day erly they ryse
 To cherch they gone to here seruyce
 Of god and hardlyly there they be
 Tyll hit be none for dame Chastyte 6645
 Gouverneth now hem in such wyse
 ffor knelyng hem lust not ones to ryse
 To go to her dyner haue they none hast
 They rekke neuer how long they fast
 Of fresch aray toke they none heede 6650
 They go clothed in homely weede
 They wyll not swere neuer an othe
 But nay or ye hit his soth
 But in old tyme ladyes wold
 Haue mercy of louers that in cares cold 6655
 Loued and for love had grete dyssese
 Som tyme ladyes such folk wold please
 But in these dayes hit ys nothing so
 ffor be a louer never so wo
 His lady lust not hym make chere 6660
 ffor his complaynt they wold not here
 Nether be speche ne better wrytyng
 They woll no rede hit for no thyng
 All that men say take they in gryef
 I trow Chastyte hath made hem defe 6665
 Off this mater speke we no more
 But I woll now of meliour
 Tell forth all myn entent
 And of the lusti turnement
 The Soudan ys now in the feld 6670
 Rychly armed that of spere and sheeld

[fol. 86.b.]

Canne skyll Inow wythouten doute
 Hi meyne wele armed that hym aboute
 He hath wele Justed wythouten nay
 Many a knyght that ylke day 6675
 And a squyer eke to grounde hath cast
 To meete wyth hym men be a gast
 Both fresch and cruell also ys he
 His men aboute hym So thikke be
 Afore and behynde wythouten fayle 6680
 That no man weele dare hym assayle
 The lordys that I spake of before
 Syth to geyf the Jugement
 Preyse hym gretely be one assent
 This Soudan the lusti knyght 6685
 Enforceth his hert wyth all his myght
 To wynne his lady melioure
 A grete spere in hond wythouten more
 He taketh and in rest hit cast
 And thorow the Reynes he rast fast 6690
 As euer hys steede hym myght bere
 Men of hym tho had sho feere
 And of the meyne hym aboute
 That the soudan throw the Route
 Rode to and fro no man hym mett 6695
 Of his Justyng hym ones to lett
 ALL this beheeld Partanope
 And in his hert than thought he
 Be thou as prowde as lucifer
 I shall assay on the my spere 6700

To brek anon yf that I may
 And forth he rydeth in that aray
 Of this course no man hym lett
 The sowdan and he togedyr mett
 [fol. 87.] So feersly on peesys her speris fle 6705
 Yet ther was no man cowde see
 Who had the better for her bakkis dyd bend
 And after other speris anon they send
 Ayen togedyr now they go
 At that Course they mette so 6710
 Eche gafe other suche a stroke
 As though ther had be an oke
 Wyth a crakke had made a fall
 Such a noyse hit made wythall
 Her sperys to brast and they both two 6715
 Kept her Sadelles Ryght wele two
 The Saudoun lyke a wyld best
 ffor angre cow haue no rest
 And ther wyth anon in his hete
 ffor a spere full passyng grete 6720
 He sent and in his arest hit cast
 Partanope in grete hast
 Of gaudyns toke a grete spere tho
 Therwyth the Saudan he hit so
 In to the vpper of the Sheld 6725
 That tyssew and bocle into the feeld
 ffly and all to peses brak
 The spere a fote throw the sheld stake
 The Sowdan hym hit so ayen
 That this sheld he made flene 6730

ffrom the shuldyr on to the layre
 Betwene hem begynneth a sharpe fayre
 Partanope herof was shame fast
 The Sowdan gladded and forth past
 Throw the Reynes wele faryngly 6735
 Kyng Claryns in the toure on hye
 Seyd the Soudan better hadde
 Cursolot hym answeryth wyth wordis sadde
 The whytte sheld ys now at ground
 But hys mayster on hors ys found 6740
 Cursolot at that tyme sayd but lyte
 ffor after he thoght he wold quyte
 Kyng Clarins whan Partanope
 [fol. 87.b.] Had mett the Sowdan in suche degre
 That he were quyte a myde the feld 6745
 Melior hym herd and eke beheeld
 The turnement and all the rowte
 Lytyll Joy therof wythouten dowte
 She had for few of hem she knew
 In loving her hert was euer trew 6750
 PARTANOPE asked a sheld in hast
 Gaudyns that on hym loket fast
 ffull fresch I peyted of syluer bryght
 Hit was ryght sure and ther to lyght
 A spere he toke both grete and fyne 6755
 There wyth he ranne to a sarasyn
 Armans he hyght wythoute more
 Partanope to hym ranne so sore
 And in the Sheld so hym hytt
 That in his sadyll lenger to sytt 6760

Hadde he nor power but oute he flye
 And fyll to ground all men hit sye
 This Army was hold a worthie man
 Partanope forth a bakk ranne
 Thorw the Reynes ryght to the Sowdan 6765
 And there he smot a knyght callyth logan
 That the sowdan wele than
 And to ground goth hors and man
 Atte Sowdan foote all this was doo
 The Sowdan was wode for angre tho 6770
 And his spere than toke in hast
 And to Partanope rydeth as fast
 Thorow the prese hym for to fynde
 And throw the ventayll in his nek behynd
 He hym smote wyth his spere tho 6775
 That all to pesys hit brak in two
 His swerd there wyth oute pullyth he
 And smote vpon the helme of Partanope
 Whan he aspyed that hit was he
 His swerd he pulled oute anon ryght 6780
 On hym he leyde wyth all his myght
 And on his helme suche strokes gafe he
 [fol. 88.] The rede fyre theroff dyd oute fle
 And thus they hurle forth throw the prese
 Tyll Partanope wythoute ony lese 6785
 Was passed the Reynes of the Sowdan
 So fer forth tyll that he came
 To the wallis of the toure
 Where in sate fayre meliore

And at the last than Partanope	6790
Aspyed how ferre past was he	
Throw the strynght of the Sowdan	
Tho hym to thenk he beganne	
How he had follyly I do	
ffor many a Sarasyn on hym tho	6795
Leyd on ryght fast and by lyve	
That hit was wondyr how he on lyve	
Myght passe that grete thonge	
But gaudyns of hert full stronge	
Saw at myschyf Partanope	6800
And in his rest hys spere lyed he	
And feersly into the prese he past	
A Sarasyn fro hors bak he cast	
A worthy knyght that hyght Bry	
The Sarasyns sett vp on a devyll crye	6805
To the morreys kyng he was a good post	
ffor he was Constable of his Ost	
His spere brak oute goth his Swerd	
As a lyon feerse he feerd	
Armaunt he smote another knyght	6810
So fro hors bak he made hym lyght	
His helme was the ferst that come to ground	
Grete strokes he yafe in that stound	
So manly at that tyme sothly was he	
That rescowed was good Partanope	6815
Wyth oute mayne or grete wound	
Wele quyte hym gaudyn that stound	
But both a chased were ryght wele	
And many a stroke ganne they feele	

THE Sowdan hurt was som dele 6820
 That kyng Cursolot aspyed wele
 [fol. 88.b.] And glad ys he of his declyne
 These wordis he sayd to Claryng
 The Sowden honeth as hevy as lede
 The tothe ache I throw be in his hede 6825
 Syr be not wroth of that I seye
 The white Sheeld thenketh not to dye
 At this tyme in the sowdans dette
 ffor skyllefully wyth hym hath he mett
 Gaudyn and eke Partanope 6830
 ffrom the turnay wythdrawen be
 Vnto an hawthron hem to avent
 Of goth her helmes be one assent
 The kyng of fraunse beheeld them wele
 And than he knew hem neuer a dele 6835
 To the emperour of spayn than sayd he
 These two knyghtis full goode men be
 And best in the turnay have done this day
 Sayd the Emperoure that ys an assay
 In the begynnyng they payn to fast 6840
 Comenly suche men mow not last
 Prysaunteres suche folk callyth he
 That all day men may sothly se
 Suche last not but lytyll while
 Ther wyth the emperoure ganne smyle 6845
 But wole ye make a good assay
 Take of hem the thyrd day
 The kyng of fraunse answeyrd aye
 On the third day howeuer hit be

Of this day they wyll haue the prise 6850
 They must *

GAUDYNS and also Partanope
 After her refreschyng both be
 In to the Reynes turneth ayen
 Fresch and lusty I armed they bene 6855
 Eche of hem toke hym his sheld

Many a man do hem beheeld
 In to the Reynes they come freschly
 Ech had in hand a spere full sturdy
 They spare no man that hem woll abyde 6860

[fol. 89.]

They were ryght lusty atte that tyde
 ffull well they Juste that ylke day
 There was no man drust hem assay
 But of hym they had the victory
 So sore her aduersaries dyd they wrey 6865

The day gan fast draw to ende
 That eche man thoght home to wend
 And turney no more as for that nyght
 The knyght of Syre he made a fyght
 Comyng in sodenly wyth his meyne 6870

As worthey and noble kyng was he
 Whanne eche man wend home for to go
 He had his meyne dyspetusly tho
 On euery syde gonne ley on fast
 Men toke her sheeldis to hym in hast 6875

Gaudyn anon wyth spere and schyeld
 Turned ayen into the feeld
 The duke of loryn anon hym mett
 Eche be other full lytell tho sett

* Sic.

Goode knyghtis they were both two	6880
But yet gaudyns myshapped tho	
ffor the kyng of Syre in that feld	
So feersly hit hym on the Sheeld	
That from his hors he made hym lyght	
Whan Partanope saw that syght	6885
That gaudyn his feere was to ground	
Wyth a spere both grete and round	
He ranne to the kyng than of Syre	
And hym hit wyth so grete an Ire	
Oute of his sadyll he made hym leepe	6890
Gaudyn therof anon toke kepe	
And fresshly sesyd the kynges steede	
But or he myght hym ony further leede	
The kynges meyne to hym so rauth	
That of hem many a stroke he cauth	6895
And in this menewhile a saresyn	
Ys lept on the hors of gaudyn	
Partanope that hym neuer fayled nede	
Leyde on so fast hym rounde aboute	
[fol. 89.b.] He hath hym rescowed from all the rowte	6900
That harmeles scapyth they be	
ffor besy ys all the kynges meyne	
Of Syre hym thoght the prese to lede	
On fott he hath for lost his steede	
Al folke her wyth departe anon	6905
Fro the turnement and streyght gone	
To her loggyng in grete hast	
The nyght falleth on hem wondre fast	

The herowdis crye all hostell a hostell
 Partanope and gaudyn that ryght well 6910
 In the turnement haue bor hem that day
 To her loggyng they ryde in fresch aray
 Cursolot seth hem both two
 To her loggyng harmeles they go
 He seyde god blessed thou be 6915
 Both my freendis yonde I se
 To her herborw go safe and sound
 I wold yt had cost me an hundred pound
 Befor I wist waht they were
 But well I wote he that doth bere 6920
 The whitte Sheld be myn awyse
 Of this day ys worthie the pryse
 All do that hem herd sey not onys nay
 Saf king claryns for to his pay
 In no wyse these wordis were sayd 6925
 The thyrd day shall we know the brayd
 Be that tyme moche thynges may fall
 He and ye be to hasty now for to call
 Hym best that beryth the whyte Sheld
 Of all that were to day in the feld 6930
 ffull yore now hit ys agoo
 I haue herd say and other moo
 That whoso yeveth hasty Jugegyment
 Must be the fyrst that shall repent
 Ther wyth these knyghtis both two 6935
 Of these thyngis mor spak they not tho
 But Partanope and gentyll gaudyn
 Arne at her soper and drynke the wynne

[fol. 90.] As fresch as to hem may be broth
 Of her grete strokys the rek noght 6940
 Gaudyn beholdeth wele Partanope
 And gretely mervaylet of his beawte
 How semely he was how long and how brode
 Hym to beholde full longe he stooode
 And he thoght euer in his corage 6945
 He myght not be borne of pore lynage
 And wele he sygh that he was pynsyfe
 He thoght his hert was in grete stryfe
 Of this grete mervayle tho had he
 What cause or what hyt myght be 6950
 That made hym in such hevynesse
 Hym thoght he had cause of gladnesse
 Hym to comfort in his hert he cast
 And meryly brak oute at the last
 And sayd my frend Partanope 6955
 What ys the cause that ye now be
 In hevynes fall so sodenly
 I trow for ye haue so manly
 Now borne yow in this turnement
 Ye are aferd last the Jugement 6960
 To haue this lady shuld fall on yow
 Be glad man loke vp lyghtely now
 And bere the wele the thyrd day
 And than I dare savely saye
 Thow shallt haue her and moch more 6965
 Partanope therewyth syghed sore
 And seyde I were wele had I that
 Gaudyn the wyth on his bedde sate

And made hym redy to take his rest
 To do the same Partanope made hym prest 6970
 To bed they go for that nyght
 On morow as sone as the sone sonne bryght
 Ganne shew her bemes oute of her speere
 They bene rysyn masse for to here
 And than after arme hem be one assent 6975
 And made hem redy to the turnement
 Thyther be they come wyth her Squyers
 [fol. 90.b.] Freschly rydyng vpon her dextreys*
 In to the feeld they do as they mow
 Cursolot hem seeth and than he lowe 6980
 And claryn sayd lo yondre I se
 Be the morow now come be
 These twyn that yster even full late
 Caught the last stroke and yet algate
 Hyt samyth they woll the fyrst wyne 6985
 Late se how sall this game begynne
 To feld ys come the fresch Sawdan
 In his company many a lusty man
 And fayre Renge hem in the feeld
 Herawdes hem nombre a thousand sheeld 6990
 This Sawdan that lusty knyght
 Takyth hys Sheeld anon ryght
 Sett helme on hede and taketh his spere
 Partanope that houeth fro hym ferre
 Was redy anon wythouten lett 6995
 Thus sone togydyr they mett
 Full freshly men myght se I trow
 The Sowdan bare hys spere to low

* (destreres?)

There he had went smyt Partanope
 Amyddys the Sheeld hit happed tha he 7000
 Smote his sadyll in the fore arsoun
 The spere so low descendyd adoune
 That hit on peesis fly in to the feld
 Partanope hym hit amyde the Sheeld
 So sturdyly in all his myght 7005
 That fro his hors he made hym lyght
 And I leyd hym flatt than in the med
 Partanope therwyth seyth his steed
 But it was noght for hym to abyde
 And then he sayd who lust to ryde 7010
 Lepe on his bak take hym anone
 To the rescow of the soudan
 A thousand knyghtis and many on mo
 Who lust to laugh but Cursolot tho
 And than he sayd to kyng claryne 7015
 This game ys begonne wele a fyne
 [fol. 91.] Full besy now all these knyghtis be
 Her mayster to recow and Partanope
 Seyth to the Soudan he myght no more do
 The prese was so grete aboute hym tho 7020
 He well be thoght hym and at the last
 ffreschely in to the prese he tharst
 And a Sarysyn he yafe such a dent
 To the grounde he fyll he was shent
 Partanope on hym no thing abode 7025
 But freschly throw the prese he rode
 And manly throw that prese past
 Are he was ware he come as fast

Vnto the gate which was the toure
 Where as melioure the fresch floure 7030
 Sate in a wyndow and loked oute
 Anone as Partanope wythouten doute
 Aspyed his lady and saw her there
 He spared at that tyme for no fere
 But salowed his lady full peteusly 7035
 And sayd of your seruant now haue mercy
 And take this token now of me
 And therewyth all goode Partanope
 Put vp his spere and profered his getoun
 Seyng the feld and all the toune 7040
 Vpon this getoun She dyd looke
 And fro the spere to her She hit tooke
 And sayd to hym tell me ayen
 What ye sayd and what ye mene
 I vndyrstond not and therefore tell me 7045
 But at that tyme hit myght not be
 He was in grete perell of his lyfe saunz fayle
 Thre men of armes dyd hym assayle
 Wyth grete sperys on euery syde
 Hit was for hym no lenger to abyde 7050
 His Swerd he pulleth oute delyuerly
 And beete all thre fro hym full manly
 And forth into the Reynes he tharst
 And aboute hym leyde on fast
 In perell of his lyfe nede must he 7055
 For in myddys his enemys full but was he
 And thorw the meyne he must nedys passe
 ffor all his felaschip beyond hem was

[fol. 91.b.]

Gaudyn seeth Partanope in grete doute
 And boldely loketh hym aboute 7060
 And feersly amonge hem In goth he
 And leyd on fast Joy for to se
 As he that coude wele on that craft
 And thus in help Partanope hym rafte
 ffrom his enemys hondis wythoute doute 7065
 And are harmeles scapyd throw the rowte
 Thys ys wele waht wole ye more
 Late vs speke of fayre meliore
 For She hath now take his getoun
 Of Partanope but what the enchesoun 7070
 Or cause he had hir to take
 She can not wytte ne for whos sake
 She wold hit had be a devyll a wey
 That she so lewde was in that aray
 On the spere hit was fastened 7075
 And she there fro hit vndede
 Whereof men spake than dyshonre
 And sayd that man was her paramoure
 THOUGHT a lady for the best a thing do
 Men haue Suche Joy to lye So 7080
 They wold it turne all for the werst
 They haue no Joy to say the best
 Suche mennys tonges gone euer on wheelis
 This ys the cause for must wyth kelys
 Ys her dalyaunse and her comonyng 7085
 And for they mow hem lyghtly bryng
 To be foolis at her comaundement
 Therefore they gyfe suche Jugement

On all other and wene they were
 Of suche condyciouns and such manere 7090
 Of these ladyes hit fareth not so
 Chaungeable in love they be neuer mo
 Of treuth in stabyllnesse they bere the floure
 In hym is peynted gentylnesse and honoure
 [Therefore all men 7095
 * * * * * *

Fragment found by the Rev. J. E. Sewell, in New College Library, pasted in the binding of a printed book of the Fifteenth Century. From a large 4to MS. on vellum, written in double columns.

* * * * *

Thowe ye hadde magr . . . ellis thonk
Ye were neuer wont t[o] [u]se gabbyng
In no maner for to do [the] [ples]yng
Of what persone so euer [he] be
And Y dar say well as for me 7100
Yt come neuer in myne entent
But ye shold geue true jugement
And so ye do Y dar say truly
The trouth therof enqueryd haue I
What womman euer did husbond take 7105
That man hur lord She most make
This is a thyng that euer is stable
Duryng her lyues it is neuer variable
Therefore a lady might ryght well be
Avysed vnto what persone that shee 7110
Shold geue hur body with hur honoure
Of hur garland fayrest is that floure
The ffrenshe y wote well ys ffulle of bonyte
But vnarmed wold Y fayn see
And yf Y lyke well hi[s pers]one 7115
Than wote Y what is to done

Y wyll be his and he shall be myne
 What euer ye deme ys s[oo]the the fyne
 And yf he be not to my lesyre
 The Soudan to haue my desyre 7120
 And sayth playnly for the loue of me
 He wyll be crystned and all his contre
 Armulus she sayde Y wote well that ye
 My desyre had neuer so [in] chyerte
 To leue a trouth and say . . . brong 7125
 Than myght men say y [li]ved to long
 Armulus to my worship goode hede ye take
 And ye lordes all for Goddes sake
 ffor ye shall neuer fynd that Y
 ffro worshipfull a wa[y av]oyde truly 7130
 But Cursolot Y haue mo meruayle that ye
 Yn this mater so dulle be
 Whateuer thay say ye say ryght nought
 My worship lyth nothyng in youre thought
 As leng as this turnay dede last 7135
 Y herd yow preyse wo[nder faste
 O person presysely among hem all
 Now it semyth that he is fall
 Out of your prayse what may it be]
 Yn sodeyn chaunge now fall ar ye 7140
 But chaungeth as often as Y lyst
 Where Y wyll be Y wote best
 But shame it were you to vary
 From youre behest or be contrarye
 Wherfore Y think not of all this yere 7145
 To make you vary for my prayere

Col. 2.*

Madam sayde Corsolot the kyng
 The cause of my styлле syttyng
 Ys to here and knowe Armulus resoun
 This is now all myn enchesoun 7150
 ffor truly as by myn aduyse
 The ffrenshe is worthy to haue the price
 For whanne we the J[ugg]es togeder where
 Aboue in the toure for [lo]ue ne fere
 We shull not spare by one assent 7155
 But to geue a trewe jugement
 Somme of vs ben accorded fully
 The Soudan should haue yow truly
 And somme holdeth now the contrarie
 Wherefore yn Jugement we do vary 7160
 But Madam wyll ye do wysely
 Exameneth hem now a sondry
 And that into the toure ayen ye gone
 And sendeth after vs one and one
 And charge euery man by her fay 7165
 That he to you oweth and lete hem say
 Playnly to you all his entent
 How thay will geue her jugement
 And that thay not s[ees]e for loue ne drede
 Ne for no grete profers [ne] mede 7170
 Thanne shulle ye wex of hem privelye
 That thay spare now to say oponly
 And commaundeth hem both two
 And vnarme them saf[ely] thay do
 Than shall ye know well by syght 7175
 Wheche is the semlier knyght

- And lete youre ey youre Juge be
 Ye sey the best for God sayde she
 He ought well lyke me by resoun and skyle
 That shold haue my body and goode at wyll 7180
- Col. 3. [The] kynges may not [then] a mervayled be
 [If] we Y chese hym that best lyketh me
 [An]d herwythall commaundeth she
 [Th]ese lordes vnarmed fast to be
 THE Soudan vnarmed hym in hast 7185
 And ryche clothes on hym doth cast
 [A] cerkle of gold full of precius stonys
 [On] his hed he hadde that no where ther is
 [A r]yccer ne ffeyrer to any mannes syght
 [He] was a passyng semly knyght 7190
 [N]ow ys he come before the quene
 [Al]l tho hym prayse that hym seen
 [An]d sayde playnly that conquered hath he
 [Of] all this turnements [the] price and gree
 [The] kyngis hym praysed wonder fast 7195
 [His] dome to geue thay made grete hast
 [They] sayde what shuld we longer tary
 [Our] Jugement conne no man contrarye
 SONE after cometh ynne Partanope
 Among the . . prees and but esely is he 7200
 [Arra]yde as to speke of clothyng
 . . e he hadde grete e . of o thyng
 [She] that was lady of [the] place
 [He] hoped well to stond in hur grace
 . . best frynd saue and he was Gaudyn 7205
 [A ki]rtell of scarlet he hadde on fyne

[Then]ne he was gyrd wyth a gyrdell
 [Wi]th dyuerce bestes embrudered full well
 [Of] Gold and of Cipre and eke of Venyse
 [Of] his clothyng more to devyse 7210
 [I] nede not to say all that wete wee
 [Th]at oute of prison straight cometh he
 [In] this turney worschip to wynne
 [He] fond there neyther [fr]enship ne kynne
 [H]im to refresshe in any degree 7215
 [Sa]ue only Gaudyn with hym met hee
 [T]hurwe Goddes grace [by] the way
 [A]nd he hym clothe yn suche aray

* * * * *

Col. 4. All vnarmed his
 Full gretely abasshed tho waxt he 7220
 Seyng his souerayne lady there
 That affore hadde made hym goode chere
 Wyth all hert body and myght
 And he as an vntrewe knyght
 Hadde hur deceyued and how hur suerte 7225
 Yn such disteynt tho stode he
 That oft the coloure in his face
 Was sodenly reede for she of hur grace
 He hadde for euer offended so heyly
 That his rose coloure paled sodenly 7230
 Thus in grete fere stont Partonope
 Of thousandes of peple behold ys he
 And eche man sayde as hem lyst
 But all thay conclude the semlyest

Of the two persones sertayne was he 7235
 Wherfore the kyngis the pryce and the gree
 Hym yeue fully by one assent
 And made end of her Jugement
 Of the lordes that loued the Soudan
 Contraried the Jugement not o man 7240
 And all the peple cryed by one assent
 This is now a trewe jugement

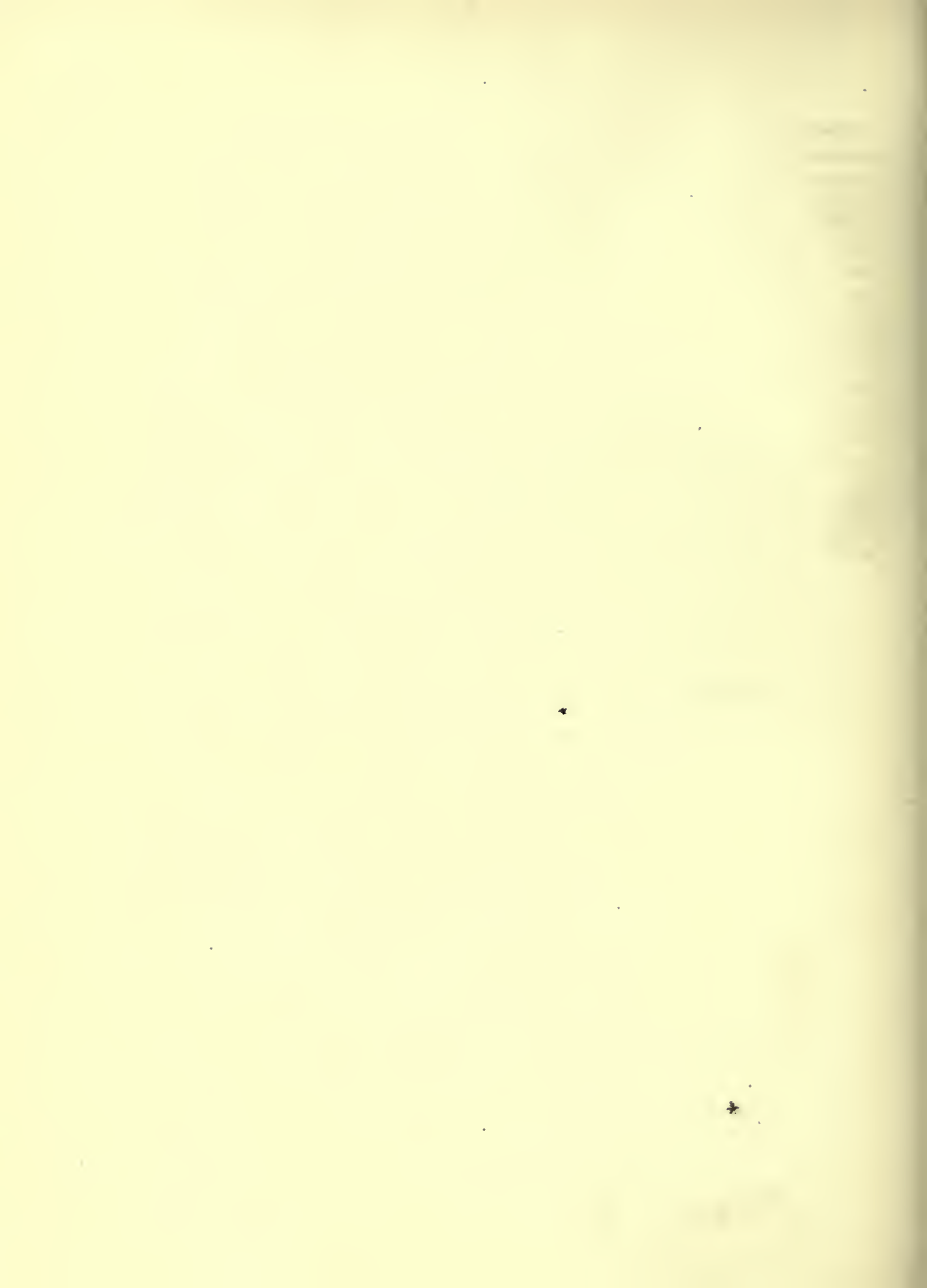
ARMULUS de Marbury vp anone stode
 And sayd the Jugement was ryght goode
 To the kyngis he sayde Syrs what say ye 7245
 Thay hym aunswered and sayde we be
 To this Jugement accorded full playnly
 Yf it be plesaunt vnto my lady
 And as Y trowe and dar say truly
 Ayenst Meliore is hert it yede not gretly 7250
 For thowe gretly trespass hadde he
 Hur hert was full of mercy and pyte
 To Armulus yet sayde she thoo
 Myne owne Choyse ye haue put me froo
 [My] wyll was to haue hadde ye Soudan 7255
 [Ye h]aue geve me to another man
 . . Armulus . . love ne drede
 * * * * *

APPENDIX

CONTAINING EXTRACTS

FROM THE

BODLEIAN MS. RAWLINSON MSS. POET. 14.



APPENDIX.

Printed text, p. 58.

BUT for to speke of mans age
Ye be but yonge not gretly assayde
Of that I say be not mysspayde
And he is provyde a manly knyght
For in many a perlus fight 1720*
He hath done maistres with honde
Mo then ony man within this londe
And therefore cossyn I praye you
Hertly of his matter nowe
To me ye speke no more 1725*
For I hade lever soffer grete sore
Then harme shulde come you nere
I will not you grant my owne fere
To this answerde Partonope
Sir he seyde truly yef that ye 1730*
Will not grant me this bataill
I sey you pleylnly saun3 faill
Youre servyse for ever I refuse
At this worde the kyng gan muse
And at the last seyde in affyance 1735*
Yef ye will so you avance
Als ye woll so mot it be
For truly cossyn hade not ye

Come into France at this tyme	
We hade be in grette peyne	1740*
Then seyde Partonope the worthy	
The yelde God almyghty	
And he helpe me in your right	
For on me I take this fight	
· Youre enemye full for to defende	1745*
That grace our Lorde me sende	
The kynge set hym among his chevalrye	
And seyde Sirs I tell you cause why	
I have do rede this nobill letter	
Whiche seyth thus and no better	1750*
Yef I will his full entente were	
For to trye out in this manere	
The cleyme of our bothe rights	
To be in bataill betwyss two knyghts	
This is the cause of his menynges	1755*
For to esschewe grete blode shedynge	
For this is seker without faill	
Yef we bothe come to bataill	
And both our ostes togeder mete	
Many a man his life shall lete	1760*
In this case hymselfe will fight	
For he will be the too knyght	
And I another knyght moste fynde	
With hym to fight and defende	
The ryghte that longeth to this londe	1765*
For he hath fully take on honde	
Yef he in this bataill sleyn be	
Kyngs and duks of his contrye	

And all his lordes of his contre thereto
 Shall do me omage ere they goo 1770*
 And holde their londes ever of me
 Thereto they shall ensurede be
 To sende me his eldest sone
 And he shall do as they have done
 And it hape that my knyght be 1775*
 Dyscomfyte or slayne in that degre
 And I also with my reme moste stonde
 To do him omage and oure londe
 Holde of hym as he shulde of me
 And I tell you without faill 1780*
 To Partonope I have gyfe the bataill
 To morwe ye moste redy be
 To go with my cossyn and me
 Armede before the castell of Chare
 Hit is good for to be ware 1785*
 Then are we redy full boldly
 Us to defende yef he assaill
 And yef he truly this bataill
 Performe as he hath mente
 That then ye may be on assente 1790*
 Un arme hem in prive manere

Printed text, p. 61.

Sethe of youre will this is the fyne 1795
 That fro this purpose ye will not goo
 I can no more say thereto

Printed text, p. 62.

Shulde be holde and all covenants 1832

Printed text, p. 66.

About his nyke his shelde 1949*
Well couchede with perle y melede

With golde and perle rychely begone 1952

Printed text, p. 73.

For to the grete God I make a vowe 2170*

Printed text, p. 74.

That Partonope not well wote 2201*

Printed text, p. 78.

Grete fere in their herts they hade 2295*
And namly the kyng sorwe made

Printed text, p. 90.

To make an ende of the stryfe 2678*

Printed text, p. 93.

And grete yeftes yenyth he 2764*
To hym and to all his oste

Printed text, p. 94.

Hit semyde well he wolde not lete 2770*

Printed text, p. 100.

The moder and the sone departyde be
An hevy woman in hert is she 2960*
To his counsell thought she acorde
Her hert is full ferre fro hur worde

To the kyng of Fraunce is she gone
 Sir she sayde what may I done
 I wofull wreche and caytyfe 2965*
 I am sorry I am on lyve
 There was never woman hade soych harme
 For my sone is lost be crafte and charme
 All be the devill entysemente
 Therewith anone the kyng of France 2970*
 In whom was her affyance
 Her to hym he toke full goodly
 And into a chamber full prively
 They went together thereto as she
 Might tell her complaynt and no man see 2975*
 And there she wepte wonderly sore
 Or that she myght say two words more
 And when she lefte hur wepynge
 This words she seyde to the kyng
 Sir she seyde I can not see 2980*
 But ye have loste Partonope
 When he was loste in your forests
 In Arderne amonge the wilde bests
 Ther drewe to hym thyng of fayre
 As it were a woman ore a lady 2985*
 And bade hym of comforte be
 And be hight hym well that she
 Sshulde hym brynge out of dysseyse
 And with her words so hym dyde plese
 And yaf hym there to grete avere 2990*
 And that tyme was in grete fere

He made with here a covenante
 To be hur love and hur sirvante
 He lovyth her beste of ony creture
 Yet of her shape ne figure 2995*
 With his eyen he never sey
 This me thynketh grete folye
 Of her he hathe all maner plesance
 Thus is he brought in the devills dance
 Sshe hathe defendyde hym in all degre 3000*
 He shulde not besye hym here to see
 Thus I se he his but lore
 And yet I sey forther more
 He byte no lenger then to morwe none
 He perposethe hym to her gone 3005*
 Thus is he loste Sir what sey ye
 For godds love som counsell gyf me
 I have be thought me of othyng
 Yef it were to you plesynge
 Will ye her nowe my devyse 3010*
 I will be rulede be youre avyse
 Ye have a nyce Sir she seyde
 That is to marye and is a mayde
 Whiche hathe passynge grete beute
 There to Sir I wot well that she 3015*
 Ys well norturede conyg and wyse
 Truly me thynke she beryth the pryse
 Of maydens all as in france
 Yef ye acorde to this alyance
 Yef ye will sende for hym anone 3020*
 And I shall tell you howe ye shall done

I moste have ii potts of wyne
 Hit moste be good and inly fyne
 The tone I shall in this wyse array
 Yef my son there of assay 3025*
 A draught or ii I wot right well
 His thought shall change every dell
 Youre nyce to you the wyne shall brynge
 But drynketh not therof for nothyng
 Your nyce I nowe shall drynke therof 3030*
 The tother parte shall ther in leve
 And let iche to other speke
 I kepe here dalyance no man breke
 Thus I hope all shall be well
 The kynge answerde I graunt iche dell 3035*
 Hit is wysdom a man his frende to wyne
 Ther thorwe foly they shall atwyne
 Be what crafte that ever it be
 Ther with anone for Partonope
 He sent a man in hall the haste 3040*
 Chargynge hym he shulde faste
 Come to hym all thyng leste
 Partonope abode till este
 Of his jorney and of all thyng
 And in grete haste come to the kynge 3045*
 When he was come the kynge anone
 To a wyndowe with hym dyde gon
 And ther they fall in many talkynge
 Of dyverse materis and ther with the kynge
 Bade all men out of chambir goo 3050*
 Ssafe the lady and they two

And the mayde whiche rose faste
 And barrede the dore then in haste
 This fayre mayde which is to marye
 Hir beute dyscrye wolde I 3055*
 After the sentence of myn auter
 But I preye you of this labure
 That I may at this tyme excusede be
 Of every fetture to reherse the beute
 xviii yere she was of age 3060*
 Symly of stature born of high perage
 Hur hert was set gretly in othyng
 To be freshe arrayde in clothyng
 Enbrowderde parte in strange wyse
 To tell out playnly hur avyse 3065*
 Her forhede brode and streight nose
 Hur coloure rede lyke a rose
 Of sangwen here complexcion
 The here of here browis were browne
 The skyn of hir nyke was lylly whyte 3070*
 Sshe was not lene but fleshly alyte
 Smale armes and honds fayre
 She was courteys and eke debonayre
 Clothyde she was in fyne satyn
 Well I shape for ever here delyte 3075*
 Was set in freshnes of array
 Sshe was as freshe as rose ine maye
 Of all her beute I make a fyne
 The kyng axede after his wyne
 This mayde goth with good chere 3080*
 And fylde a coppe of the pichere

Whiche the moder of Partonope
 Hade so arrayde that yef that he
 Of this wyne drynke a draught
 That anone he shulde be caught 3085*
 In soyche wyse he shulde forgete
 Melyore his lady swete
 The mayde bringyth the kynge wyne
 That of this poyson myghty and fyne
 The kynge knewe this crafte well 3090*
 And kyssede the coppe but never a dell
 Ther of he ne drank but thus seyde
 Beryth my coppe fayre mayde
 To my cossyn Partonope
 And I comonde also that ye 3095*
 Drynke to hym and make hym chere
 This mayde had conynge and manere
 And bare the coppe to Partonope
 Sir she seyde the kynge will that ye
 Drynke of this coppe I shall begyne 3100*
 She purposede hur his love to wyne
 She dranke firste and then dranke he
 This wyne was lusty and Partonope
 Set coppe to mouthe and beter assayde
 And ther with all he prayede the mayde 3105*
 Sshe wolde drynke to hym ayen
 And so they dranke that bothe they bene
 Well wet and then Partonope
 Of this mayde so behelde the beute
 That with her love he was so take 3110*
 He had foryet melyore his make

Printed text, p. 103.

When women beth well I can not sese	
With glade chere she to hym seyde	
My dyre hert full well payde	3040*
All my lyve dayes be may I	
That I have conquerede so wysly	
Ffor be crafte I have you take	
And made you fully to fore sake	
Your old love and holy to me	3045*
Ye be ensurede ever trewe to be	
When of his love he herde hir speke	
His hert hym thought wolde breke	
All pensefe a grete while he sate	
In his hert thynkyng agayne his wyte	3050*
Ys come to him fresche and newe	
Allas he thought I am but rewe	
To hur that is my soverayne lady	
And ther with he stert up freshly	
And to the dore streight he wente	3055*
The barre in his honde he hente	
And oppynde the dore in haste	
And thorwe the hall he hyede faste	
Into the porche he come rynenge	
His hors he fonde redy stondyng	3060*
Uppon his hors in haste he lepte	
Nor of his trouth take he no kepe	
When the kyng was ware of this	
A sory man for soth he is	
He courssede his modir and hir enchantmente	3065*
The newe love also is I shente	

In grete haste ryds Pertonope
 To the castell of bloyes and sore wepte he
 Thynkyng on his lady melyore
 Howe of his herte she is the tresoure 3070*
 And he hath her sirvyde falsly
 In his hert he fynds hym gylty
 To pounytye in haste he come rydyng
 Ffro his meyne he hydyth his wepyng
 Ffro his hors he lepyth and streight gothe 3075*
 Into his chambir for he is lothe
 His meyne shulde knowe his dysseyse
 He bydds hem voyde this is no lese
 They voyde his chambire in grete haste
 After hem he barres the dore faste 3080*
 Nowe be hym selfe he is alone
 He maketh sorwe and moche mone
 He courseth the counsell of the kyng
 And his newe love above all thyng
 The kyng his modir and his love 3085*
 Herde tydyng that up above
 Into a chambir was Partonope
 Goon to slepe that may not be
 Seyde his modir for nothyng
 All fore nought were our charmyng 3090*
 To his chambir she yede in haste
 The dure she yede and founde sperede faste
 She knocked fast and loude dyde crye
 Undo the dore son it am I
 All for nought he let her be 3095*
 Then he seyde for sothe ye

Have fro me take my erthly make and joye
 And nowe I am depertyde fro you aweye
 Ye shall never after have joye of me
 Gothe furthe youre wey and let me be 3100*
 This lady wepynge went hur wey
 Wenyge fully this is no nay
 She had to hym a trespas do
 Pertonope anone as she was goo
 He thought yef I abyde here 3105*
 The kyng and my modir with wepynge chere
 With many othir shall wondir on me
 Anothir whyle thus thought he
 My love my lady my hert is lothe
 I will me besy for to se the 3110*
 Ffor I have gretly agan resone
 Forefet to her grace and pardone
 I may aske of hire and have
 Of that I have do so god me save
 With all my herte I me repente 3115*
 And mercy crye with good entente
 With that thought he rose up faste
 The dore he unbarrede in haste
 And went his way hevely
 For his meyne shulde hym not spyne 3120*
 Over his eyen he caste his hode
 And to a man that before hym stode
 He seyde no lenger you a byde
 But feche my hors for I will ryde
 A lytill while to disporte me 3125*
 All alone for of my meyne

At this tyme have I no nede
 Thus alone furthe he yede
 And alone as he rode musyng
 Knyghts sodenly hym come metyng 3130*
 Of whiche I have told before
 That brought hym the somers with tresoure
 They salvyde hym full softly
 And then they seyde Sir gretly
 Of youre lady desyrede ye be 3135*
 Gothe youre wey for at the see
 Your bote your ship ther is redy
 The tyde abyds you and truly
 The wynde and weder at will ye have
 Of this tydyngs so god me save 3140*
 I thanke you hertly seyde Pertonope
 And with that worde these knyghts be
 Sodenly gone he wot never where
 He rydyth furthe to the water of loyre
 When he come ther redy he fonde 3145*
 A fayre bote redy be the londe
 Where in he fonde a fayre bede made
 Pertonope ther of was wonder glade
 Shortly no lenger wolde he abyde
 Bout gothe to bote weder and tyde 3150*
 Was redy dight to his plesure
 Downe on the bede he toke his leyser
 He thought ther to slepe awhile
 Ye shall here a wonder thyng
 His hors his lemers not he se 3155*
 The knyghts ne nothyng where they be

The bote was governde in the see
 A wondir this was as thynketh me
 The bote hym brought to the shipe
 When he was in he toke grete kepe 3160*
 His hors his lemers ther he founde
 Whiche behynde hym and on the stronde
 Hade ben for so wende he
 And thus furthe sallyth Pertonope
 Thorwe the water which clepede loyre 3165*
 Till he enterde in to chyfe doyer
 Which is chefe havyn of the courte
 Ffro the shipe to the londe gothe he
 Maistre of the shipe ne governoure
 Ssees hym none streight to the toure 3170*
 Of his lady nowe ryds he
 And let the shipe alone be
 Sstreight he rydyth to the palis
 And in the hall uppon the doyes
 He set him downe his soper was redy 3175*
 He ets no mete but sytts hevyle
 Ssone after soppere when tyme was
 To chambir he goth an eyse pas
 He knewe what he was wont to do
 He made hym redy streight to goo 3180*
 Te bede that was his entente
 Sshort tale to make to bed he went
 When he was leyde the covertoure
 To hym he drewe and ther with melyore
 To bede come full softely 3185*
 In his armes he toke hur goodly

He kyssed hir and made hir chere
 But she asspyde be his manere
 He was at that tyme som what hevye
 Good sir she seyde what cause or why 3190*
 Be ye in this hevyness
 Tell me playnly youre dysstres
 He answerde here softly
 My dere hert I cry you mercy
 My dere hert I am dyssmayde 3195*
 The kyng of France hath me betrayede
 And myne evill moder also
 Thorwe drynke made me to do
 A thyng whereof I repente me
 Ffalse and untrewes it made me be 3200*
 To you my lady soverayne
 On hir falsehede I me complayne
 A wyne I dranke was made be crafte
 Thorwe whiche my wyt was me rafte
 And I be come a fole naturall 3205*
 This made my moder she is full fell
 There with they brought a mayde
 That was to marye then they seyde
 Howe lyke ye this mayde yenge
 She is right fayre and nyce to the kyng 3210*
 The kyng with her come as blyve
 And gafe me hir to my wife
 With townes castells and grete ryches
 There I ensurede here and none wytnes
 To be her hosbonde and none * othir for sake 3215*
 And she on her syde to be my make

* (*Sic; it should be all*)

Ensured be fore hem all this to do
 Yet be grace it happede soo
 Ere that I nyghede here bodyly
 My wyte come to me graceously 3220*
 Then I wyste I had mysdo
 In grete haste up sterte I tho
 And lefte my trouthe with hem all
 Therefore mercy ever I call
 Ffor I forgat you thus falsly 3225*
 My swete hert ever I crye you mercy
 Of speche he stont and seyde no more
 But still lay and sighede sore
 Sire seyde this lady why do you thus
 Ther with she yaf hym a swete cus 3230*
 And seyde let be my hert swete
 Ffor I will right well I wete
 Love you a thousonde folde the more
 That ye have been assayde so sore
 And lefte hem all and drewe to me 3235*
 I may ther by both knowe and se
 Youre hert to me stonte ever stabill
 Wherefore this trespas is pardonabill
 But yef hereafter the devill be
 Your maister so gretly that me to se 3240*
 Ye desyre for drynke ore for poyson
 To make of me oppyn demonstracion
 Ore my will be that it be so
 Ye shall undo us bothe two
 All other thyngs nowe full lightly 3245*
 Of me for yeve truly I

Love you so with all my herte
 All other forfetts may me not astert
 Nowe are they fall fro this dalyance
 And besye hem to do iche other plesance 3250*
 Thus all nyght togedir they be
 Till at morwe that Pertonope
 Moste nedys ryse it is day
 And thus he rose and wende his way
 Whether he wolde hym to dyssporte 3255*
 Of nought ells hade he comforte
 Never a day till is * was nyght
 This lyfe he levyde a fortnyght
 And on a day he hym bethought
 In what care he hade brought 3260*
 His moder and eke the king of fraunce
 And all his kenrede and his alyaunce
 Wherefore he purposeth hem to see
 And hastely go into his contre
 As he on nyght in bede lay 3265*
 With his lady this freshe may
 He toke hire in armes and hir kyste
 My dere herte he seyde and y wyste
 Ye wolde not dyssplesede be
 I wolde have leve of you to se 3270*
 To me it were a grete eyse
 But lothe me were you to dyssplese
 With that worde he sighede sore
 My love she seyde ever more
 I drede me of false enchantments 3275*
 Ye shall make us both shente

* (*Sic ; read it*)

M M

Youre modir at your nexte comynge
 Ffor me shall make you bryng
 Ssom thyng that ye shall me sene
 Sshent for ever then shall ye ben 3280*
 To breke myne offence and my trouthe
 My sweet hert have on me routhe
 Ffor God me helpe so as wyssly
 I yef you never no cause why
 Thus lightly to deperte fro me 3285*
 With out stroke ye will me sle
 In france ye may byde in pes
 Ore ever I shulde to you make pres
 That ye shall ever repayre to me
 But it to you plesance be 3290*
 Yef ye thus deperte fro me
 And breke youre heste ye shall se
 Ye shall me sle without knyfe
 Thus shall ye reve me my lyfe
 Thus shall I be lefte alone 3295*
 In care and sorwe to make my mone
 I not to whom when ye be wente
 With sorwe and wepyng I shall be shente
 Ffor after on evill comyth many mo
 And in soyche wyse ye let me goo 3300*
 Then shall I endure in langwyssynge
 Never full dede but ever dyng
 And lyte mete ete and lese drynke
 And nodell slepe though I wynke
 Thus shall I my body peyne 3305*
 Merthe and joye my hert resstrayne

Of all newe counsell I shall be sade
 Mercy askynge ther none may be hade
 Ssoyche joye hathe he that lovyth his love
 All the day it hathe be put in prove 3310*
 Comynly ther thou lovyste beste
 Of all othir his thanke is leste
 Loo dyre hert thus may ye see
 In what myshcefe ye shall leve me
 Yef ye me se ore then me lyste 3315*
 In you fully is all my truste
 Loo dere hert this is my fere
 Amonge youre frends this is my fere
 With crafte brought in ye shall be
 Ye shall hem truste better then me 3320*
 Youre moder wenyth all fauten * be
 That I do sethe me to to see
 Ye be defendyde ther fore sekerly
 Sshe will make som crafte whereby
 Ye shall ayen my will me see 3325*
 Thus shall ye leve here better then me
 Yet above all this is my fere
 My love to lese that is so dere
 Have bought my hert and that be ye
 Nowe good love have mercy on me 3330*
 My fayre lady thinke well this
 In all the reme of france ther nys
 Man ne woman that can me brynge
 To do offence in ony thyng
 That were contrarye to youre plesance 3335*
 God kepe me fro that myschance

* (*Sic*; fausen?)

Then were I wors then an hounde
 Ssethe so longe I have you founde
 That I shulde youre dethe caste
 My endles sorwe shulde in haste 3340*
 Ffor be the holy appostells xii.
 I love you better then my selve
 And moche love then have I loste
 Yef ye shall me thus mystruste
 Thus all the nyght be twyx hem to 3345*
 Words ther were hem lyste none other to do

Printed text, p. 105.

That will his body and soule brynge 3117*
 Into som myschef lo this is a thyng
 Whiche grevys my hert wondir sore
 This is the cause ye were sent fore 3120*
 Well seyde the bysshope let me alone
 Into a chambire she is gon
 Into his chambire without lete
 Where as the bysshope sone mete
 And seyde to hym well come be ye 3125*
 Come sit downe right here be me
 The bisshope he gan his tale subtilly
 All afferre and seyde sir sekerly
 I here of you most worshipec and honour
 Ffor of fraunce ye bere the floure 3130*
 Of manhode and of chevallrye
 This is the cause sir that I
 Here am come you to see
 With all my hert and glad am I

That ye are in hele and gladnes	3135*
This bisshope pleyde wylis I gesse	
Ffor he no worde spake of his lady	
But other materis brought subtilly	
Then he seyde truly ye	
Moche to god holdyn be	3140*
Ye bere the name of gentillnes	
Of courtesey and high prowesse	
Thus renyth the fame thorwe the worlde	
Thanketh hyely that ilke lorde	
Ffro whom this comyth for well wot ye	3145*
Of your selfe may it not be	
Ffor though a man wolde gyfe a fother	
Of golde he myght not sell to another	
Beute strenght ne prowesse	
Ffredom courtesye ne largesse	3150*
All this graces come fro hym	
Ffro you comyth not but syn	
Therefore set all your entente	
To kepe fully his comondemente	
Serve not another with his gyste	3155*
Take reson to you and persue right	
Then have ye a lorde and a love	
To serve ovir all thyng above	
Yef ye hym love he will you kepe	
Ffro all enemys though ye slepe	3160*
Ore ells though ye be wakyng	
Therefore love hym above all thyng	
All worldly worchip I nowe have ye	
And all that he gafe you and thynke that he	

When hym lyste may fro you take 3165*
 Therefore love hym for your owne sake
 And love hym truly in all wyse
 Loke none erthly love you surpyse
 Lest therewith ye be so blente
 That ye breke his comondemente 3170*
 Lyth not longe in dedly syne
 Yef there be any that ye be ine
 Gettyth faste to confession
 Thus endyth the bysshope his sermone
 When the bysshope had all seyde 3175*
 Pertonope stont all dismayde
 He caste a sigh it semyde fro ferre
 That herde the bysshope and nyghede nerre
 He bade hym boldly tell out his syne
 And ransake his conscience with ine 3180*
 Then he tolde hym a nobill storye
 Of holy wryte and howe victorye
 Of the devill and sentence hade
 In olde tyme and bade hym be glade
 And the devill shewyde his knyghthode 3185*
 Ssethe in bataill he lakede no manhode
 Sshewe that thou art godds knyght
 And thynke howe meche ye hym hight
 That at last Pertonope
 Agreede fully for to be 3190*
 At the bysshops owne will
 And sodenly ther with he fill
 Into a thought full hevely
 Allas he thought what may I

Do for well I wot truly	3195*
I have do nowe grete folye	
My love thus foule to betreye	
Nowe is to late to sey nay	
Ssethe I am agreeede ther to	
Then to this bysshope he seyde tho	3200*
Of syne I most me shreyve	
A love I have with in my lyve	
With myne eyen yet nevyr I sigh	
Ffor hir to see full houghly	
Sshe me defendyde yet have I be	3205*
With hir full meche and hardly she	
Of god speks and of his lawe	
And ever counsillyth me to drawe	
Hym to serve and to plese	
And wete ye well this is no lese	3210
To me she gyffes full besely	
Golde and silvir plentuosly	
And presious stonys she yenys me	
And ryche clothis and bedds to me be *	
Manly and of yefte large	3215*
Somers with golde she made charge	
And to me send hem to fraunce	
To my kyn and myn alyaunce	
Sshe bade I shulde deperte frely	
And so I dyde for truly I	3220*
Yeve kyghts erlis and eke barons	
Knyghts and squyeres cetes and townes	
And moche pepill of every degre	
With her golde well holde with me	

* (*Sic*; me to be ?)

Thorwe here is pes come to londe	3225*
Sshe hath made me to take on honde	
The bataill be the which I have the pryce	
Wherefore maister be myn avyse	
Sshe hath full jentilly quyte hir to me	
Ssave in o thyng that her to see	3230*
Sshe me defendyde so highly	
For this cause truly I	
Put me in your ordenaunce	
What hape may fall ore chaunce	
Lorde he seyde omnipotente	3235*
Yeve me grace with myn entente	
To yelde you due thankynge	
Pertonope above he seyde all thyng	

* * * *

A leaf of the Bodleian MS. is missing here, which probably contained 80 lines; but the last 46 are in the University College MS. and are printed in the text at p. 105, beginning at line 3118.

Printed text, p. 116.

Hur bell which was hevy to bere	3430*
This lady had both shame and fere	
For she was in right grete doute	
Hur women stode rounde aboute	
Hur bede and pressede wonder nyghe	
To have a sight of hur lady	3435*
On hur they loke wonder faste	
And nere they come at the laste	

Hur lady better to devyse
 Then they thought in all wyse
 And she had ben glad and not hevy 3440*
 She hade beute not passyngly
 Hur beute made hur malycoly sese
 So that there was none of that prese
 That they ne were in hert sory
 That they had so reprovyde their lady 3445*
 And all stode still in on acorde
 That none of hem durste say a worde
 With in a while come in anone
 A symly lady and a fayre one
 In hir persone was fonde no lake 3450*
 Hir here henge tressede at hur bake
 Well hangyng downe at her feete
 She of her beute to other was mete
 And so haunswerynge in iche degre
 That she was pressede passyng of beute 3455*
 Her array to reherse to reherse here
 Hit nedyth not for in beste manere
 She was arrayde in the beste that freshe may
 Who so luste to here of hir arraye
 Let hym go to the frenche boke 3460*
 And who so will it overloke
 To tell it in prose or in ryme
 For me it were a longe tyme
 And it is a mater thereto nedles
 For iche man wot well without les 3465*
 A lady that is of hyghe degre
 Arrayde in the beste manere most neds be

What nedyth to speke of hir forhede
 Of hir nose mouth or lyppes rede
 Of hir shape or of hir armes small 3410
 Of this and more right a grete tall
 Myne autor seyth which shall not fyne
 Hem to reherse I will resyne
 For she was holde on of the fayreste
 That was on lyve and also the godlyeste 3415*
 With ij* delle that myght be
 And Urake, forsothe hight she
 Syster she was to feyre Melyore
 For she come furthe with hert sore
 Streight to the bede there as she lay 3480*
 This other lady when she here sey
 Had withdrawe and don her reverence

* * * *

Four leaves are here wanting in the Bodleian MS. which would have contained about 320 lines; of these the last 140 are in the printed Text p. 116-120, from line 3430 to 3570.

Printed text, p. 142.

Ys drawe to that wilderness 4229*

Printed text, p. 143.

This bests to se I desyre sore 4259*

Printed text, p. 153.

But I not howe I shall do 4546*

* (*Sic in MS.*, but ?)

Printed text, p. 155.

To Uracke this was good tydyng 4613*

Printed text, p. 157.

To speke of love had she no delyte 4670*

Printed text, p. 159.

Yet unknowe I love chastete 4716*

Printed text, p. 167.

As a wilde beste he rynneth aboute 4955*
Of mete ne drynke take he no hede

Printed text, p. 168.

And som the Emperor of Almayne 4999*

Printed text, p. 173.

And my lady herborwyde shall be 5220*

Printed text, p. 181.

* * * *

This haubreke upon hym he caste 5379*
Of beute hym thought that paste
All that ever he hade sen before
This Persewyse so fayre without more
With a gyrdell of golde hym gyrde above
Well set with perle for somewhat love
This feyre mayde hath brought in soyche plight 5385*
Partonope to plese was her delyte

And furthe anone without fail
 Aboute his nyke a feyr ventail
 She dyde lace without othis mo
 And fayre Urake hym brought tho 5390*
 A bright helme burnyshede of stele
 With golde and perle set full well
 And right anone without let
 Uppon his hede Urake it set
 And knyte the gowr aboute his waste 5395*
 And to his shulder made it faste
 Urake brought hym a swerde anone
 Thorwe the worlde a man shulde gon
 A passynge good swerde to fynde
 He wolde not a lefte it behynde 5400*
 Thereto it was so bright and kene
 When he it nakede sene
 He seyde he sighe never soyche another
 Of golde it was worthe a fother
 Urake with this swerde so bright 5405*
 Above his harnes anone right
 She wolde have gyrde but he sayde nay
 Why seyde Urake I you praye
 What is your cause for God Almyght
 Then seyde Partonope anone right 5410*
 I will you tell why I it do
 For on a tyme it stode so
 I stode well in my ladyes grace
 And were to gether in a place
 Where I toke leve fro hir to goo 5415*
 This was the charge she yaf me tho

That never woman shulde gyrde me
 With my swerde for truly she
 Seyde she wolde aboute me that swerde do
 And I prayede hur hertly it myght be so 5420*
 I have you tolde the cause why
 Ye may not gyrde me truly
 Urake that was courtes and hende
 To hym answerde and seyde frende
 Yef it hap you Partonope 5425*
 In bataill that in grete prese ye be
 And your swerde be ony thyng to longe
 Gyrde you with the hynder thonge
 And I couthe yet ordeyne that ye
 Of hir with swerde gyrde to be 5430*
 And she of you shall have no knowyng
 For I dare undertake you to brynge
 Into a place where that ye
 At right good leyser hur shall se
 Fayre ladye seyde Partonope 5435*
 There is no man on lyve that ever may be
 More beholde to any creture
 Then I am to you therefore while I endure
 On lyve youre man moste I neds be
 And of this behest ye have made me 5440*
 Ye wolde performe as ye may say
 Of all my hele ye bere the key
 To brynge me in place there I myght be
 Myn hertly joye thus for to see
 And I unknowe on any wight 5445*
 This were to me a blyssede sight
 Then seyde Urake seth my behest

Printed text, p. 181.

Grete wonder thereof had Partonope 5386*

Printed text, p. 205.

With Urake there was Persewyse 6105*

Printed text, p. 214.

Yet hath he in his hert both care and dole 6351*

Printed text, p. 221.

Hit was no tyme for hym to slepe 6582*

Printed text, p. 222.

And to Partonope streight he went 6588*

Printed text, p. 225.

That on the tour be Melyor 6682*

Printed text, p. 232.

Thought to gete ayen his stede 6898*

Printed text, p. 239.

* * * * *

Nowe is the Sowdan come to the felde 7095*

He brought but fewe spere ne shelde

He is so grete a lorde of valoure

In armes can no man be his pere

Ther it semyth me verly
 He shall have the victory 7100*
 What seyde Gaudyn stont the wynde in that dore
 Is youre hert wop so petuose and poure
 That sodenly ye yeve it up at onys
 And sey so worthy a mon here non is
 So moche lever hade I with hym to mete 7105*
 Then for his manhode cowardly hym bete
 Hevy and sory stont Partonope
 When of his frende skornede is he
 And thought Gaudyn shulde knowe and se
 Eyse* trewes betwene us shall be 7110*
 He drewe hym toward the sowdan syde
 A course he thought to hym will I ryde
 In the reste he caste his spere
 As fast as his stede myght him bere
 Towarde this hethen lorde he rane 7115*
 And to hym as fersly come the Sowdan
 At the metynge it happyde so
 Of Partonope the Sowdan faylede tho
 And Partonope so hym hyte
 That pour in sadyll for to syt 7120*
 Hade he none but to ground fell flat
 When Partonope was ware of that
 Fro his hors anone he light
 And halpe upe the Soudan with his myght
 The Sowdan men with hym so mettyn 7125*
 That of hem he was sore betyn
 Here the Soudan is to his logynge gon
 He is so hevy that is to don

* (or Gyfe.)

He ne wot but thus demyth* he
 The pryse of the turney hath Partonope 7130*
 And loste for ever is his lady bright
 As for hym thus lyth he all nyght
 Sigheyng wepynge sorwyng sore
 And on that other syde this quene Melyore
 Thynketh that now shall she 7135*
 After that tyme se Partonope
 Supposing that the jugges will deme
 That she that is so high a quene
 Shulde not agre her to so poure a knyght
 And eke what he was that knewe no wight 7140*
 Saf she and her syster gentill Urake
 Thus she is aferde to lose her make
 Castyng perells many to and fro
 This lady is all nyght in care and wo
 Partonope spake anone right 7145*
 To his brother that gentill knyght
 Myne owne brother jentill Gayndyn
 Sethe of this turney is made the fyne
 We moste go to at one dome
 Agayne to yelde me to that persone 7150*
 To Armants wyfe so I be hight
 To performe my trouthe that I plight
 I wolde for no good false holde be
 Here to seyde Gaudyn I me agre
 Hit were shame that a lyttill slouthe 7155*
 Shulde make a knyght breke his trouthe
 To him she seyde this Partonope
 Ye moste nede go furthe with me

* (*in MS. denyth, or devyth.*)

In hope I shall the beter spede
 To your helpe I have grete nede 7160*
 Thorwe your meditacion it may so be
 That of person she will make me fre
 The wey they con no gyde
 Towarde the castell they gon syde *
 Nowe thether they comyn be 7165*
 Gentill Gaudyn and Partonope
 And with the lady sone they met
 Full goodly in langage do her grete
 She hem welcomyde with good chere
 To her seyde Gaudyn in this manere 7170*
 Madam here this trewe knyght
 Ys come to holde that he be hight
 Sir seyde this lady God helpe me so
 That he was presonde I was full wo
 And that he wot as well as I 7175*
 But Sir I tell you truly
 Seth he is nowe at my governance
 God forbede that crewell or vengeance
 In any woman founde shulde be
 A foule illusion it were to se 7180*
 Sethe his fredom stont in me
 Of preson I will that he be fre
 For as a knyght he hath kepte his heste
 Therefore sir wherever ye lyste
 Ye shall have leve to goo for me 7185*
 And there with all his Partonope
 Thankede her of her good grace
 And after that they taryede no space

* (*sic* ; read *ryde*)

But toke leve of that lady fre
 Full glade and joyfull bothe they be 7190*
 They take there hors and homewarde they ryde
 Eche to other of hem is trewe gyde
 Wythyn dayes after thre
 To the jugement come they be
 The lordes that shall yeve jugement 7195*
 They accorde by on assent
 The feyre quene the freshe flour
 Moste come downe out of the tour
 And syt in plase where that she
 May se hem that chosyn be 7200*
 Nowe comyth the quene out of the tour
 Eche man is glad to do her honoure
 She lenyth in hope yet hath she drede
 Lyste of her love she shulde not spede
 Auferns kynge speke began 7205*
 For of scole he was a lernede man
 And thereto he was well rone in yeres
 Rody was his fase white were his heres
 He was well taught and thereto courteyse
 Nexte the quene he began the doyse 7210*
 Madam of your high excellence
 And it leke you that in your presence
 I reherse what the cause may be
 That here is nowe so grete assemble
 Of all estate bothe ryche and poure 7215*
 Madam ye are desyrede so sore
 What for your ryches and your beute
 Thorwe the worlde so namyde ye be

Ye may not leve without a lorde
 Wherefore ye wyte well be all the acorde 7220*
 Of your baronage in pleyne parlement.
 Was ordeynede be playne turment
 Here they stond you in present
 As wysly God helpe me so
 There is none chosyn of all tho 7225*
 For affection of love ne drede
 I dare well say ne for no mede
 Nowe shall I tell you what they be
 That are chosyn to have degre
 Whens they be bore what lenage 7230*
 Whether they be yonge or ells in age
 Where they be bore to erytage or no
 And what condition they be also
 For what they be I knowe well
 The trouth I have enquerede every dell 7235*
 When I have tolde moste and leste
 Whom ever your hert con lyke beste
 Good reson is that ye hym chese
 Loo all these that stont in this syde
 The worlde to seke that is so wyde 7240*
 Worther knyghts con no man se
 And these be the persons that cosyn be
 Of your counsell this is the avyse
 To vi of these they yeve the pryse
 Of cristyn men be cosyn thre 7245*
 As many of hethyn nowe there be
 Of cristyn the namys firste will I tell
 And there condysions and where they dwell

The firste is the kynge of France
 Yef ye lyste to knowe of his alyance 7250*
 And ye will the sege of Troy rede
 There ye shall fynde without drede
 He is of the lyne of kyng Pryam
 That reynede in Troye of hym he came
 Whiche kynge of Troy lost the honour 7255*
 For Paris his son that dyde fature
 In the revyshyng of feyre Ælyne
 Whiche mater is declarede fayre and pleyne
 In the boke callede the sege of Troye
 And yef ye lyste ye may have joye 7260*
 The kynge of France to have to lorde
 I dare well say thorwe out the worde
 Knoweth no man lenyge a symlyere
 Ne of condysion more gentillere
 Rightfull hardy and true is he 7265*
 Mercifull lovyng in every degre
 Kynge Loheres men don hym call
 Ryches and youthe he dothe with al
 The tother crystyn is callede Gaudyn
 Lyke pryse of hym hathe kynge Claryn 7270*
 Yet he is worthy for the nonys
 Symly he is and large of bonys
 I con not well tell of what lenage
 He is come but well in age
 He is ronne as be his heres 7275*
 He passyth mo than fyfty yeres
 Pour he is and borne in castell
 He hath rede full many a myle

An hethyn man borne was he
 Sethe amonge Crystyn he hathe be 7280*
 Cheryshyde and worshipede many a day
 And he hathe forsake hethyn lay
 And become crystynde God blyssede thou be
 Thus in this wyse come furthe is he
 Be his hond of worthynes 7285*
 Whiche is more wurchipe then ryches
 But he hathe a master and soverayne
 Whom he hathe gefen full and playne
 The frute of his travall and labure
 What that to hym shulde fall of honoure 7290*
 He soyche it safe his master it have
 Wherefore me thynke so god me save
 Hit nedyth of hym to speke no worde
 But let us nowe speke of his lorde
 Whiche was armede under a shelde 7295*
 Of sylver bright and in the felde
 Eche day he was fyrste of all
 And Partonope men do hym call
 That in the turment many dede greve
 And ever in the felde laste at eve 7300*
 A worthyer knyght be my savyoure
 Sawe I never in felde ne beter his honoure
 Couthe save then he hathe do
 And of his thewis to speke also
 He is courtes gentill and meke 7305*
 There is no bounte in hym to seke
 And to speke of his kenrede
 The kyng of France without drede

He is nye cosyn wyt right well
 I have enquered it every dell 7310*
 And to speke of his lyflode
 To erledomes he hath ryche and good
 Of londe forsothe he has no more
 But he is ryche i nowe of tresoure
 Nowe have I told you of crystyens thre 7315*
 And will tell you whiche the hethyn be
 The firste of the hethyn is the Soudan
 Marvell it is that ever ony man
 Might have a frende so high of nature
 For she hathe don all her myght and cure 7320*
 Of her tresour to geve hym so moche foyson
 That there is no man can sey be reson
 That ony thyng lackede in him of well
 For ryche he is and true as stell
 Symly of persone stronge and yonge 7325*
 Of fayre shape he lackede nothyng
 Lyght and delyver mery and glade
 Among his counsell wyse and sade
 Of his behest he is full stabill
 And in domys merciabill 7330*
 All though in bataill he be chevalrus
 To hem that hym offendyde he is dysspytuous
 And for to tell of his kenrede
 Loke whiche of you the byhill can rede
 And fynde who made the arke of Noye 7335*
 Of his lyne downe come he
 And of his noble to make a fyne
 All is well safe that a sarsyn

Ys he borne and yet seyth he
 To have my lady crystende will be 7340*
 This lordes name is Margaryse
 Of all beute he berythe the pryse
 The seconde hethyn is freshe and yonge
 His name is Sales of Scyre kynge
 Symly he is courteyse and chevalrus 7345*
 Rightful fre and full vertuous
 Of olde and gentill kenrede is he
 As who kynge moste neds be
 But for to tell of his alyance
 So olde it is out of remembrance 7350*
 The iii hethyn hight Anpatryse
 He is yonge symly and wyse
 Lorde and kynge of the londe of Nubye
 With swerde he come to that senorye
 Wherefore hym thought it is the beste 7355*
 Sethe he wan that reme be conqueste
 To have here governour and lorde
 And so chose hym kynge by on accorde
 He is of right grete rychesse
 But of the turment as I gesse 7360*
 He lokyth nothyng after the degre
 The Soudan his lorde hathe he
 Gyf all his servyse and labure
 For at this tyme he is his soudyre
 Nowe Madam I have you tolde 7365*
 Of the vi chosyn whiche be olde
 And whiche yonge and who they be
 Borne of blode and of what contre

And what they be of condicion
 And how they be of reputacion 7370*
 And how that Gaudyn and Anpatryse
 Have dyssmyttyde hem elene of the pryse
 So of the chosyn yet four there be
 Wherefore I counsell fully that ye
 Of these persones take good hede 7375*
 For I have seyde so. God me spede
 All myne entent full and playne
 Nowe let us here another serteyne
 Thus hath Anferns made conclusion
 Of his tale but nowe to his reson 7380*
 Of all these lords answer none
 But still they syte as ony stone
 And so it semyde by their chere
 They were awardyde all in fere
 The Soudan shall have fully degre 7385*
 Safe only Courslet that Partonope
 Lovyde well but what myght he do
 Of all the jugges there were no moo
 That lyst hym forther in ony wyse
 King Claryens firste gan rise 7390*
 And seyde playnely that the Soudan
 He holde of all the worthyeste man
 And beste hathe desservyde this degree
 Wherefore madame neds inoste ye
 Gyf hym your love and take hym to lorde 7395*
 What is my cause in short worde
 I shall you sey ayen that other thre
 Set his symlyhede and his beute

And ryches he hathe of all thyng
 More then hathe ony other thyng* 7400*
 Thereto for your love will he
 Afore us all nowe crystende be
 And all his pepill sanz doutance
 This were to God an high plesance
 Nowe hathe Clarins seyde his will 7405*
 He set hym downe and then full still
 Set all this lords and seyde no worde
 Hit semyth they be all of on acorde
 Fully to performe Claryns entente
 For to his dome they be fully assent 7410*
 And no man contraryde in no wyse
 Lorde what hert couthe devyse
 The grete sorwe that hathe Melyor
 Within her hert she felyth grete sore
 Seth all her lordes be on assent 7415*
 So fayne to gyf trewe jugement
 And she to lese on her love also
 What marvell is it though she were wo
 This lady had lever to dye
 Than Clarions jugement to obye 7420*
 For be Melyor it shewyde well
 That ladyes in love be true as stell
 Nowe Armelus the olde that firste in parlement
 Mevyde and steride to have this turment
 And ordeynede lords domesmen to be 7425*
 Of whiche serten on was he
 His vesage was manly on to se

* (*Sic; read kyng.*)

Worthy he was and whyte of heres
 Holde right wyse that asketh soyche yeres 7430*
 For love ne hate wolde he not leve
 The trouth to sey whom ever he greve
 Then seyde he it is not unknowe
 To all yonder lords as I trowe
 That in the last parlement 7435*
 Hit was acordyde be oure assent
 But be wrothe who so ever be
 His dome in no wyse plesyth me
 Gaudyn and Anpatrys be put out
 The gre to have this is no doute 7440*
 Yet they have borne hem full well
 Better were never armede in steel
 And bothe in this wyse acordyde be
 Though hade deservyde this degre
 To their lorde they gyfe the honour 7445*
 They holde hem payde of their labure
 Nowe to speke of the kyng of Scyre
 I sey we owe all to desyre
 He be put fully fro this degre
 This is my cause though that he 7450*
 Let her wede wed him be oure assent
 This fully my jugement
 I not whether I deserve thanke or magre
 Of my lady but truly degre
 He hathe beste deservyde of this turment 7455*
 The sothe I will sey though I be shent
 A symlyer no where con ye not fynde
 Though ye sought hens to yende

When Armelus hade his tale told
 These kynges thought he was bolde 7460*
 All their entent to contrarye
 And fro the jugement make hem varye
 But when Melyor herde that he
 Namyde her name and seyde though she
 Were wrothe or payde he wolde be trewe 7465*
 More redy somewhat she wox of hewe
 Armelus she seyde I wot that ye
 My deseyre ye hade never so in charyte
 To leve a trouthe and sey a wrong
 Though he had magre or ells thonke 7470*
 Ye were never wont to use gabbyng*
 In no maner to do plesyng
 Of what persone so ever he be
 And y dar say as for me
 Hit come never in myne entent 7475*
 But ye shold yeve true jugement
 And so ye do y dar say truly
 The trouth therof enqueryd have I
 What ever woman ever did husbond take
 That man hur lord she most make 7480*
 This is a thyng that ever is stable
 During their lyves it is not variable
 Therefore a lady ought right well be
 Avysed to what persone that shee
 Shold geve hur body with honoure 7485*
 Of hur garland fayrest is that floure

* See printed text, pp. 240-242.

The ffrenshe y wote well ys ffulle of bonyte
 But unarmed wold y hem see
 And yf y lyke well his persone
 Than wote y what is to done 7490*
 Y wyll be his and he shall be myne
 What ever ye deme this shall be the fyne
 And yf he be not to my plesure
 The Soudan to have is my desyre
 He sayth playnly for the love of me 7495*
 He wyll be crystned and all his contre
 Armelus she seyde I wot that ye
 My deseyre ye hade never so in charyte
 To leve a trouthe and sey a wrong
 Though he had magre or ells thonke 7500*
 Armulus to worship good hede take
 And ye lordes all for Goddes sake
 Ffor ye shall fynd that y
 Ffor worshipfull avoyde truly
 Cursolot y have mervayle that ye 7505*
 Yn this mater so dulle be
 Whatever they say ye say nought
 My worship lyth nothyng in youre thought
 As long as this turnay dede last
 Y herd you preyse wonder faste 7510*
 O persone presysely among hem all
 Now it semyth that he is fall
 Out of your prayse what may it be
 Yn sodeyn change now ar ye
 But change ye as often as ye lyst 7515*
 Where Y will be Y wote best

Shame it is to you to vary
 From youre behest or it to contrarye
 Wherefore Y thenk not of all this yere
 To make you wery of my prayere 7520*
 Madam sayde Corsolot the kynge
 The cause of my style syttyng
 Ys to here of Armulus resoun
 This is now myn enchesoun
 Ffor truly as by myn advyse 7525*
 The Ffrensche is worthy to have the price
 For whanne we the jugges togeder were
 Above in the toure for love ne fere
 We shull not spare by one assent
 But to geve a trewe jugement 7530*

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